



Issue #12 March/April 1996 Two Bucks



Hopeless Records
Flexi Inside!

Punk Planet

Your smile makes everyone realize
the world is a lovely and beautiful place

Squirtgun, Cometbus, Cub

The only sure thing about luck
is that it will change

UFO's, Film,
The Telecommunications Act

Smile when you are ready

Columns, Reviews, Letters
Fate

Throw in the towel,
it's just not worth it

It's a long, slow, miserable
death called life

I'm gonna wipe out your
whole family

ALL THE ADDRESSES

Things are changing here at PP. While I wouldn't go so far as to say things are getting easier, they certainly are getting a little more centralized. Please take note of the address change, as well as the fact that **you can now make checks out to Punk Planet**

Send **Submissions, Ads, & Letters**, here!!

Punk Planet North
PO box 1559
Chicago, IL 60690

A note to all people mailing in submissions: please, if you can send along a 3 1/2" floppy disk with your piece on it in a word processor file.

Also, to those of you that TYPE IN ALL CAPS, don't, it's annoying. If you're not sending a disk, try to send the best possible copy of your stuff, and if possible, use a 12-14pt serifed type. Thanks.

Distribution & Mailorder goes here!!

Punk Planet
PO box 1711
Hoboken, NJ 60690

Fanzines & Records for review go to:

Punk Planet South
Route 2 Box 438
Leeds, AL 35094

general correspondence can be sent via **e-mail** at:

PunkPlanet@aol.com

reserve your **ad space**, find out **submission information**, and talk about **distro** by **calling** us at:

(312) 227-6114

ADVERTISE IN PUNK PLANET!

don't forget to reserve your ad space! Call Us!!

full page (8" x 10.5") \$110
1/2 page (7.5" x 5") \$50
1/3 page square (5" x 5") \$40
1/3 page long (2.5" x 10") \$35
1/6 page (2.5" x 5") \$20

no major label ads. Fuck you!

Ads not reserved will get in, but you have no say as to what issue. Any ads received after deadline may run in the following issue. Those are the risks... Are you the gambling type?

all ads are due April 10th

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

DAN SINKER

Day to day maintenance, planeteer recruiter, money guy, distribution boy, layout maker, dumb as toast.

JULIA COLE

Day to day maintenance, mailroom clerk.

JIM CONNELL

UPS guru, box hauler

WILL DANDY

Zine & Record collector

JOSH HOOTEN

Layout Maker

Front Cover by **Josh Hooten**
Back Cover by **Dan Sinker**

PLANETEERS

LARRY LIVERMORE	AARON GEMMILL
DAVE HAKE	RAY HENNESSY
DARREN CAHR	BRET VAN HORN
LEAH RYAN	SCOTT MACDONALD
KIM BAE	JIM TESTA
BOB CONRAD	ERIC ACTION
J MAKARY	JAMES BURNHAM
MIKE FRAME	MARIE DAVENPORT
DEENA DASEIN	JOHN ENTROPY
SUSAN GLOVER	GREG GARTLAND
PAUL CHAN	MARK HANFORD
GARY ROZEN	JOHN MALHAUSEN
JOHN CRAWFORD	MATT MILLE
MATT BERLAND	JOAN PIXIE
BRIAN CZARNIK	JOHN ZERO

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People, we need you to write for Punk Planet. We depend on your writing for good, quality issues. If you don't like an issue 'cause it's boring or whatever, that's YOUR FAULT!! You should have sent us that exciting interview you just did with that community organizer down your block, or that incredible band you love... You get the picture, right? We ALWAYS need stuff. Send it in.

I wanna take a second to talk about our review policy. We'll review anything! We like a whole bunch of music, and don't try to decide what's punk and what isn't because... well... who the fuck cares?? If you think it should be reviewed in a magazine that has the word punk in its title, then that's good enough for us. However, if you're a major label (a label owned by one of those nasty multi-national media corporations that are taking over our world & filling it with shit) we won't review your crap. Otherwise, just send it into us and we'll be happy to review it. That doesn't mean that it will get a good review. If the person reviewing it thinks it blows, they have every right in the world to say that it does.

That's about it for now. Remember we hope you enjoy PP, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. In fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway.
—your friends at PP

The Future



Trugazi
photo by Shawn Scallen

The Closest Thing To Real Entertainment

LYNYRD'S
Sissy
INNARDS

HORACE PINKER

SUCK SHIT.

DOC HOPPER

US/CAN \$3 WORLD \$5 CASH OR M.O.

NRA

Another Day At Work



POB 52114 HOUSTON, TX 77052 Ph/Fax 713/861/5868

No More "Heavy Metal Hassles!"

rt 1	CORNFED	"1986"	7" EP	<input type="checkbox"/>
rt 2	YOUR IMPECCABLE TASTE	VOL 1		
3.00	USA	= 7" Comp	Featuring: Cornfed	
			Pisshorse	
3.50	Elsewhere	PPD	4 Johns	<input type="checkbox"/>
Resort Theory Entertainment				
PoBox 12206 Memphis Tn 38182				

CD009 Insurgence "Ripe for the Trade-Off" CD

Socially aware punk rock with songs ranging from the topics of lip service politicians and media overkill to the growing lack of focus and individuality within the punk community

CR008 Insurgence "Background Music" EP

Two songs from CD009 plus one exclusive, "It Hurts"

CR007 Gags 7"
Three songs of urban decay, angst and the struggle within

CR006 Fragrant Cloud "Bill" 7"
3 memorable tracks of DC-influenced punk

CR005 Insurgence "Jaded" / "Subside" 7"
Two songs from 1994 that are on CD009

CD004 Starter CD/tape compilation
Featuring Violets, Jennyanykind, Mercyland, Insurgence, Greensect, Fragrant Cloud, plus more

CD.....\$10.00 postpaid

Starter tape.....\$ 6.00 postpaid

7".....\$ 3.00 postpaid

Distributed by Rotz, Surefire, or from us direct. Thanks.

crisis
discs

PO Box 6335
Raleigh, NC 27628-6335





Hi, I'm Joanne E. Bleyle
and each of these records
makes me feel ecstatic.
So I bought the company.

CANDY-ASS



SHE EATS IT UP
RECORDS

15 **The Surf Maggots** "Are You There God? It's Me, Maggot" CD/CS Ignore the band name, this is the most played tape in Max's portable tape player.
14 **Veronica** "24 Hours" +2 7" This is Sarah from *Free To Fight*. Lesbo Love.
19 **Vitapup** "An Hour With Vitapup" LP Melissa Dresch's other band. Best record of 1996. Her, Greg, and Ray rock you from NYC with some friends...
20 **New Bad Things** "Society" LP/CD The second coming of badness. Like all great Portland bands, NBT are huge in Europe, let's show them some US luv!
COMING SOON...

17 **Gretchen Phillips** "Welcome To My World" CD/CS If you need to hear Gretchen talk about butt fucking at least once a day like I do, this is it.
16 **Kaia** "Kaia" LP/CD It's all Kaia (from team dresch), and her acoustic guitar, singing about girls, cats, and bondage.
18 **Team Dresch** "Adventures In Rock" LP/CD/CS This probably isn't the title but this is the new record and I like to think of it as a rock adventure. (36mins!)

LP-\$8
CD-\$10
CS-\$8
7"-\$3
in the US
and Canada

we've still
got *Free
To Fight,
New Bad
Things
"Freewheel"
Team
Dresch
"Personal
Best"+more!*

write to Candy Ass for a Free Catalog of records and updates
PO Box 42382 Dept PP Portland, OR 97242

"STOP---the insanity."

Susan Powter ABC, NBC, CBS

"STOP...hey,
what's that sound?"

Stephen Stills on WXRK-FM



NEVER
the avant punk
death jazz
turnstyle/mass transhit
debut album
from **Stop**

featuring non-Stop
contributions from
Handsome Dick Manitoba
& Lester Bangs

Manufactured by Smut Pedlurz Disks & Distributed by **BOMB?**

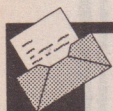
Also Available From
Smut Pedlurz

Derailler 6 song Cassette
Brown Lobster Tank single
"Ron Jeremy"
b/w "Smokin' is Cool"
Derailler/Screaming Bloody Marys
split single
Smut Pedlurz Compilation cd (spring '96)



Smut
Pedlurz
Disks

P.O. Box 3419
Chico CA
95927



This horse has been beat!

Dearest Dan & PP,

I don't think that press clippings from Kerrang! and Alternative Press are all that independent nor do they reflect any DIY ethic. Epitaph included those clippings, as well as 8x10 glossies of the bands in their promo kit for NoFX Ribbed & Bad Religion Against the Grain back in 1990 when I was doing Diet Society #1. Using Sony as a distributor in Japan is not only fucked up, it flies in the face of the hard work that got Epitaph where they are today. They took the easy way out. With perseverance, any obstacle can be overcome. Naive. Sure, but better to try and fail than to just "easy way out."

The fact remains that if it acts like a major (promo kits, 8x10 glossies, promo copies for airplay, ads in Spin, interviews in Details, etc...) and it sells like a major (Offspring, Rancid, & to a lesser extent Bad Religion & NoFX), why shouldn't we call them a major? They obviously don't need to put their ads in every little two-bit zine (yeah, even mine, but I didn't charge for it), when for the same amount of time (and more money) they can run ads in Spin, AP, and Details. Why bother with the zines? It sure isn't to get a wide range of exposure—you get more exposure with Spin alone. It is for "street cred."

Punk rock millionaires (no matter how nice an employer he is) didn't make me wanna join the punk rock experience—it was people who had something to say and guys and gals like me (upper working class, lower middle class) making real music on what they could (not \$1000 Les Paul guitars & Marshall Stacks) for nothing because they loved it.

Maybe you can understand why Joeri's upset, but it seems like your response was one of an asshole: fine, fuck

you. You could have ended up saying, "okay, we won't be doing business 'cause I stand behind Epitaph."

I won't stop buying PP when I can, I like the layout too much. But I don't have the same level of respect that I used to. Kind of like when I found out my neighbor (where I used to live) was a molester. I saw him again, but it wasn't the same. Thanks for letting me bend your ear,

Jon K.



Speaking of horses...

Hello Planeteers!

This letter is in response to your "No Major Label Ads. Fuck You!" slogan.

Firstly, it seems to me that this sentiment lacks sincerity because you boldly continue to run ads by Major Label Affiliates, most recently Skene Records (Issue #11).

Secondly, when confronted by a reader about Punk Planet's personal corporate distributors your response was "it's our obligation to be in those sorts of places, otherwise the people that frequent them will never have access to alternative media." Oooh, now I get it! If the system can be used to your advantage, well then it's okay.

Couldn't any major label punk band use a similar variation of that explanation? "Without Warner Brother's distribution the people who frequent shopping malls would have no access to alternative rock." What's so 'alternative' about a commodity you can buy in the mainstream market?

Your double sided stance on this issue is an absurd paradox.

Let's ask ourselves a couple of questions. Where would the current "punk" scene be without "major label" bands like the New York Dolls, the Ramones, The

Clash, The Sex Pistols, The Dickies, The Dead Boys, and endless more? Especially in today's musical climate is there really that much of a difference between say, Lookout and Elektra? Don't kid yourself, they're both making A LOT OF MONEY despite what Larry Liverlips would have you believe.

In my opinion, there are only two types of music.... GOOD and BAD. For music fans, only the MUSIC should count. Unless, of course, you guys aren't really music fans and are just a bunch of malcontents with something to prove.

Take care,

Zeckle

Totowa, NJ

Zeckle,

Where to begin. How about the beginning of your letter!

Skene Records had an affiliation with Elektra records for about a second. They were dropped by Elektra for not putting out material that met with the label's exacting standards. Personally, I think that the Skene guy was dumb to do it, but he learned his lesson. Skene is once again 100% independent.

Every now & then a major label affiliate sneaks through & gets an ad into PP. If they don't print their affiliation on the ad, and the check doesn't say Sony Music or something like that (we have actually had one major affiliate send us personal checks—the secretary's—in order to cover their affiliation), there's not much we can do. So a few do get through, and someone always calls us on it, and then we know. It's not foolproof, but then we're fools.

As far as getting distributed in chain stores, and then not printing major label ads goes, I don't think it's an "absurd paradox" at all. It works like this: Spin & Rolling Stone, and all the other crap magazines like them basically shill for the majors. At a store like Barnes & Noble, that's pretty much all



they've got. Do you want magazines like that to have a monopoly on the opinions & viewpoints available in that store (which caters to a larger percentage of the populace, than an independently owned store)? I don't. I want people to have access to a bunch of magazines that have **NO AFFILIATION** to the multi-national corporations that are seeping into every crack of our lives; magazines that give dissenting opinions on news stories of the day, magazines that advertise things that you can't buy at any chain store, magazines that are produced with the **DIY ethic** in mind. It's important. Think about it.

So yes, if the system can be used to the advantage of the ones that it so regularly fucks over (that's you & me) then by all means, take advantage!

I totally agree with you that punk was spawned by bands on major labels, but that was then, this is now. Labels like Lookout, Kill Rock Stars, and (dare I say it) Epitaph have proven once and for all that there is **NO REASON** for a band to sign with a multi-national corporation, even if it is for 'better distribution'.

There are only 2 kinds of music, Good & Bad, but PP isn't exclusively a music magazine. I wouldn't put the time & effort into this thing if we were. Punk isn't just about music. It's about living your life. So's PP (or at least I hope it is some of the time).

Dan



Punk Planet Readers,

Hey, could you help me out? I do a zine called **SQUARE SUCKERS**. For my next issue, I would like to focus on The Germs. I would really appreciate it if someone sent me in articles on them, influences they've had on you, little-known facts, if you ever got to see them... Pictures, would also be appreciated. I will send free copies to everyone who

sends me something, even if I don't use it. So far I haven't gotten anything, so send your stuff in, so I can get this issue out.

Thanx

Kim

Rt 1 Box 424 Unicoi TN 37692



Mongolian Mykel...

Yo!

If you hate MRR so much how come your zine... only kidding.

Bob C sent me issue #8 and I was mighty impressed. Starting from the back "hanging up the gloves" cover (who reads zines from the front?) PP is developing a look and character of its own. The fiction was excellent, for example, something unique in this genre. Bob C's article on publishing and the do-it-yourself wine-making article were also great additions.

These give PP its personality. Except for some reviews and columns, MRR has **ONLY** music (and narrowly defined music) as its focus. That's not wrong or bad—that's ITS personality. PP is distinguishing itself from MRR by broadening that focus. Its becoming unique—not just an anti-MRR zine. Good job.

But, I'm not the type to ass-kiss (I just taught that term to my students here in Mongolia. They love it!), or throw compliments hither and yon without a comment. That's on Julia Cole's column defending "the real" Jesus from current Christianity. Julia Cole is wrong.

First, there is much question as to if there WAS a real Jesus. It's amazing that, except for the "New Testament," there is no outside reference to Jesus. If this guy was such a pain in the ass to the Jews and Romans, you'd think they'd have written about him. Nothing. Zilch. Zero. There's a vague reference to a wandering preacher in one Roman chronicle, but the

guy is kind of a scoundrel—a thief and general sleazebag. Maybe that's who the tall bible-tales were based on.

Second, throughout the history of Christianity, there has been violence. The inquisition poured hot lead in people's ears and inserted torture instruments into their anuses—in order to make them Christians. The Crusades left a path of murder, rape and destruction from one end of Europe to the other—all in the name of Christianity. Here in Mongolia, Christian missionaries turn kids away from their Buddhist parents encouraging them to hate their families and turn from the "old fashioned" religion to the fashionable religion: Christianity. Is it an accident that so many people have "misinterpreted" the "love" message of Christianity and made it a religion of hate? It's no accident.

Fundamental to Christianity is intolerance. There is only one God and the only way you can get to him is through Jesus Christ. If you don't get to him, your soul will burn in hell. It is more important to save that soul than save your life. That's the nutshell of it. All the killing, lies, torture, is excused, because it saves souls. Julia and others who try to distinguish nice Christians from bad Christians, pick and choose bible quotations that seem to prove their points, but they ignore the fundamental totalitarianism of it all. Christianity is evil. It's dangerous—probably the **MOST** dangerous force in the world today. That's why I'm challenging this apologist, and all others. These things are too ominous to go without criticism.

If folks want to write me here in Mongolia, I'd appreciate it. Send fanzines too! It's hard to get reading material here—and I'll leave 'em for the Mongols, after I'm done with 'em. (band t-shirts too! The locals are dying for 'em. I'll give 'em away!) Also, anyone wanting a penpal

here (college age)— I've got plenty of folks who're interested.

Thanks & keep up the good work,

Mykel Board
Ulaanbaatar 211049
Post Office Box 49/490
MONGOLIA



Dear PP,

Here's a bit of criticism. Don't you owe a huge apology to every one of the bands that were reviewed by John Zero? Literary license is fine, but this guy's reviews sound like lyrics from a GISM record. Every band that sent in records to be reviewed by this clown has wasted 4 bucks.

Love,

Chris Bickel



Dear Planeteers.

I'm writing on behalf of probably a good number of individuals who do zines and a lot of bands who have put stuff out. I feel like I should let you know that your reviews tend to be downright mean at times and they often stray away from the point; that being to review. Said section of your zine is not entitled "Pummel and Degrade", nor is it entitled "Let's see how cool we can look by destroying someone's hard work", so why do you try and live up to that name? I can't really see the point in doing a review of a zine/record/etc. if all you are going to do is be mean about it. I don't think you realize that 99% of the time a lot of hard work goes into doing something like a zine, and the way you review the zines doesn't exactly encourage a lot of people to do zines, much less send

them to others (such as PP) for review. I know that personally, there are a lot of zines/records out there that I don't like for various reasons, but not one of them can I name that didn't involve some sort of DIY effort. All I am saying is that you can review zines/records in a respectful way, EVEN IF YOU DON'T LIKE THEM without being an asshole, for lack of a better word, about it. Keep in mind that everyone has a first zine/record/etc. at some time or another. Thank you for your time.

Gene Byard
3rd Person Distro.

To think at one point people used to say we only gave good reviews and complained about that. Now this... Well, as head of the review section I feel I am in the best position to respond to your letter. I don't think it is ever in any of our reviewers intentions to be mean. What you have to understand is that our policy is to review EVERYTHING that we get sent to us and it all gets sent to me. Before any reviewer touches it I listen to every record and flip through every zine and I'll tell you right now that I think 75% of what we receive is trash. Every single reviewer has asked me at one point, "Will, when do I start getting good stuff?" The thing is there isn't very much. It's that simple.

-Will Dandy



Punk Planet,

Hi there! My name is Teeny, 19ys old from Manila. I had a Punk Planet during my stay in Daly City, CA. I was really happy when I had a vacation out there. I got the chance to buy some stuff like records zines, etc..

Anyways, back here in Manila, last December '95, our scene was enlightened when All U Can Eat had a tour. It's like a

circus of the stars, not because they are rock stars, but they were great and performed very well. They even have some tricky moves while performing & some catchy stuffs. It was a great experience for us having them here in our country!

Anyways, if anyone wanted to help our scene here in Manila please do. We are having a hard time looking for some zines, new records, etc... But some do care for us & send us some cool stuffs. We'll be willing to help you also okay? Please be kind enough to do help us. Just send your donations in any kinds (address at bottom). We want yah to know that we are putting up a new zine.

Thanks for everyone who cares. One more thing to All U Can Eat, thanks for your cooperation and thanks for your time going here. I want you to know they even spend some of their own money to have their tour. DIY. Again, thanks

Punk Planet, keep up the good work! You deserve to be there in your positioned right now. Thanks for the time & space.

Teeny Manait
Block 51 Lot 4 Lagro
Subdivision Novaliches
Q.C. Philippines 1117



Dear Punk Planet,

I must confess—it's been a couple of years since I've done any significant reading in 'zine-dom. You could say, as I often do, that I'm cynical about the state of punk rock, such as it is, especially with the so-called scene in my (red)neck of the woods.

So I picked up a copy of Punk Planet (#11) the other day (at Barnes & Noble no less!), and I commenced to reading. My immediate reaction as that PP was just a MRR (=shit) clone.. The layout is near-identical, although I was pleased to see

pagination. But I put my initial distaste aside and I was actually impressed. I didn't see the omnipresent PCness and righteousness MRR is so infamous for. I have many criticisms, but more are fairly petty (e.g. a couple 'zine reviewers erroneously referred to Brazilian 'zines being written in Spanish, when in fact those 'zines would have been written in Portuguese, since Portuguese is their national language). But overall, PP is pretty good.

I'd just like to comment on some of the columns in #11, since the columnists, I feel give the 'zine its general view and thrust (regardless of the little notice "opinions expressed are solely those of the author..."). Here goes:

Larry Livermore: Wow, I can't believe I'm saying I actually like something Larry has written. I guess either he or I have changed since the days I hated his column in MRR; maybe it's both of us. There were a few gems in this particular column: "it seems we've come full circle. Back then the punks were the victims of ignorant, macho bullies; not the punks are the ignorant, macho bullies." I couldn't have said it more concisely than that. Also, "if people didn't like Rancid and Green Day, they wouldn't be popular." Regardless of what you think about either of these bands, at least it's not the '80s with Motley Crue or Warrant playing on the radio. I'd rather listen to our new punk "sell outs" any day than that pseudo-metal crap. Anyway, I don't have major criticisms of Larry's article other than that he shouldn't have used the same logo he used for MRR. Pretty cheesy.

Will Dandy: I want to know if Will has been reading my mail or tapping my phone. Except for the particulars, he could have been penning an entry in my own journal. The same feelings, self-doubts, rationalizations and painful self-awareness. I think they call it being

jaded, Will, although naming it doesn't make it any less shitty.

Bob Conrad: Overall, a good column, but here's a couple of those petty criticisms. Bob says, "I believe white trash could educate themselves, advance themselves intellectually..." I know this is getting off Bob's point, but I wonder why he chose to speak of "white trash" and not "black trash" or even "Hispanic trash"? It could be that Bob didn't mention it because he thinks black and Hispanic trash are incapable of progress, although I doubt it. More likely, Bob used "white trash" because 1) it's fashionable to criticize such people and because 2) it's politically incorrect to speak of blacks and Hispanics (or any other minority) in a negative way. Why not "human trash"?

For that matter, maybe there are people (regardless of race, class, creed) who are inherently incapable of bettering themselves. If this is so, I propose they be paid cash to volunteer for sterilization so that they won't pass on their genes and/or home environment, enabling the rest of us to progress in future generations. My idea may not be popular, but Bob's idea relies on the unproved assumption that the wretched refuse of humanity is capable of betterment. I may not be right in assuming some humans will/can never progress, but at least my proposal is practical and doesn't involve coercion. Bob's proposal entails that we all stick it out and try to educate the human trash, regardless of whether they even deserve it. Comments anyone?

My other petty criticism to Bob's column is his fawning over Fred Woodworth's THE MATCH! Just because Fred's publication has been around for a long time is testament only to how mindless most anarchists are. There exists (especially among the left-oriented anarchists) an unspoken agreement that no one shall criticize the basic tenets of

anarchism, that no one shall threaten the egg-shell foundation of the anarcho-leftist status quo. Today's anarchists theorize in a vacuum, impervious to critique, simply because they choose to ignore it. I'm not saying anarchism isn't a worthy goal—it is—it's just that today's proponents of anarchy need a swift kick in the ass and a good dose of perspective to boot. And Fred is no exception.

As an aside, in Bob's review of The Match, he mentions an article where Fred said he didn't receive payment from Fine Print Distribution for one year. Well, check this out: it took Fine Print two and a half years to settle with me over the last issue of my old 'zine, Damn Nation. I'll never deal with them again.

David Hake: This guy is either a genius or a sanitarium escapee, or both. Whatever you do, Punk Planet, don't ever let this guy stop writing for you. Pay him if you have to. He's the breath of fresh, punk rock air that we can never get enough of. Bravo!

Okay, that's all of my commentary on the columnists.

I'll shut up now.

Dave Schultz
Editor, American Lesion.
PO Box 8376
Myrtle Beach, SC
29578-8376



Hey You, yeah you! You've got something to say, doncha?
Send us letters!

Punk Planet North
PO Box 1559
Chicago IL 60690

PUNK
IS
DEAD?

REFUSE TO BE LED

Anok & Peace is a DIY project that distributes political/punk vinyl, cassettes, cds, t-shirts, patches, stickers, books, buttons, & such at not for profit prices as an alternative to bigtime corporate parasite major label shit. Our alienation makes punk rock stars possible. Support DIY punk, it's all that's left.

HERE'S SOME OF WHAT WE CARRY

LISTEN

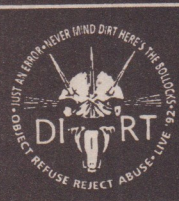
A SOLUTION "Things to Come" CD \$8
REVOLT "Brutally Familiar" EP \$3
OI POLLOI "Resist the Atomic Menace" EP \$3
NAUSEA "Edincion" LP \$6
MISERY "Who's the Fool" LP \$7
MASSKONTROLL / HEARTLINE split EP \$3
VARUKERS "Nathings Changed" EP \$3
GLORY STOMPERS s/t 2x7" \$6
CLUSTER BOMB UNIT s/t EP \$4
DISCLOSE "Demos Album" LP \$8
DIRT / MANKIND? split EP \$3
BATTLE OF DISARM "In the War" EP \$3
FINAL WARNING "Eyes of a Child" EP \$3
ECONOCHRIST "Trained to Serve" LP \$5
EXPATRIATE "N.A.F.T.A." CS \$5
DEFIANCE "Burn" EP \$3
DISORDER "Pain Headache Depression" EP \$3
OI POLLOI "Guilty" EP \$4
SOCIAL OUTCAST / JESUS CHRUST split EP \$3
SPINE WRENCH "Soulscapes/Body Socker" EP \$3
SOFA HEAD "More Is Not A Word..." LP \$6
WARPATH / JIM JONES PARTY MIX split EP \$3
UNAMUSED "Onward Christian Assholes" EP \$3
PISSED s/t EP \$3
BLOWNAPART BASTARDS / OI POLLOI split EP \$3
EXCREMENT OF WAR "Cathode Ray Coma" CS \$4
AUGUST SPIES "Food Chain In Your Living Room" EP \$3

COMING SOON: KARMA SUTRA (Days of a Production Line Worker) CS. COMING LATER: DRAPEFFECT "This is the Reality" CS. POLITICAL ASYLUM "Window on the West" CS. BOUNDED "Came & Singled" CS.

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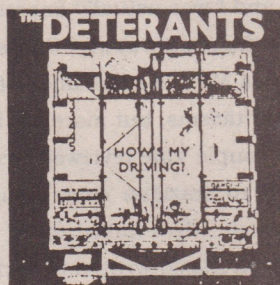
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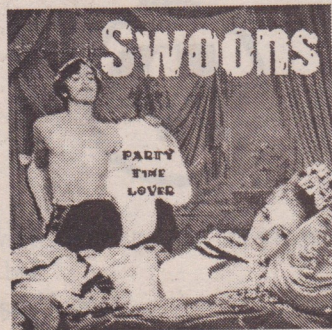


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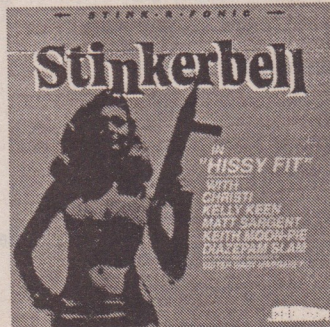
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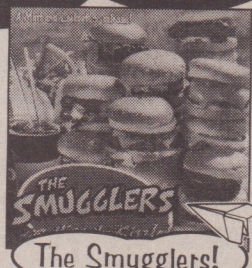
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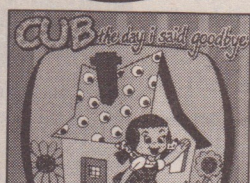
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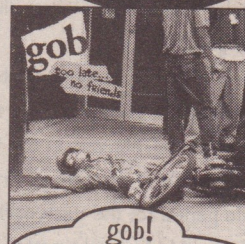
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My grandfather has nightmares, every night. He dreams of dogs and sirens, of bullets grazing his shoulder while he runs. He feels his wounds burning, and forgets that he is asleep. He sees a watchtower, shivering patrols huddled together around a fire, the smell of burning potato leaves. He hears ragged voices screaming incoherently in three different languages, coughing from the smoke. Most of all, he feels his thirteen year-old body prodded with bayonets, and he remembers the long march, from Austria into Russia, in 1916.

His eyes are hard, with a dull, iron reflection. He laughs at me when I complain. He says, "what a hard life you have," and looks at me with a mixture of loving bemusement and total contempt. At the age of 95, he still looks as though he is perpetually on the verge of hitting something, or someone. He used to make shoes. I remember when I was small, watching him drive a nail into a leather sole like a cartoon god. I pictured him (when I slept) with a quiver full of lightening bolts, sparks flying from his hammer like molten fire from a forge.

My grandfather remembers being caught by the soldiers more vividly than he remembers his most recent meal. He was in the forest, a forest out of a fairy tale, the Brothers Grimm, where no light could penetrate the thick, dark branches that filled the sky. He had met with his contact that morning, in a small town whose name he cannot remember.

"Yussel," he said to my Grandfather, handing him a heavy bag full of flour. "Do not get caught." My Grandfather was confident, even then. "I will not get caught," my Grandfather told his contact, his back stick straight, his hair blowing in the wind like a movie star. "I do not get caught."

My Grandfather had been smuggling for several years, throughout Eastern Europe, and had never been caught, though he had been nearly killed twice. Once, he had been spotted, and sentries ran him into the woods with their dogs, drooling for game. One dog chased him down, a shepherd, grey muzzle and blackened teeth. My

grandfather wrapped his hands around it when it jumped to meet his throat, snapped its neck, and kept running. He still, to this day, does not know how he did this. He just remembers the strength that suddenly poured through his arms with the panic. He remembers that when he saw the teeth of the dog, lunging at him in the dark, that he saw himself snapping the dog away from him like a toy, and he felt powerful in a way that made him feel guilty.

Another time, four sentries shot at him while he carried a sack filled with amber, dead mosquitoes trapped in sap, and he dared the bullets to hit him. Dared them. I picture this little man, still hard, but ninety-five years-old, balding with grey hair and shuffling steps, speaking to the bullets, taunting them, yelling as he ran.

My girlfriend has a friend, a friend named Aloysius, a lawyer, whom I know through the transitive theory of acquaintance. Recently, he spent two weeks in Europe in an alcoholic haze, with the husband of his boss and an accountant named Ira. All accountants, said Aloysius, are named Ira. It is their secret name, by which they call each other when they gather together in groups. I pictured a balding man, with a paunch. In fact, Ira was six foot eight, with a stoop. I wonder sometimes about my intuition.

Aloysius spent one thousand dollars every day on sex shows and whores, on gourmet food and wine, on hotel rooms and gruyere cheese. He rarely went outside. He spent his days in casinos, his evenings in restaurants, his nights in bars and every red light district he could find. He drove around in the borrowed Mercedes limousine of a Spanish client. The limo was armored, cost \$200,000, and was designed to withstand Basque terror attacks of even the most virulent kind.

He picked up expensive whores in expensive clubs and brought them back to his expensive hotel rooms in an expensive car. He would bend these whores over the bed, a four poster bed with red and black silk sheets, while his boss' husband and Ira watched, while eating popcorn, applauding at the appropriate moments, and grading his performance on a scale of 1 to 10. The walls were covered in red damask, and a gold lamé robe lay spread over a chair like a synthetic animal carcass. The phone rang next to the bed while Aloysius was ejaculating in her face, a modern phone of

polished aluminum so out of place that it must have been an intentional esthetic choice. It was Aloyssius' boss, calling to ask if he was having a good time. He said yes, heard a smile over the line, and the phone went dead. The girl was rubbing her face with a towel, looking to Aloyssius for further instruction. After all, he had purchased her for the night.

My earliest memory is of falling into a pool when I was two. My head struck the side as I fell in, and I felt the most unbearable pain I could even imagine, but I didn't yet know how to speak, I didn't have the skills. And the pure terror of not being able to understand what was happening to me, or to be able to name the thing which was assailing me, was the last time I really felt alive. Comprehension, I believe, is an overrated exercise.

Naming my surroundings has, gradually, removed any sense of wonder I may have once felt when I looked at the world. It has placed a barrier between the things that I see and any kind of real engagement. I see a therapist about it, though I suspect that she shares this problem with me. I can tell from the silent looks she gives to the floor when I bring it up. It's a form of modern kinship, which says more about the modern world, I suspect, than it does about me.

I enjoy my job, though my office could be better. I have no view. Fluorescent bulbs crackle with insect corpses and power surges, gray dust collecting in the corners. I didn't know that insects could live this high, and I think about the effort it must have required for a cockroach to climb these dozens of stories to get electrocuted eight feet above my head. I don't feel sorry for the cockroach—I have no love lost for anything lower on the food chain than I am. Yet there's something of pathos about it all, if not something pathetic. There is a distinction there. I'm sure of it.

Pieces of paper cross my desk so often that I barely notice, in the way that a single car moving on the expressway doesn't register with the concrete. Hundreds every day, and I'm only distantly aware of their purpose.

I often feel awkward in social situations, something which has been the case for as long as I can remember. Yet I compensate, I retreat to abstraction. I see the world as a place where all relationships are acted, all interaction a fake. This frees me from the need to feel that what I'm

doing has any reality to it whatsoever.

...

Much of the preceding actually happened. All of it is true. There's a distinction there.

I'm sure of it.

E-mail: Kerosene@aol.com



Yesterday, I read in the New York Times that you can now implant your dog or cat with a microchip for identification purposes. It reminded me of an idea that I've long meant to turn into a story. Too late! Now I feel like I ought to give an airing to a few mental noodlings—uncooked as they are.

In high school I wanted to be the first lapcat computer. Back then I would have described it as the first combination cat/pocket calculator. I was a passive, misanthropic teenager and I reasoned thus: math was fun and useful and, other than having my buttons pressed, I wouldn't have to "deal" with people. I wanted to combine this with being a cat because the world never seemed more manageable than at lunchtimes when, after eating my yogurt, I could bask in sunlight and contemplate the cafeteria with blinking, feline eyes. I would have been a solar-powered calculator, obviously—though static electricity might work too.

...

More recently, I thought it would be fun to write about a woman who gets a lapcat computer. "They're extremely portable: they trot alongside or else double as a fashion accessory, draped about the neck." "Only available in black and white at present, but tabby and calico will be on the market shortly." "Catches bugs in the house computer and leaves them at my feet as affectionate offerings in slippery piles of silicon—impossible for the vacume to get them out of the carpet." "Crawls off to do printing as if it were some indelicate necessity—the pages often come back a little scuffed."

Cute, huh? But where's the story?

My friend, Alysia, and I came up with the next half-baked idea. "Live" mink coats. Breed

minks for intelligence, docility, and lighter bones. Then train them to nestle and fasten on to each other in the shape of a mink coat.

Imagine this: a rich lady visits a friend. In the entrance hall a butler asks, "May I take your coat, madam?" Madam says yes and the butler blows a mink dismissal whistle (inaudible to human ears, of course) and the minks slide off the mistress' shoulders like rain down a window pane. They follow an invisible scent trail to the mink off-duty room, where they lounge until called by the butler's reassemble whistle.

Actually, I suppose each "coat" is probably an elite group specially trained to be that Particular coat, la mink SEAL team) and responds only to a particularly pitched whistle which the mistress wears as an ornament—the way duchesses used to wear lorgnettes.

Alysia and I were thinking of making a "mink" noir with the mink heroine being a detective in her off-time.

Of course, I don't expect this idea to be embraced by animal rights activists. It merely exchanges slavery for lynching.

...

I've been thinking too about how other species of animals bear young when the young are more fully developed. Human babies need several years just to develop physical coordination and communication skills. Baby horses can walk in minutes. Baby spiders are apparently just small adults. (I'm not sure about that. I'm no arachnologist.)

What if there is some alien species whose children are born fully cognizant? Imagine having a conversation with a pregnant alien, "Ooh, excuse me while I generate." She/It politely goes off to another room for a few minutes and returns with a fully aware and mostly coordinated child. The child, because it was listening to the conversation while in alien uterus, is perfectly capable of joining in after a few, fuzzy points are cleared up. "Sorry, but the placenta shifted just then and I missed that bit."

...

One final observation: As technology miniaturizes, soon you won't be able to distinguish between the exhibitionists talking on their portable phones and the supposedly crazy people talking to themselves. I find that peculiarly satisfying.

JuliaPrime@aol.com

YOU CAN LEARN TO
be the cool kid
everybody wants a
piece of... like

Josh Hooten

ENJOY THIS FASCINATING HOBBY
TRAIN FOR A PROFITABLE CAREER

I'm feeling a bit ornery this evening my friends, so if I say mean things, forgive me. It's the diet coke talking. I have semi-recently turned 23 years old. Now let me tell you this. Eventually we all become what we hate. Or hated. Sometimes we sort of switch around our meanings of what we say we hate, so it doesn't appear that we are total hypocrites. I'm not switching around any meanings, I'm owning up here and now to the forthcoming contradiction. I hate people under 70 who complain about feeling old. This column is about me feeling old, in three parts. Now don't go flipping the pages so soon looking for el diablo pequino Hake's new column of self-aggrandizing verse for your fill of wily youth injected genius. Hang in there tiger, and I'll turn your gray skies blue. This won't be as tedious as it sounds. Everythings a joke to me. "Everything a joke to you Fletcher? Everything Sam."

...

I am past the phase in my life where said life revolves around going to see bands play. I proudly admit that was the best phase to date. Much better than the BMX stage, or the breakdancing stage. Yep. Much much better. And far less embarrassing. Redardless, I am passed it. These days I miss great shows regularly. Not that great bands are playing Boston on a consistent basis, but when we get a winner, chances are the next day you'll find me saying "Oh, that was last night? I guess I forgot." This wasn't always the case, and since I can think of neither a witty, nor intelligent transition into the fucking point of this portion of el columna nuevo, I'm just going to leap from right where I'm standing. The first show I ever saw was C.O.C. at the 9:30 club in Washington D.C. I was 14 years old and scared as all get out. I was standing next to a group of skins between bands watching the B-Movies the 9:30 club always showed, and overheard them discussing exactly how they were going to destroy some dude there that night. The game plan was thus: Larry and Curly would

pin whoever to the ground, while Moe, the man with the plan, jumped in the air and landed on whoevers head with both feet. (The same tactic employed by one Bruce Lee in avenging the death of his sister in Enter the Dragon.) Moe, in his 5 feet 4 inches of unbridled hatred was enthusiastically practicing the jump while his lackeys reviewed the plan. Moe, if dressed any other way, was not a particularly menacing presence. Like I said, about 5 foot 4, scrawny, and pale. If events had been slightly different in his life, perhaps he would have turned out to be the geeky little guy it seems he was meant to be. But it ain't so, and standing there getting all hot and bothered jumping up and down squashing invisible practice skulls, he was the scariest motor-scooter I'd ever had the pleasure of standing next to. Up to this point, in the don't mess with me department, I felt I had more or less been holding my own. You know, looking expressionless, but still managing to send the dejected, mildly tough vibe out. Yeah. Had em shaking in their steel-toe boots this chubby 14 year old did. But when I overheard the skinhead melon squashing fest to be game plan, I dropped all that shit quick fast in a hurry and let my pure, unadulterated fear shine through. It's not like I was fooling anybody anyways. "Whoa! Don't mess with tubby over there, he'll poke a whole in ya and piss through it. He's one nail-eating, ass-whipping, shit-kicker of a 7th grader." Nope. Nobody said that. So I found the nicest looking people I could find and hung out behind them. Anyways, C.O.C played, nobodies head got trampled, and I actually managed to relax for a couple of minutes and have some fun. Nine-ish years and several hundred shows later and I have still only seen one real fight at a gig. It was at the second show I ever saw.

A few weeks after the C.O.C show we went to see Suicidal Tendencies at the WUST music hall, which was also in D.C. After a couple of opening bands, the breadwinners hit the stage and commence to working the crowd into a frenzy by playing a couple of old favorites back to back. A sure fire tactic, no question. Except there is a drunk skinhead who keeps running into the band and equipment while trying to dance around on stage. Of course there were tons of people dancing around onstage, but he was the only one running into stuff. So after I guess about three songs this is becoming a

problem because el skinhead intoxica is actually knocking shit over, like the guitarist, and Muir's water pitcher and shit. So Muir stops singing, stops the song, and says something like cut the shit, or we're leaving. Everyone but the band knew "the shit" was just one drunk skin, so it seems telepathically everyone agreed to not get on stage, and let "the shit" walk right into the spotlite. And he did. The band had launched into a blistering rendition of "Suicides an Alternative," when our friend rams into Muir and his mic stand. The band plays on, while Muir takes a short break from his vocal duties to bash the ever living crap out of the drunk skin right there on stage. Bashing complete, one semi-unconscious, blathering skin in hand, Muir tosses the limp body back into the crowd, grabs the mic and is right in time with the band. What a professional. The crowd cheers (you Romans you), and the show goes on. A couple of minutes after the conclusion of the one handed limp body tossing contest, a huge, huge, huge man who looks like one of the guys off the back of the 1st Suicidal record (hat with the bill flipped up, bandanna over the eyes, homemade Suicidal shirt, etc.) brushes by me, dragging the blathering, bloody mess of what once was a skinhead with a bad attitude by the collar, on the way to one hand toss him out onto the curb. And do you know who it was? Moe, our old friend from melon squash fame. It was nice to see him again, I must admit. I wasn't even scared this time.

I do so long for the good old days. Fear was intimately wound up with the excitement of it all. Fear was a very big part of everything back then. Shows, school, personal life, girls (or the lack there of in some cases), trying new skateboard tricks. All of it. Today, not so much. I blame time. I'm just not exhilarated that much anymore. I think it's because I'm older, and know what to expect most of the time. Very little that goes on these days in my life, and this I could remedy I suppose, holds much intrigue or danger. Perhaps I should take up rock climbing, or kayaking, but then I guess I'd run the risk of having Henry Rollins introduce my segment on MTV sports someday, and as remote a possibility as that is, it is a risk I can not take on. That possibility brings up a whole other kind of fear, far different from the fear of bodily injury, and most times much longer lasting. Social fear. The fear of having other people think badly of you. As

much as we all like to think we're badasses, and comfortable with who we are, and fuck whoever doesn't like me, I don't care what they think, everybody was afraid of the spotlight at one time or another. It all just depended on why you were in the spotlight. Yeah sure, you dyed your hair before it was cool, or you got a tattoo before it was the cool thing to have, yeah yeah, so did I, so did everybody. To be singled out for that in junior high, or high school isn't so bad, no matter how much we wished it was. You thought you were the weirdo, you thought you were the freak, think again. That title goes to the kid who got caught jerking off. And he (they) are the subject of story numero dos de la columna Josh feeling old.

...

Story numero dos. To set the stage, I feel old, which right now, to me, translates to feeling out of touch. I'm not sure which begat which, and it doesn't really matter. Old and out of touch. That should catch you up. I recently quit a job that required me to interact on a regular basis with high school kids. In so doing I realized how little I could relate to these kids. This got me wondering about what high school must be like these days. It seems it is a vastly different experience than mine was. I moved around a lot when I was younger and I did time in five different schools from 7th grade to 12th grade. There were certain recurring factors that followed from school to school. Certain things that were always there, and I assumed were universal and eternal. I wonder if these factors still exist in schools today. For example, the kid who got caught jerking off. Every school I went to had one. It was like an employment position that was either filled, or waiting to be, just like "lunch lady" or "fascist gym coach" or whatever.

I did 7th and 8th grades at Hayfield Junior High in Alexandria, Virginia and the unfortunate wearer of the crown there was this kid Cameron. He always wore really tight T-shirts and sweat pants. Always. His closet must have looked like Jeff Goldblum's in The Fly. Kind of. Anyways, as if repetitively bad fashion wasn't curse enough, Cameron also had a big orange afro and paste white skin. This gained him a second crown of thorns, that of Ronald McDonald stunt double. (a tag I'm sure he preferred over "the kid who got caught jerking off.") Poor kid. I don't think he ever even got caught, he was just a victim waiting to happen, and the position was

open. Sad story. It probably followed him all through school, and he probably went off to college as far away from his hometown as possible to start a new life. In retrospect, I felt bad for him. He seemed like a nice enough kid. Not that I really knew, I mean shit, it's not like I was going to talk to him or anything.

After the 8th grade I moved to Florida where "the kid who got caught jerking off" actually beat the rap. Quite a genius move, he fervently owned up to it. "Hell yeah! It's fun!" he'd say making masturbatory gestures with both hands, like he was dealing two decks of cards from the hip. The key to his success was that he would own up to it ALL THE TIME, even when nobody was accusing him of it. "Hey man, sorry I'm late for class, but I guess you know what I was doing," he'd say. Everybody would laugh. He'd get a bathroom pass during class, get to the door, look back, give the class a knowing wink, deal us a few cards, and everybody would laugh. He'd come back, pretend he was smoking a cigarette and everybody would laugh. He won over everybody, and made a whole gang of new friends. Pretty soon, he was "The Cool Kid." He hung out with all the popular people, made the cross-country team, and even got a girlfriend. A meteoric rise to superstardom if there ever was one. Prior to all this who-ha, Steve was just another faceless nobody. We, of course, were friends. He was a faceless nobody because he didn't quite wear the right clothes, and wasn't on any sports teams, I was a faceless nobody because I was the new kid, and also you quite literally couldn't see my face because of my MisfitsDevilockHairDoMadness I had going on. And perhaps because I was a dork. Ah the good old days. 9th grade punk rock haircuts. Yes sir. Good stuff.

Anyways, after his ascension to cool I saw less and less of Steve, and by the end of the year we hardly even spoke anymore. Just like many who find their fame quick and easy, Steve forgot who his real friends were. He forgot the little people. I'm just proud to say I knew him way back when, to have been a step in his illustrious career. I moved after that year, and don't know what became of Steve. It saddens me, but I think his celebrity probably ended shortly thereafter, as into the 10th grade masturbation was old hat. Everybody did it, and everybody knew it. No longer was it a thing of wonder and guilty magnificence. Nope. After the 9th grade, it just was,

and nobody cared. Certainly nothing to support ones career anymore.

The funny part was that nobody that I can remember ever caught Steve jerking off. And nobody knew anyone that caught him. Which made me think the whole thing was one big marketing move planned and executed by Steve himself. It was all a big scheme to get himself into the spotlight, and everybody fell for it. He denied it when nobody was accusing him so much, people started accusing him, and the myth grew exponentially until he was the king. Brilliant. Kind of.

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Story Numero Tres de la Columna.

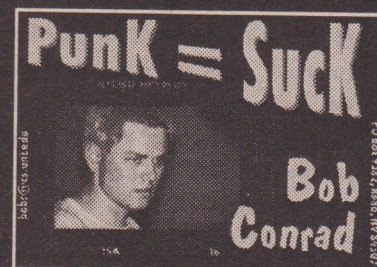
Please don't correct my Spanish. Or the German you may find thrown in the mix occasionally. I'm not speaking, nor attempting to speak either of those languages. I'm speaking in a tongue I have developed for my own personal use. If my conjugations, or genders are wrong, screw. I know or have known a few multi-lingual people and they all have a different answer when I ask them which voice they hear in their head. If anybody asked me what voice I hear in my head, and I'm dying for someone to ask me, I'd answer thus: The voice of James Earl Jones.

Amen. Of course it's a lie, but it is certainly a wish, and a dream of mine. You see, the older I get, the wiser I'm supposed to get, or so the song goes. I don't really see it happening, but I certainly would if I could just hear The Man's voice internally. Just imagine it. Just think how confident you'd be in all your decision making if the voice telling you what to do was the voice of James Earl Jones. Even if you made a horrible mistake, you'd have Mr. Earl Jones there to say, "I'm sorry Josh, we made a mistake. Life is full of surprises and disappointments. We must accept the good with the bad, and understand that we can learn as much from a wrong turn as we can from a right one. Like the time I turned to the Dark Side of the Force..." And everything would be O.K. I mean hell, we've all made bad choices, but when you're receiving internal comforting and moral support from the guy who turned his back on his family, and all things good to pursue a career trying to conquer the universe in the name of evil, only to realize in the thirteenth hour that he made a mistake, when you're being told everything is going to be O.K., damnit, you're going to hang

in there. Of course if I ever do going nuts and flip out somewhere, and the police ask me why I went on that tri-state killing spree, and I say "James Earl Jones told me too," all of you, my readers, will be accomplices in some way, as you knew ahead of time that he was speaking to me. It will be your fault. Stop me now. Before someone loses an eye.

...

Thanks again for sticking it out folks. And thanks to the folks who have written me. My e-mail address is ASTROCOMM@AOL.COM if you want to get in touch. Oh yeah, no more bad reviews section. I'm boring myself stiff with that shit. And I'd like to apologize to Matt Average and Engine. He's a nice guy who works too hard and who gets behind just like everybody else. We've squared up our finances, but even if we hadn't, he's done a lot of good for a lot of zines including *Commodity*, and I sincerely apologize to him for what I said last time. Thank you and good night.



Let's talk about standards. Standards, like cops, exist for a reason. Also like cops, standards are abused and people erroneously see a need for more.

Standards exist in varying forms. Some are good, some are bad. An example: One standard says you need to learn to play a guitar before you can be in a band. Punks have disproven this notion (even though it would've helped Bikini Kill, when I saw them, to have learned what those little knobby things were at the end of the guitars' necks were for) by showing how passion overrides the importance of talent when it comes to song writing and communicating through music.

Conversely, punks hold their own standards on music. You can't be too clean, too skillful, too produced, too folksy, too musical, too poppy, etc. lest you be ostracized for being unpunk, sellouts, what have you.

Let's talk about bad standards. The mainstream places standards on looks and actions.

Read any mainstream magazine, what most people in the world read, and see where the world's inspiration comes from being nothing other than glossy, vapid, fake and substanceless.

Women get the shit-end of the standard stick. But don't get this confused with this objectification bullshit you hear feminists spout about. In fact, let's here and now put to rest what objectification really means. To objectify is to render something living inanimate. Every had your photo taken? You've been objectified. People are objectified everyday in art, movies and various media. Feminists have taken the word and created a negative connotation for it, to suit the feminist vision: You're objectified if a PART of you is focused on, a part that strips away human qualities and focuses on a sexual aspect of the body.

As usual with feminists, they are wrong. What they should be mad about is standardization, the repeated images of the so-called ideal body type which eventually present a standard of beauty that we should aspire to. Since females are inherently stupid, they buy into this moronic notion. Males, equally dumb, follow in kind, and since their hormones often create more overt sexual desires, there is an influx of testosterone that needs to be spilt — literally — all because of a standard that was CREATED by a retarded humanity. Looking at the state of sexuality in the world today will provide a gold mine of unhealthy symptoms that result from the standardization of sexuality.

As was said, the punk world has a glut of bad standards. These standards create a confusion of ethical punk concerns. When punks rightfully gripe about the poor standard of minimum wage not adjusting upward with inflation, I get a rise — cuz it's the same whiny punks who insist shows should be \$5, after over a decade of \$5 shows being standard, who bemoan the unfluctuating minimum wage versus the rising cost of living. If it's wrong for capitalistic business to dictate living conditions that gives business more and you less, why is the same standard applauded by D.I.Y.ers when it comes to punk shows? Such a low-cost standard means bands potentially make less on shows and the idea of living off something you love, playing music, becomes an even further dissipating reality.

Pricing in punk needs to be evaluated. Thanks to morons like the people at Rot'n'roll, and various other punk institutions with standards they expect everyone to abide by, punk continues to be wholly unimpressive as any sort of socio-political

movement. Specifically, Rot'n'roll's falsely claiming how to put out a record for three dollars or less, or whatever it is, not only adopts a bad standard, but it's entirely misleading as well.

Rot'n'roll's dogma expects punk to be entirely democratic (they probably call it anarchistic) whereby any band that wants to can get their music heard — if you do it the Rot'n'roll way. I won't cite specific criteria you must follow only to say that if you do it Rot'n'roll's way nobody will ever hear of your band, and if they do, they won't be impressed. Ignoring the importance (good standard) of presentation, mastering and recording, Rot'n'roll says you should do everything as cheaply, and therefore as half-assed as possible. These are bad standards. The end result would be a 7-inch that looks like shit and sounds like shit. Consequently, nobody will want to look at it, nor will they want to listen to it. Whether we like it or not, our ears and eyes appreciate certain aesthetic appeal, something Rot'n'roll says you shouldn't have. Rot'n'roll's standards are self defeating.

Social fascists say that their standards should be yours. A CD shouldn't cost more than \$4 wholesale, the tardcore crew says. The first pressing of the Jon Cougar Concentration Camp CD ended up costing more than \$2.50 each for 1,000 copies. I wholesale them for \$6 each. The reason for my cost, which is significantly less than most labels in existence, is because I try to promote the fuck out of the bands on Second Guess. I try to spend a lot for advertising, posters, one-sheet flyers to distributors and stores, and I sent over 200 copies of the CD to radio stations and zines. Sure, I could eliminate costs, figure in only basic prices and ignore what economists call hidden costs (if you run a record label full-time, you don't have time for a job; therefore anything from rent to gas for your trips to UPS to toothpaste to pizza for the insertion party you have for friends who help stuff inserts, etc. are all hidden costs), and the cost of the Jon Cougar CD would have been about \$1.50 each.

Instead, I decided when I began putting out records for other people that part of my goal was not to just put out records, but to SELL THEM TOO. Selling requires spending, hopefully with a better pay-back in order to put out more records for more bands and ultimately help out many people whose talent I feel deserves reward. I would feel bad for putting out a record and not having anybody know about it. Carrying out my

mischievous ways, I managed to sell out of the first pressing of the Jon Cougar CD in three weeks. Rhetoric and 1000 Flowers are my best distributors and they are small, comparatively, to the distribution of places like Mordam, but they do a great job at what they do (and unlike most distributors, they pay when they're supposed to).

I could be wrong but I'd venture to say most bands would like to sell recordings of their music, and that part of doing so requires people at least knowing those recordings exist. The unfortunate reality is that reproducing music on a listenable medium costs money. And if you're a record label with a conscience, and you just happen to want to do a good job for the bands on your label, you will spend more than \$1.75 per CD.

Now let's talk about good standards. Opting for my position in the Sierra's economic mode of seasonal employment, I decided again this year to work at a cross-country ski park: Good-bye food-stamps, hello paycheck. For 20 hours a week, I play the role of parking lot cop, or lot-nazi as the position has been dubbed by the more real among us at Tahoe's finest cross-country ski resort. I tell people where to park and relay the rules as they've been handed down. Invariably, people pull into the parking lots wanting to sled cuz the sledding hill up the road has too many people constipating its one meager slope.

Nope, says I, no sledding here.

The next car load wants to bring their dogs on a walk around the lake.

Nope, sorry, says I, we don't allow walking, especially not dogs.

Sounds authoritarian doesn't it?

Let's see why I relay these rules. The park is on state-run public land. Since it's a state park everyone who uses it year round is supposed to pay a trail fee to "use" the land. In the summer, mountain bikers and hikers are supposed to pay a few bucks a car. From what I understand, they rarely do. In the winter, skiers must purchase a trail pass in order to use the trails. And they can only ski or snowshoe on the trails.

These are self-developed standards put together by the people who run the park. The state concessioned the park to two individuals for the winters because the state couldn't afford to keep it maintained (a result of normal people refusing to pay, i.e., scamming their time at the park). Instead of CLOSING the park so NOBODY could use it, these two people now make sure

people pay in order to provide a service to those who desire it.

Why no dogs or walking? Sure, the service ends up alienating a lot of people who don't want to ski but it's for good reason. Cross country skiing is in heavy demand in the area and the park's trails are the best-groomed trails in the Northern Sierras. Skiing on snow-mobile "groomed" trails, free trails, dog- and people-trampled upon trails can still provide a good workout and a full-day's worth of fun, but skiing on trails groomed with a high-tech snow cat is much better, more comfortable and even less-dangerous than ones that aren't maintained. Skiers don't want to ski on dog shit and non-skiers ruin trails by walking on them. If you go to free cross-country ski areas, of which there are many, it's plainly evident how most people have standards in the wrong areas, and concurrently, fuck things up for everyone else as a result.

So the operators of the park created what they consider to be productive (i.e., good) standards. After working and skiing at the park, I've developed an appreciation for cross country skiing (a landmark in my life since a) I've never been athletic, and b) I hate sports) and the process of keeping the service alive for those who appreciate it. If it weren't for the gobs of gas consumed getting there, I would volunteer my time there in order to ski for free.

Thanks to a few good standards, the park is available to anyone who wants to enjoy it. And plenty of people come to the park simply because if it weren't for the few fundamental standards, this particular portion of nature would be another mess of land tainted by the hand of man.

If this sounds foreign to you, let's draw a punk parallel. Punk clubs like Gilman Street in Berkeley have developed standards, basically, in order stay alive. There's no drinking, no stage diving and no violence. In order to stay in business, the club has to maintain a set of rules lest they cease to exist for obvious reasons. Anarchists and other PUNKS may claim Gilman's rules are antithetical to the PUNK way of life, but these PUNKS don't realize that if they had it their way, they wouldn't have any shows to see, any place to hang out or anything to bitch about.

In order to maintain a fundamental harmony within the scene, some standards are necessary. Without a few good standards, where else would Mr. Ott be allowed to burn dollar bills, toss

around bagels and flash his activist pecker to his unsuspecting followers?

I rest my case.

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I received the latest issue of The Probe today (1/31/96). I haven't read any of it yet but it's destined to be another classic. In addition to a plethora of tits and ass, we have more hard-ons than ever. An added bonus is Jim Goad's article on the stench of pussy. Speaking of pussy, check out the Wingnut Records ad on page 8. And you thought J-Church's new record cover was sexist? If that's the case, let's here it for sexism in punk! Hurrah, hurrah! You should order a copy for \$6 or so to The Probe, PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566. I'm even tempted to send a nude photo of myself for the next issue! (Scary....)

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More Pussy: Thanks to Lali for sending me copies of Fat Girl, erroneously mentioned as Fat Dyke a few issues back. If you like fat, hairy dykes, this mag is for you — but they prefer that you are one of them, an example of social fascism, only this time it's coming in from the rear. I don't know what they have to say other than that the Fat Girls review Big&Tall clothing catalogs and bulbous mounds of flesh penetrated by dripping, leather-clad fists aren't uncommon centerfolds. I just like it for the pictures! \$5 will get you a copy: Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco (of course), CA 94114.

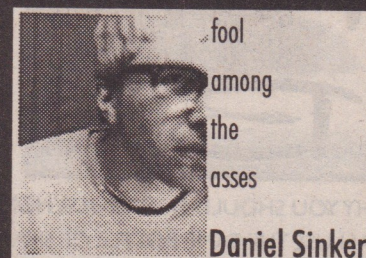
...

By the time you read this I will have completed my fourth tour with Zoinks!. We're touring most of the southern U.S. states in Feb./March, including a brief jaunt to Hawaii (thanks Jason!); if all goes well, we'll be out again in June to finish off the rest of the country. If you can help with shows, and you aren't a total flaker fuckwad, get in touch. My number: (702) 329-9207. I rarely answer the phone but you can leave a message. Better yet, even though I loathe e-mail, you can reach me at the address in the column header (unless Dan forgets to use my new one again!). It's cheaper.

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Also by the time you read this Second Guess #13 will be out. It has the usual sour-puss tendencies, a tour diary, more bitching from yours truly about the condition of the world, an article on cyberspace, work as a religion, hate

mail and more. It's \$3 ppd. to me at PO Box 9382, Reno, NV 89507. See you in hell my nervous little fawns....



I've been incredibly busy as of late. No, strike that... there's nothing incredible about it.

I've been obscenely busy as of late. I've been uncomfortably busy as of late. I've been painfully busy as of late.

This is neither an unwarranted gripe nor an idle boast. I am working four jobs right now, plus going to school eighteen credits a semester, and trying to hold the good ship PP together. Sound hard? It's even harder than it sounds.

The worst thing is that I seem to be losing myself in the process of it all. I'm awake until at least three every night, and get up a few hours later. I catch naps when I can, often times sitting up in a chair, or while riding on the train. The naps, of course, have launched me into a vicious circle of staying up later and later, which requires me to take more naps. My eyes are sinking in, my hair is thinning, my face is breaking out. I'm having problems paying attention to things, and my cognitive abilities are beginning to become seriously impaired.

As I write this, which is during the production period of Punk Planet (three weeks to the day after I should have written this column), I've pretty much given up on sleep entirely.

But what does this all have to do with you? Not much.

And that's the problem. I've been so busy that I haven't been able to collect the notes and interesting tidbits that I use in constructing a column. My energies have been spent other places.

One of those places was on the article I wrote for this issue (as well as for F News-magazine) on the Telecommunications Act of 1996. So, instead of reading my column, read that.

There will be a full column next issue, I swear. Perhaps love is in the air?

You can write me for any reason at PO Box 1559 Chicago IL 60690 or e-mail at TastySpy-dr@aol.com.



**WHY YOU SHOULD SHAVE YOUR HEAD:
YOU CAN USE THE SAME BOTTLE OF SHAM-
POO FOR 8 MONTHS**

I just flushed the toilet. As the water gurgles down the drain, I bid a dewy-eyed farewell to relationship #2 that mattered to me. Relationship #1 that mattered to me, as some of you may recall, was the focus of my column in PP #10.

In a month I'll be twenty. I've had eight sexual partners and about as many relationships. None of those people ever mattered to me except for these past two. Concerning the column in #10, I didn't really care if Shane read it nor was I apprehensive about revealing my feelings and his to the public eye. This time around though, I can't do that. Reason #1: I just ended the relationship an hour ago. Reason #2: there are no hard feelings between this guy and I, we still care about each other but things just didn't work out and I just can't reveal his feelings to 5000 people around the world. It's hard enough to accept the situation myself much less bare it nakedly to complete strangers. At least with Shane I sort of hated him at the time I wrote the column and I didn't have any consideration for his feelings. Reason #3: this time, I'm actually heartbroken instead of merely fucked up and bitter. Yeah, in a month I'll be twenty and tomorrow is the date of mine and Shane's anniversary. Whoopee.

My friend Eric and I used to joke all the time about my 3 month rule: after 3 months, I'd get sick of a guy and dump him. It always happened without fail (it happened to him at one point). We stopped joking about this when I started dating Shane and when he (Eric) and I stopped talking to each other on a regular basis. (Of course, that happened with all of my friends when I started dating Shane.) I guess the 3 month rule is once again in effect; it's been a little over 3 months since this other guy and I have been dating, but this time around, I don't find it nearly as amusing. Not to sound like I think I'm old and wizened now (because I most definitely don't think that), but

I wish I were still immature enough to think of relationships as such a game. Forgive me if my column isn't deep or thoughtful but I really don't want to be contemplating those kinds of ideas right now. I'm too busy trying to turn myself into an unfeeling robot.

...

I wasn't even going to submit a column of normal length this time around because I'm just not really thinking very clearly but there are a few things I'd like to mention. First, Elana from San Diego, I couldn't write you back because part of your address got ripped off of the envelope. I wasn't blowing you off.

I've seen three really good shows since I've been back to school in 1996 which is probably more than I've seen all of last semester. The first was June of '44. My friend John tells me they are former members of Hoover and Rodan though I guess that's pretty much irrelevant. They honestly took my breath away. They were so incredible that even a 20 minute long song (maybe I'm exaggerating a little) didn't bore me. They would probably put me to sleep if I just heard them on vinyl with their complicated song structures and lengthy, intricate melodies but live, they were amazingly powerful. Jesus, my vocabulary is horrid. The next day, I saw Fragile Porcelain Mice. They sort of remind me of Brutal Juice with their intense, chaotic hardcore and singer whose erratic, quirky movements on stage are nothing short of fully entertaining. John informed me that the singer was a high school substitute teacher and that he'd actually had him in one of his classes. The next band, who really took me by surprise, was Mustard Plug. Now, I hate ska AND I am always automatically bored by any band that plays for more than 45 minutes but these guys rocked. They had so much energy and were having so much fun on stage that I couldn't help but tap my feet and smile, even after an hour and a half. Somehow they managed to incorporate Ministry, Public Enemy, NOFX, and Young MC into their set in the vein of what Faith No More does live and did a lot of that audience participation jazz that the kids love, most prominently including the members of my friends' band Roscoe P. Soultrane (the reason I was even at the show, in case you were wondering) who were frequently appealed to to sing along.

Since I've just written two paragraphs about bands, I suppose I ought to take this

opportunity to mention my band. We're called Orange Whip (I hear there is also a blues band with the same name). We've been together at least since October (I can't exactly remember; it may have been earlier than that), we've played a few house shows, and we're on a comp being put out by Bob from Braid on his new benefit label, The Core For Care. Roscoe P. Soultrane (ska), Beezus, the Patrick Dance (Make-up type stuff), Hand to Mouth (punk a la early Jawbreaker, Crimpshrine), Rainer Maria (emo), Supporting Actress, and John's band (Civic? - they're pretty metallish) are the bands that I know of that are supposedly on the comp (all except John's band played at a benefit show for the CD so I'm just assuming). I guess just look for ads, the details are pretty sketchy. It should be out by the time you read this though. I'm sure you'd like to know that it's for a good cause: the profits will go to an organization (I honestly and shamefully can't remember its name) that deals with date rape. Warning: my band in no way sounds punk. It's much more in the rock vein though I wouldn't be able to describe us further except by saying that it's nothing I'd probably listen to. Don't get me wrong, I love singing in the band and writing songs and I think it's really the only type of music my voice is suited to and, yes, I like our songs but I don't know how I'd judge them if I weren't in the band. I'm sure none too few Champaign-Urbana punks were caught off guard by the style of our music and/or by the fact that the other members of the band are incredibly talented (and not really into punk that much).

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If any of you enjoy reading fiction, please check out John Irving if you haven't already. Yeah, yeah, yeah, he's really famous and all; he's famous for a reason. So far I have read *Son of the Circus*, *Cider House Rules*, and *The World According to Garp* and am now in the midst of *A Prayer For Owen Meany* which is the best yet. Believe you me, he's no Danielle Steele or John Grisham or others of their ilk, he actually has talent. As a sort of tangent, I did something really unbelievably stupid over Christmas break. All year I'd been reading/hearing the phrase "Orwellian" being used to varying degrees in magazines, in class, etc. I kept thinking to myself that I didn't know what that meant and that I ought to remedy that as soon as possible so in my traditional Christmas reading frenzy, I checked out *Down and Out in Paris and London* (London and Paris perhaps?), one of the only

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VENTURE INTO THE WORLD OF
THE SILLY AND SAD WITH...

**WILL
DANDY**

...HE'S ONE SMOOTH CAT

...

People if you will, are quite an act altogether. I don't understand, and believe you me I often try. Imagine looking at a person like you would look at a cat playing with string. You see how funny they are just because they are. You feel pity for them for being consumed with such silly things. You hope you're above them. Huh. Well, I'm not so sure. I think people are just big cats, or maybe that's just what we're trying to become.

I remember a favorite Vonnegut line (I forget from which book it comes to you, spiritually direct), "There's one thing I never understood. Why do humans exist?" Says the character. So, now I join hands with the unabomber (no, Mr. FBI agent reading this I am not the unabomber, ok?) and say technology is bad, to an extent. Because we are destroying the need for humans. What's the point when there's nothing left to do but work for a big corporate boss and sell your soul for cable (which I only use to watch Robocop 3, but now I've taped it so I can swear it off again) and a microwave. I find it to be quite discouraging. I have heard countless friends talk of how there's nothing that they can do with their lives and I can't help but wonder if this is the root of it all. What of all the people in the world who live in undeveloped places (does anyone know the percentage? Please tell me, I'm very curious) do they have this same lack of a reason. Do they wonder why humans exist. My hunch is no, but of course, I could be wrong. Does someone have those percentages? Numbers, I need numbers man! Maybe Time or Newsweek could do a poll. Huh. Maybe. Don't get me wrong. If it weren't for my car I wouldn't have any friends or a job. I get pissed when my air-conditioning breaks. I'm typing this on a computer, please please I know. I'm a goddamn lazy-ass hypocrite. That's far from the point. But why do humans exist, eh? Certainly not so you can sit somewhere comfortably and read my ramblings, that's absurd. I hope.

A final point. No one who's read this far will want to read this most likely. And no one who would want to read this will have read this far. But that's ok, I almost planned it that way (smirk again goddamn it). I am tired of the lazy drunk punk hardcore (I mean spikes, chains, and mohawks, not chugga chugga, hooded-sweatshirt kind) scene. Now I'm not talking about all people who get drunk and like hardcore, gosh that'd be nearly everyone, especially because a lot of people who are active within the hardcore scene are drunk punks and I'm ok with that because they are active (hats off to P.E. there... I love you guys! (big group hardcore hug)). It's the people who talk about class war and fighting the system only to end up sloshed in an alley. If anything they are only furthering the oppression and only making it easier for the man (smirk yet again...) to control them. It's that kind of thing that ticks me off. If you want

to spend your whole life getting drunk then, ok do it. If you want to fight the class war, just do it (anyone catch that pun? Think t-shirts...). But don't say you're gonna do one and then just do the other. There's no way that being destructive can help the scene or the class war. So there I've said it. For godsakes, it's about time someone did.

Ok, I have a zine, called Oh Well, it's still on #5, I've been pretty dang happy recently and haven't needed to write my ookey thoughts down. It's a buck and a good letter. Write me please, that'll make me very happy. Will Dandy; Route 2 Box 438; Leeds, AL 35094. E-mail "Will-Dandy1@aol.com" (that's a I(ONE) after me name ok!.) Onward!



I used to do a fanzine called Kathi Wilcox's Legs. It was mostly ghost-written by other people actually, transcripts of dreams and whatnot. It was a fax-only fanzine, I just faxed each issue to lots of people I knew. I was just going through my old files in my computer, throwing away old stuff to make space on my hard drive, and I came across this, which was supposed to be Kathi Wilcox's Legs #4, the first issue I wrote entirely on my own, but I never got around to printing it off and distributing it. So in keeping with the spirit of alternative means of getting out your zine, I now present this zine-within-a-zine:

Kathi Wilcox's Legs #4

The Demo review issue - just like a record review issue, but only of demos that I have received at Kill Rock Stars.

Bent - 7 songs: You know how Sister Double Happiness is always almost not good, but because its Gary Floyd it still is good but almost not? Well this is like that, only with no Gary Floyd. The worst kind of blues-oriented, hard-rocking, funky, wait I've got it - Pearl Jam! Or worse — Paw. To be fair, I should mention I got it as a demo to try

to play a show (an Olympia Aids Prevention Projects benefit they heard I was putting together), not as a regular demo to Kill Rock Stars.

Baby Lemonade - cassette of 7" Single: Maybe trying to be the Beatles, of course ends up sounding like XTC or King's X. One song sounds like Smiley-Smile type Beach Boys tho, and was actually pretty good.

Chosen View - On the Horizon: She sings like Natalie Merchant and her guitar sometimes sounds like a Mandolin. Drum Machine.

Meatheads - What The?: I can see now that I'm not going to be any good at this, so many bands sound the same to me - simultaneously comparable to many seventies arena-rock bands and many 120 Minutes/Alternative Nation bands at the same time. These guys could really make it, more power to 'em. Sexist lyrics alert.

Mold - Sonic Youth at Disney World: Send-up of Sonic Youth with Kim Gordon styled talk-singing about going to Florida and seeing Sonic Youth at Disney World, with fast parts by male vocalist, was probably funny when they wrote it. If you like send-ups of Sonic Youth you'd probably like this.

Grover - Super!: This is a little more endearing cuz they sing cute and play with less confidence, fancy graphics tho. Seems like this band would be fun to be in, fun to see at a Bellingham party. Now it makes sense, they thank Crayon on their thanks list.

Noggin - The Noisiest Noggin Yet: Guitar and Violin noise. They sent it along with a spray-painted and hand-colored album number 006/266, so I guess they made 266 of these crazy tapes with the crazy unique spray-painted albums, mine used to be an Echo and The Bunnymen album, now its art!! I like this cuz it seems genuine and wasn't too pretentious as far as spontaneous noise can be. The note said watch for a split single with Pork Queen and a full length CD, maybe they sound different from this sometimes, Plus it was recorded over an "attitude session" tape of some guy in Texas talking at a lot of people about what used to be wrong with his life and how he improved it, which was a nice touch, very soothing and backgroundy in much the same way the songs were.

High Steppin' Seafood - Never Say Goodbye: They do a cover of Jesse's Girl and make it convincingly into grunge. Sets the mood for the whole thing. My friend Mary Lou loves their name tho.

Divided We Fall: Jokey Hardcore a la 1983 They have a song called Fuck Censorship, and one called Roadkill. But the letter that came with it says all of the songs are serious, and they have new members and are much better now.

Meet Daisy: I didn't like their faster rockin' stuff, but the slow songs were pretty. If I was some cold A & R guy at some cold label actually listening to these tapes looking for bands to sign and make lots of money off of but pay them hardly any of it, these guys would be potential victims. Very salable, if you had a video and promotion budget big enough to convince people they were somehow different from all the other bands that sound like this getting signed these days.

Dr. Kevorkian Suicide Machine Band: Came with a neat photocopy book. They thank Lou Barlow and I think that's pretty apt. Mostly sounds like practice tapes of a couple guys having a good time. Listening to this was pretty pleasant, I'd almost listen to it again, which is saying a lot.

Eric Harrison: Singer/Songwriter in every way. Seems like the songs are well thought out and sincere. Very pro press kit, I must say, I get the idea he got my address from Option Magazine.

Sweat - The Alternative to the Alternative: First song is called Positive Aggression. Very pro press kit, 8 x 10 and all that. This is the worst sick-est dumbest stupido bozoic rock that has ever been sent to me. Poor guys, not quite metal enough to be Headbangers Ball material, definitely not 120 minutes material. Not listenable, actually.

The Volume: Nice little tape of several meandering songs with loveable singing. If I heard something about this band again, I'd pay attention.

Vegetarian Meat: Not too bad, but in the same vein that I still can't put my finger on except to call it "alternative rock" — How'd they get that name?

Sons of the Corporate Dog: Guys from Deep Wound, the punk band that preceded Dinosaur, I guess, according to the info that came with it. Just another rock band - I understand why people would want to be in a band like this, but I don't understand why they would send out tapes and stuff like that. I guess I'm just under this notion that there's nothing wrong with just being in a completely uninspired and unoriginal band for the fun of it and that there can never be too many fun local uninspired unoriginal good-rockin' bands playing for their friends but there sure can be too many uninspired unoriginal albums cluttering up record store shelves.

Cake: see above, minus Dinosaur, plus keyboards.

Sea Haggs - Beastie: This was a nice tape, the best one yet, I guess they broke up, they were from Melbourne Australia. Somehow related to Woozie fanzine, which was/is a cool zine too. I can't put my finger one why I liked this, it just didn't seem as fake or forced or imitative as most of the other tapes, even tho it was all thaaaaat much different.

The Day Olds: This was another good one, simple unpretentious garagey pop, catchy without being overbearing, and no bass player needed!

Bleed: This is what I don't like: pseudo-funk singing over hard rock riffs (unless its the Beastie Boys or Run-DMC in 1986); quiet parts followed by sudden loud parts followed by quiet parts (unless its Slint); classical-style guitar intros (unless its Metallica); senseless time-signature changes; bands with names like Bleed.

Johny Edelstein - Water: How do all these four track guys (Sentridoh, Smog etc.) get that watery voice effect? This would be nice to listen to while taking a bath. Sounds like what I always imagined Bevis Frond sounded like, but when I finally heard Bevis Frond, it didn't really sound quite like this.

Bichos: Bluesy with talking mostly instead of singing, but musical talking, not like reading poetry over the top of it or anything.

Dirt Poor - 5 Songs: Its that snare sound I hate - see Cake, minus keyboards.

Kallisti: Had an okay Sonic Youth type groove.

Jenn Sharkins: When I hear bands like this I can't decide if it sounds like old LA (pre-hard-core) punk or if it sounds like bad bar rock played fast, or both. Actually this sounds like Skindiver with a female singer.

Portrait of the Dog as a Young Man: There are two sides to this tape - Words (Even) and Noise (Rich) - I listened to the Noise side first. Its a tape loop or sampler thing much like Steve Fisk stuff or Negativland, done very well, although I've heard some of the source material used before in things like this - Nice cut up that has George Bush saying "the most important thing we've seen this century is...I saw Elvis". The tension in this particularly reminds me of Steve Fisk's "Lying In Texas". Towards the end a little poetry starts to show up in the mix, the other side is mostly spoken word stuff with a little bit of noises in the background. The word stuff is pretty good too, with a lot of insights about putting existence into perspective. Lots of cool surprises if you're paying attention.

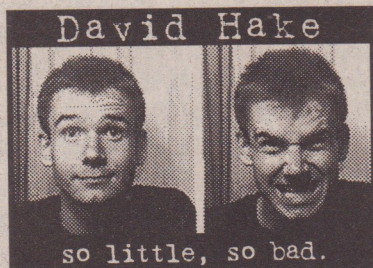
Pell Kellys: Running out of things to say about bands with bad contemporary mainstream-alternative influences. The Pixies are included in my idea of bad influences. The two vocal thing here is pretty cool though.

Flypaper: Ditto, right down to the dual vocals.

Kid Champion: Cute pop songs played so stiff its kind of endearing. Not much imagination showed with the vocals, but at least these folks are probably having a lot of fun and not trying too hard to be "good".

Idiodyssey: First song is white hip-hop like Beck, but isn't mostly hip hop, just cute bouncy songs about dead goldfish and things, a little overdone, reminds me of something? The music is a little like old meat puppets.

Well, thats it for Kathi Wilcox's Legs #4. I never get any feedback about the things I write in/for Punk Planet, so write me: Slim c/o KRS 120 NE State #418 Olympia, WA 98501. If I dissed yer band, I'm really sorry.



Now, now... you must realize at this point in the game that I'm not nearly as bad as I make myself out to be. I am a softer, gentler menace than all the machismo in my personalized wall calendars would suggest with the token Rollins inspired snarl. It was a lucky shot, I make no bones about it. I've put my twenty dollars into New Age for my UNBROKEN long-sleeve work shirt, but I can still say that weak people like me have their compensating strengths. What else is hardcore about anyway? I am no sexual beast with scores of exploits to relay to the masses, no scandalous tales, indeed there is no intrigue that comes to mind at the moment (lies, lies, treasonous lies). I say all this for the benefit of the literal hordes who wince at themselves in the mirror in the morning and say, "That Hake couldn't be all that bad ass, even I've got a tougher exterior". I will concede you that. As I've been saying all along, I'm not even worthy of the adjectival "emo" mantle, I'm a romantic. Froofier for sure, fucker. I read all the books, and know the score. Possession by A.S. Byatt, Pale Blue Dot by Carl Sagan, The Island Of The Day Before by Umberto Eco, and the list continues thousands long. So here I am, quiet and unassuming, threatening only in my meekness. Ordinary. Difficult to spot in a crowd. Obscure. I'm just hiding with Willie at Extreme Noise hoping that no one comes in while we listen to BUILT TO SPILL, ready at a moment's notice to write it off as one bad foray before the prerequisite SYSTRAL 10" listening. We rock out kids, that's right.

Call this an ode to reclaiming the last, desperate chance to stick out. What happens when the gawky, last-placing little idiot of a kid finally gets past the chip on his shoulder and makes it big? Couldn't tell you. Fame is easily won, but lasting immortality comes as some diamond in the rough of a countless number of tarnished baubles all called lasting importance, only one of them genuine. There is a wilderness outside the fences of the enclosed world we know where living without boundaries is paramount. I want to be there.

Coup d'état city, give me a front row seat. Yeah, yeah. Check out that new FIREWORKS 7" on Human Fly, it's awesome. I say that THOSE UNKNOWN hearkens back fondly to John Cougar Mellencamp's better moments more so than AVAIL ever has for me. "They've got money on their side/We've got nothing left but pride/There's a proper place for peace/And if it's a change you do seek/Then gather up everyone/And revolt now". You've got to know that normally I would put that "and revolt now" in caps to convey its proper sentiment, but then you'd think that that was some new band I was in or something, as per the MRR vernacular of putting bands in caps so you can quickly skim over any article without a proper reading and see what the new names are for this month. The new band I'm in is actually called LVADO, but let the testament of time do the telling, not my knee jerk self-congratulation. Oh baby, you know my humility is so false, utterly non-existent. The comprehensive Twin Cities underground music compilation "No Slow, All Go" has finally reared its ugly head (Daggers/PO Box 581921/Minneapolis, MN 55458-1921). Hear, hear for the MAN AFRAID standout track "3/91", well riding that fine line between tunefulness and abrasion which all our endeavors should strive for. Otherwise I have quite literally been starving for the sake of making my usual record purchases week by week in this cruel winter. As verily, I am starving now, a gnawing presence in my caved-in stomach saying that no money in '96 equals lots of records. If I'd kill for the HIFIVES/ODD NUMBERS 7", then I'd forego a salt bagel for any one, if not all of the KAISERS records. That's just the way it is.

Recently, Punk Planet demographics have said that Hooten is spoken of highly as far as us columnists go, and as I said to editor-in-chief Sinker, he's got this kind of immediacy I'd kill for. The human element. The genuine accessibility, and down home goodness of the heartland (even though he's a Bostonian of all things). Whereas I'm obsessed with trivialities (e.g., my sexual appeal, cloying for the ever evasive modern sound, the larger than life and unattainable, etc). What is a Hake fan like anyway? I have not met many of them, but I imagine hordes of people who calculate their self worth by the amount of records in their collective subconscious, and their ability, at a moment's notice to produce unheard of and trivial facts regarding many of the bands who

produced them. Self conceived trend setters (always wrong in this estimation), Hollywood has beens, the pretentious, the falsely humble, and self-deceiving. Don't get me wrong, I deserve my lot, I talk it up every issue, but still... truly appalling and outrageous.

PROMISE RING (ex-CAP'N JAZZ, NONE LEFT STANDING) recently made an impact at a local Minneapolis emo hostel which went far beyond my expectations with the SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE references circulating the grapevine and a lot of the more pointlessly ethereal whimsy which makes up the post-macho, "formerly hardcore" underground. Not so here. This is not some kind of Midwest KILL HOLIDAY, or even, dare I say, TEXAS IS THE REASON, which reads the barometer, fingers always at the pulse of cool, and ever always playing the favorite. But this, contrastingly: truly original, for sure.

Beyond my natural tendencies for the melodramatic and overwrought, for days on end in this below zero range of Minnesota I have felt the unanswerable desire to cry, wallow in self-pity, and capitalize on my perceived misery.

David Hake/PO Box 4061/St. Paul, MN 55104/dhake@macalstr.edu



I know you're all wondering where I was during The Blizzard. You know, The Big One. The Blizzard of '96. Well, you're going to hear about it anyway. I was in midtown Manhattan. The usually bustling Ninth Avenue was almost completely void of traffic. Walking down the middle of a major avenue in New York in the middle of the day is certainly a rare treat. I imagine that it was as quiet as New York will ever be. Eighth Avenue was equally dead, but it was business as usual at all the peep shows and adult video stores. Porn was just about the only thing available on the whole damn street. For those who are always on the lookout for an excuse to get drunk, this was a fine day indeed. I was in a diner that night and some really drunk people came in. This was after a really obnoxious old guy had already spent the past 20

minutes bending the entire place's ear about why women are evil. The joint was already tense to the point of hysteria. Of course, I was the only female in the place during this discussion. This is the way my luck often runs. The waiters rolled their eyes apologetically in my direction. But back to the drunk people: they were two guys and a woman, and the woman was yelling things like "Goulash! Bring me goulash! I eat only goulash!" Under other circumstances, I might have been glad to see another chick. Oh, and wanna know the secret of why women are evil? It's The Blood. You know. The Period. This guy was a real expert.

So much for the blizzard report. Right now I'm on what has to be the slowest train through Connecticut, on my way to a dress rehearsal for a play of mine that opens on Sunday. Yes, there is a point to this story. This is the first time that I, as a playwright, have worked with a sound designer, other than in college. For those of you who are unfamiliar with theater terminology (ahem) a sound designer researches, gathers, and sometimes creates sound for plays. For example, if your play takes place during a dog sled race and you need the sound of a hundred yelping huskies, that would be your sound designer's problem. The sound designer also has the task of choosing music for the show. This includes the pre-show music, music for the final moment of the play, and house music after the show is over. Normally, I am neurotic about music, partly because if Sonic Youth or The Velvet Underground or Iggy Pop is playing in the house before the lights come down, it keeps me from losing my mind. Anyway, to make a long story short, I'm not used to having other people choose the music for my plays. My director, god bless him, confessed right away that he was clueless on the subject. "I listen to Billy Joel," he told me confidentially. You have to credit him for knowing there's something wrong. You really do. Anyway, it fell to me and the designer to choose the music for the show. Let me say right off the bat that this guy was nice as could be, and completely well-intentioned. Our conflict was in regard to the final moment of the show. I won't give it away in case it ever becomes a major motion picture (ha fuckin' ha) but I'll tell you that there are some teenage girls in the play, and the final moment is a girl thing. It's also a Rock'n'Roll thing. It's not a Cheryl Crow moment. It's not a

Natalie Merchant moment. It's power, electric guitars, loudness. I would love to use Patti Smith, but her songs often start out kind of somber and churchy and then build into a frenzy later, which is impractical for these purposes. Unfortunately, because of my dual residency, I was unprepared for this situation: I didn't have my music collection at my disposal. What I did have was "Over The Edge" by Hole, which has the right sound, the right theme, the right ascetic for that moment. I could see the designer blanch at this suggestion, before he even heard it. This perfectly "nice", perfectly polite, perfectly white-collar guy says, "Don't get me wrong, I'm not opposed to Hole. I'm really not. It's just that Courtney Love is such a fuckin' bitch." Okay, now I know a lot of you probably agree with this statement, and I'm going to ask you to try to put that aside for just a moment. Let me just ask this: are Courtney's antics not the typical stuff of drug-addled pop stars? Is she not following in the footsteps of such "seminal" Rock-'n'Roll types as Pete Townshend, Sid Vicious, and countless others? I think Mick Jagger is an asshole but I'd never give up the Stones. And yeah, I did mention in a previous column that I was thrilled to hear that David Bowie wasn't a dick to wait on. But even if he was, I'd still listen to his records. So yeah, Ms. Love is fucked up, she's obnoxious, she needs a rehab. That fits the pop star profile. But I have noticed that people (okay, yeah, especially men) seem to love to call her a cunt, a slut, a bitch. It seems excessive, all this venom. My director, despite his musical tastes, is a smart man. When I explained my take on the C. Love situation and played the song for him, he needed no convincing. It's a good song, it's right for the moment, and if people say, "Oh listen, there's Courtney Love. What a cunt," all the better.

Does the subject of Hillary Clinton seem like an abrupt shift? It isn't, really. The other day I was in a cab on my way to the train station and Rush Limbaugh was on. He and some of his oh-so-enlightened public were discussing our first lady, and I am certain that if they could have gotten away with calling her a cunt on the air, they would have. I'd been mulling over this Courtney Love thing for a couple of days, and then I had this epiphany in the damn cab with Rush Limbaugh. Here's the word that came into my mind: rape.

Am I saying that this mild-mannered sound designer and/or Rush Limbaugh are rapists? Not at all. But the thing that Hilary and Courtney have in common is that they're too big for their britches, they need to be taken down a peg. They need to be Taught A Lesson. They aren't just disliked, they're despised. I'm not saying they're above suspicion; that they haven't done wrong things. They've done wrong things like all the other lawyers and pop stars have. But why do we love to hate them so much? Um, Duh. Because they're women, Duh.

Back to the play - the only reservation I had about using the Hole song was that I would prefer to promote an unknown band. I did try - I did some research but I couldn't come up with anything by the deadline. However, I found a perfect song by a local NYC band for another moment in the show. They're called The Morning Shakes and the song in question ("So Fucked Up") is going to be released as a single on Wal-labies Records very soon. Check them out. They're great.

In other news, I went to an all-ages hardcore show this week at a place called The Red Room, which is indeed that. It's right here in midtown, on 9th Avenue between 37th and 38th, behind the Market Cafe. There were some typical testosterone problems early on, but once they got it straightened out, it was way cool. There were six bands, and I liked every one I heard. My personal favorites were a band from Puerto Rico called Advertencia. The Red Room has all kinds of music, minus bullshit-new-york-we're-so-cool club attitude. Originally, the Red Room only operated on Thursday and Friday nights. Two years ago, John Gelber happened by and volunteered to work the door. It became clear to the people in charge that John was hooked in with the local music scene, and they asked him to manage the place. John reportedly said, "Fuck it. What's the worst thing that can happen?" Now the Red Room is alive Tuesday through Saturday. John likes to mix it up, booking C&W bands to open for Blues bands to open for Punk bands, and so on. The location is of particular interest. "Between 34th and 50th on the West Side, there are so many talented people," John says. "Real people. No pretentious Bourgeois bullshit. It's a relief." He also makes an effort to book out-of-state bands along side the local ones. The next all-ages hardcore show at

The Red Room will be on March 23rd. Broke NYC (with former Kraut member Dave Gunnar) will play, among others. The Red Room is a DIY dream. Check it out. If your band is interested in playing The Red Room, e-mail me at LEAHzz@aol.com (or write in care of Violation Fez) and I will hook you up.

Violation Fez #4 (the Rock'n'Roll issue) is still available from 5 Warfield Place, Northampton, MA 01060. The next issue will be on drugs. Ha ha ha. No really. It's true. Please send fiction, essays, cartoons, whatever, or just tell me about your best, worst, and/or weirdest drug experience (anything from caffeine to heroin counts). The ever-extending deadline is now March 15.



We can only assume that the lyricist who made boring old Route 66 into the stuff of legends was casting about a bit frantically for a rhyme when he coupled "oh so pretty" with "Oklahoma City." One must always consider the context, of course. I'm probably not the first to observe that by the time God got around to creating Oklahoma, he was beginning to run out of steam. And once it entered into the realm of human affairs, Oklahoma remained an afterthought.

It was the last place in the United States that the white man got around to ripping off from the Indians, and the Indians didn't seem too keen on it either, since most of them originally had to be driven there at gun point from more pleasant parts of the country.

If it hadn't been for the discovery of oil, Oklahoma might still be one of those vast, wide open places that people pass through as rapidly as possible (come to think of it, the speed limit is a perky 75, commonly observed as 90), wondering why such lands exist and thanking their lucky stars that they don't have to live there.

I myself first passed through it that way a quarter century or so ago, during one of those amphetamine-driven, Kerouacian cross-country scrambles that punctuated my youth. During the

time that has since slipped away like, oh, like whatever time does when it's not weighing heavy on your hands or hanging about your neck like a millstone, I hadn't given a great deal of thought to Oklahoma. It's the sort of place that lends itself to being thought about as little as possible.

Its absence from my thoughts had not resulted in its growing any dearer to my heart. As you probably know anyway, the notion that absence makes the heart grow fonder is one of those damned lies they're always trying to hornswoggle young romantics with. In reality, the typical heart is off gallivanting across the pasture in search of greener fields before the object of its devotion has disappeared round the bend. It's the brain that causes all the trouble, as I shall illustrate.

Now there was this Shakespeare fellow, you may have heard of him, who used to get a great kick out of making up unwieldy verses, full of the twenty-dollars-and-change sort of words that even your pompous great-aunt Delilah would think twice about trying to slip into a conversation.

But Willie the Shake, as his friends knew him, did get off a good one every once in a while, and an especially pertinent one was, "There's nothing good nor bad but thinking makes it so."

If you're the argumentative sort (and you probably are if you're reading this particular magazine), you'd be inclined to say, "Not so fast, buster! Getting your eyeteeth drilled with a pneumatic jackhammer by an escaped Nazi war criminal masquerading as a dentist is bad no matter what you think!" And so forth, with the same thing being true of things that are undeniably good, though as it happens I can't think of any at the moment.

However if you're the truly argumentative sort, the sort which seems destined to dog me throughout all my mournful days, you're even more likely to say, "Fine, but what in hell does any of this have to do with Oklahoma?"

Well, I'm getting to that. It seems that recently I had the occasion to spend a long (no, it didn't just seem that way, ha ha) weekend in what is commonly known as the Sooner State (the nickname, I believe, stems from the common expression, "I'd sooner be somewhere else").

In preparation for my trip, I searched the old bean for memories of what Oklahoma was like. I prefer to know what to expect, even when it is

thoroughly awful. Gives you the opportunity to wallow in the agony twice, so to speak, once in anticipation and then again in actuality.

Anyway, and here's where Shakespeare's dictum comes in: over the years Oklahoma had acquired a sort of mythic status in my fevered imagination. Drier and more barren than the Sahara, backward and dull as the tea parties my Aunt Esther used to throw for the Christian White Ladies Missionary Aid Society, as intolerant and narrow-minded as a gaggle of punk rockers arguing over whether Green Day and Rancid should be killed and eaten or merely boiled in oil.

Now the fact of the matter, of course, is that Oklahoma is as much a state of mind as it is a real place, especially now that the great majority of America is little more than a suburb of Los Angeles. The tumbleweed or sagebrush or whatever they call that stuff kicking around out there on the lonesome prairie might still blow through the local mall now and then, and people may drawl their words the way John Wayne used to when someone forgot to oil his jaw, but apart from that, heck, it's nothing you can't see on TV any old day of the week.

Of course the greatest horror is often intermingled with that which is most familiar, as someone once said or should have. I mean if you were landing on the moon and everywhere you looked there were slaving monsters two hundred feet tall with green blood dripping from their fangs, you'd be nervous all right, but you'd at least have some idea what to look out for. The trouble with venturing out into mainstream America, apart from the difficulty of finding a decent rice and whole beans burrito or a drinkable cappuccino, is never knowing for sure which of the smiling characters you meet is a warm and wonderful human being and which is a death-dealing android.

Now in California you can safely assume that everyone, especially your best friends and lovers, is out to get you, but in that part of America lovingly (or is it ironically?) known as "the Heartland," things aren't so clearcut. Sure, it's tempting to declare the whole place a nuclear weapons test site or a genetic engineering experiment gone horribly awry, but there's a certain gaping simplicity about it that's disarming (or is mentally enfeebling the phrase that I'm searching for?).

I ramble once again, I know, and for that I apologize. I'm just trying to re-create an adequate picture of my mental state upon being thrust into this essentially alien environment, the alienating factor being the overwhelming and tedious normality of everything and everybody there.

Long ago, at a very young age, I got wise to the insidious and invidious nature of "normality." It was one of those things that, while I couldn't tell you exactly what was wrong with it, or even exactly what it was, I just somehow knew was rotten to the core. Like my mother always said (she had a thousand of these, and was always willing to share them with me): "You don't have to get down and roll around in the mud to know it's dirty."

As a result I was fairly nervous in Oklahoma. I knew lynchings were no longer common, and that however menacing they might look, the businessmen dressed up in cowboy suits weren't likely to hog-tie me and force me to eat beefsteaks at The Sizzler. But I couldn't shake that feeling of being a fish forced to look at life from the wrong side of the aquarium walls. So I didn't go out much. I drew the shades, clutched the TV remote close to my fevered breast, and did my level best to impersonate a genuine mid-American.

What I saw filled me with horror, of course. Worst of all, I was shocked and ashamed to discover that it was, of all things, Super Bowl Weekend, and that I had landed smack in the middle of Dallas Cowboys territory.

Dallas! The very name reeks of all that is most grotesque, hideous, and deformed about the American soul! To think of living, or even passing an unguarded hour, in a place where the most tasteless, bloated, offensive excuse for a football team to ever befoul a field is not just tolerated, but openly adored!

Self-pity and sorrow abounded, but I hunkered down for the long haul, ordering in pizza and journeying outdoors only once daily for the four mile trek to the (where else?) mall for cappuccino (sorry about the cappuccino thing; I just love perpetuating stereotypes about foofy Left Coasters, of which yours truly stands as one of the proudest examples).

But there came a day when the world fell silent, and the streets and byways of "urban" Oklahoma grew as still and deserted as the vast

barren reaches that stretch longingly from the edge of town to the ever-receding horizon. Yes, it was "Super" Sunday, and almost without exception, the inhabitants of this strange land had withdrawn indoors to fill their corpulent bellies with Budweiser and smear molten pig grease across their bloated faces in celebration of their beloved "Cowboys."

The moment was propitious, I thought, to venture forth and seek out the "real" Oklahoma. This is something I do a lot of these days. Having spent the first part of my life rushing madly past, through and around whatever things, situations or people managed to insert themselves in my path, I've recently become obsessed with the notion of uncovering what lies beneath the always-elusive surface.

One of those ultra-trendy (or was that the 80s?) modern physicists has observed that beneath appearances there are only more appearances, and I'm sure he's quite right, just as that other fellow no doubt had a lot on the ball when he remarked that upon further reflection he could only see further reflections, but in these image-conscious times, where else is one to deploy his energy?

True, considering the awful state of the world, we might be inclined to rush out and change that state, but then we run smack up against the troubling question of whether the world is really in such bad shape as it appears to be, or if in fact matters are far worse than we have thus far been able to imagine.

Such are the perils of ruminative philosophy (or, as my mother used to describe it, sitting around staring out the window with your mouth hanging open). It seems there is hardly a difficulty or problem that can't soon be made worse by attempting to grasp its full implications.

With that in mind, I decided that the best way to observe American culture's highest holy day, and at the same time get an insight into what really makes this country tick, would be to pay a visit to another monument to the genius of American civilization, the Oklahoma City bombsite.

You will remember, those of you who read the papers or watch something other than MTV or WWF wrestling, that last year some fine religious patriots displayed their love of freedom by blowing up a government building and

incidentally killing, wounding or dismembering several hundred men, women and children.

Although much of the American way of life for as long as I can remember has involved similar bombings, killings, and dismemberings, in the past most such goings-on have been confined to faraway countries where people tended to have darker skin and spoke English very badly if at all. In other words, nobody was particularly bothered about it.

All but the most fanatic, however, were a bit discombobulated to learn that the Oklahoma bombers represented a school of thought that had been generally accepted as being red, white and blue American. The accused killers were militia members, Christians, and outspoken exponents of the values espoused by, oh, about half the modern Republican Party.

The guys who bombed the Federal Building were the kind of losers I grew up with back in Detroit. They knew they were going nowhere, and that the train in that particular direction had just been shunted on to the express track. Feeble of brain and armed only with the less than useless dollop of education that America metes out to its superfluous citizens, they made the mistake of interpreting literally the drivel spewed by the Buchanan-style brownshirts who have come to dominate this country's political discourse.

You don't like someone's beliefs, behavior, or hairstyle? Kill them, and tell the press Jesus said it was all right. Barbarism begins at home, the man said, and now it looks as though it's here to stay. I improvised some little ditty along those lines, and hummed it over and over as I blasted down the turnpike.

I pulled into town, and found the streets of Oklahoma City as deserted as I had expected them to be. From nearly every house and tavern came the eerie blue glow of America's collective electronic brain, and now and then one could hear bursts of cheers escaping when an especially brutal tackle was displayed onscreen.

As I approached the city center, I passed into a district that looked unusually depressed. Nearly all the buildings were unoccupied, and most of the windows were boarded up. It looked almost as bad as Detroit, and I found it hard to believe that such a relatively new town could have already fallen victim to such an advanced state of urban decay.

But as I drew closer to ground zero, I began to realize that this wasn't the normal state of ruin that afflicts most American cities. What I was seeing, already, from ten or twelve blocks away, were the results of the bombing. Why, after nearly a year had gone by, nobody had begun to repair the damage, was a mystery, but there it was.

Where the actual Federal Building had once stood, barely a trace remained. They had hauled away the pieces, practically down to the last brick. But all around it, there was little doubt of what had happened. The only thing difficult to comprehend was the scope of it all. Across the street was wreckage of the sort that you usually see in pictures from Europe after World War.

Again I wondered why they hadn't bothered to clean it up, or at least fence it off, but because they hadn't, I could stand on the sidewalk and get a worm's eye view into the twisted and convoluted remnants of what had been several dozen people's workaday lives.

A microwave oven, its door hanging from one hinge, tipped precariously at the edge of a table that sat wildly askew as a result of having one leg that pointed in two different directions. Scattered about were bottles, only slightly dented, of mineral water and soda, proof once more that if anything, it is plastic that will inherit the earth.

For some reason, the sight that had the greatest impact on me was the ducts. Yes, ducts.

If you saw the movie *Brazil*, you might recall the symbolic importance of ducts: uniformed repairmen from some unnamed government or corporate entity were forever showing up uninvited and unwanted to "adjust your ducts." They then proceeded, without explanation, to rip apart the ceiling and anything else in close proximity, until the room had been reduced to complete chaos, typified by the mass of twisted and deformed ducts dangling every which way overhead.

So it was in this onetime Oklahoma City office building. The ducts may not have been hanging in such crazy profusion, but the evilly misshapen way in which they did hang made the effect, if anything, more stark and powerful. A million and one punk rock anthems notwithstanding, chaos suddenly didn't seem very romantic at all.

I wandered back across the street to where the bomb had actually gone off. Even now, while the Super Bowl was still in full swing, there were a few pilgrims and/or spectacle-seekers paying their respects. Apparently the bomb site has become by far Oklahoma City's most-visited tourist attraction (the competition is slim, but never mind that now...).

I exchanged notes with a mother and daughter pair, mostly about the comparative stench of decaying bodies. They, being local, had watched while the Federal Building was being excavated, and for my part, I was able to describe the sights, sounds and smells of the Cypress Freeway after it collapsed in the 1989 earthquake, crushing to death some 40 people.

Our various horror stories related and rehased, we sealed the momentary relationship with awe-stricken clucks of the tongue and pious shakes of the head, unmindful of the cultural gap that might normally have separated two Army wives in Dallas Cowboys sweatshirts from a bleached-blond bohemian type of uncertain masculinity and an oddly punctilious way with words.

As I wandered off, a distant huzzah went up as the Dallas Cowboys administered yet another coup de grace to their hapless victims from Pittsburgh. It was almost dark, in more ways than one. The last thing I noticed was some graffiti on a half-standing wall. It was a strange blend of biblical and military rhetoric, making some point that I couldn't quite comprehend. The only thing I could determine for sure was that whoever had painted it was almost certainly insane, and probably dangerous.

On my way home I happened to look at a copy of the Oklahoma City paper. It was one of those flagrant right wing rags, the sort of thing that could just as well have been datelined Berlin, 1938. Somebody there just didn't seem to get the point. While columnists and editorial writers were, nearly a year after the fact, still going on about the horror of the bombing, the pages were overflowing with precisely the bilious sort of crypto-fascist nonsense that had inspired the bombers to undertake their mission.

One of the cleverer pieces came from an irate letter writer, awash in angst over the immorality of mothers holding down jobs instead of staying home and leaving the bread winning to "daddy." She enjoined Hillary Clinton

to, "Go back and listen to 'Stand By Your Man' as you peruse the red-checked cookbook!"

But even that level of humor was an anomaly; most of the other writing possessed all the wit and subtlety of, well, a bombed out office building. You would have thought Oklahoma was preparing to make its last stand, that godless Communists (and/or Californians) were poised to overrun the entire state at a moment's notice.

The monumental stupidity of it all swirled about me, and for at least an instant caused my eyes to glaze over in utter despair. With all its warts and boils and cancerous lesions, I still love this country, and yes, with some difficulty, even its people. I want to believe that the American dream stands for more than slaughtering natives and stealing their land, that our purpose as a society goes beyond that of making it ever easier to exploit the benighted working class for the benefit of the fat and powerful.

And sometimes there are moments, when I look out onto the more majestic and as yet unsullied portions of our national landscape, when I am confronted with what, with all its faults, is still arguably the most diverse and freest and culturally prolific society in the history of planet earth, that I can say to myself, yes, life can be grand and people can be wonderful, and what the heck, why don't we all join hands and live forever?

But there's always another day, like this one, when I look around and all I see is emptiness and wreckage and the unwillingness and sheer incapacity to even dream, let alone make a dream come true. It's then that I think about that Shakespeare guy again, and wonder if he didn't have a little more on the ball than I realized when he declared, "What a piece of work is man!" What a piece of fucking work indeed.



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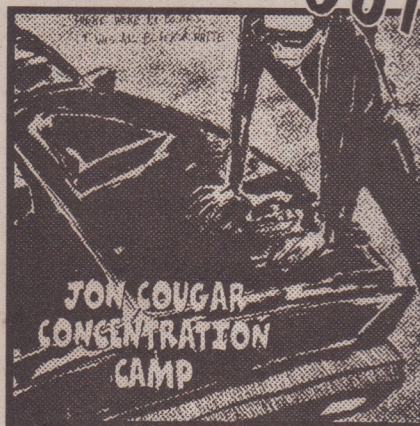
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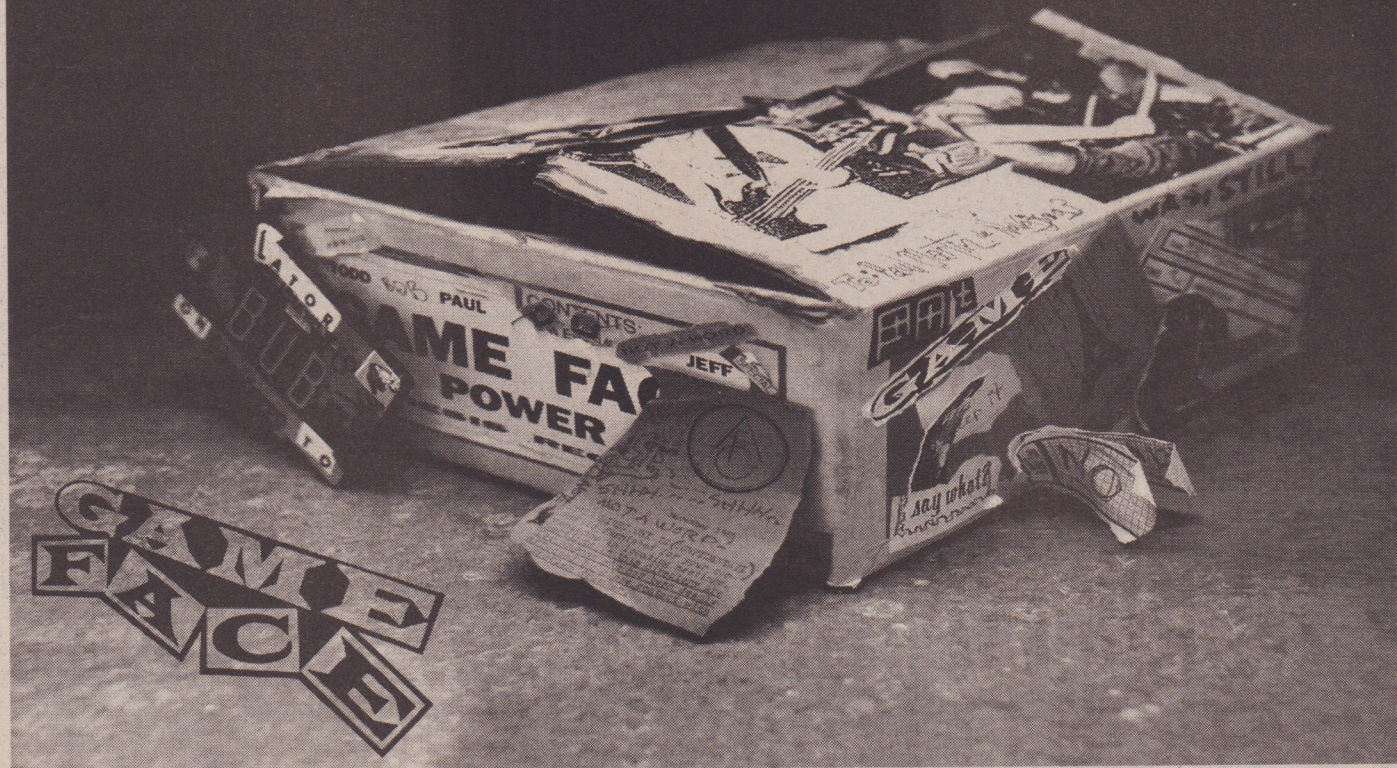
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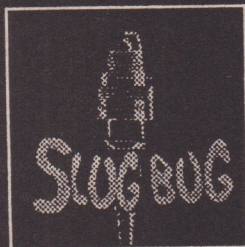
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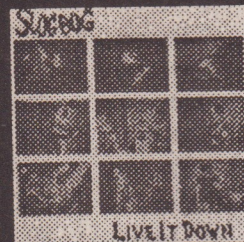
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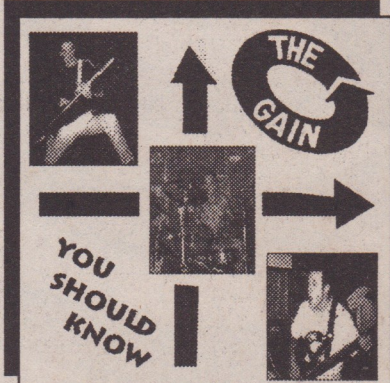
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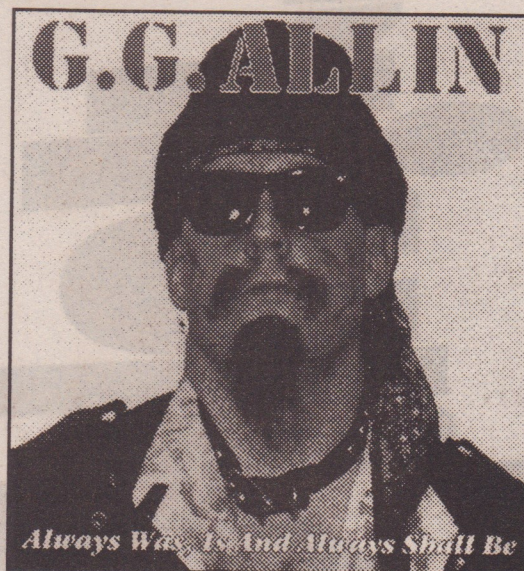
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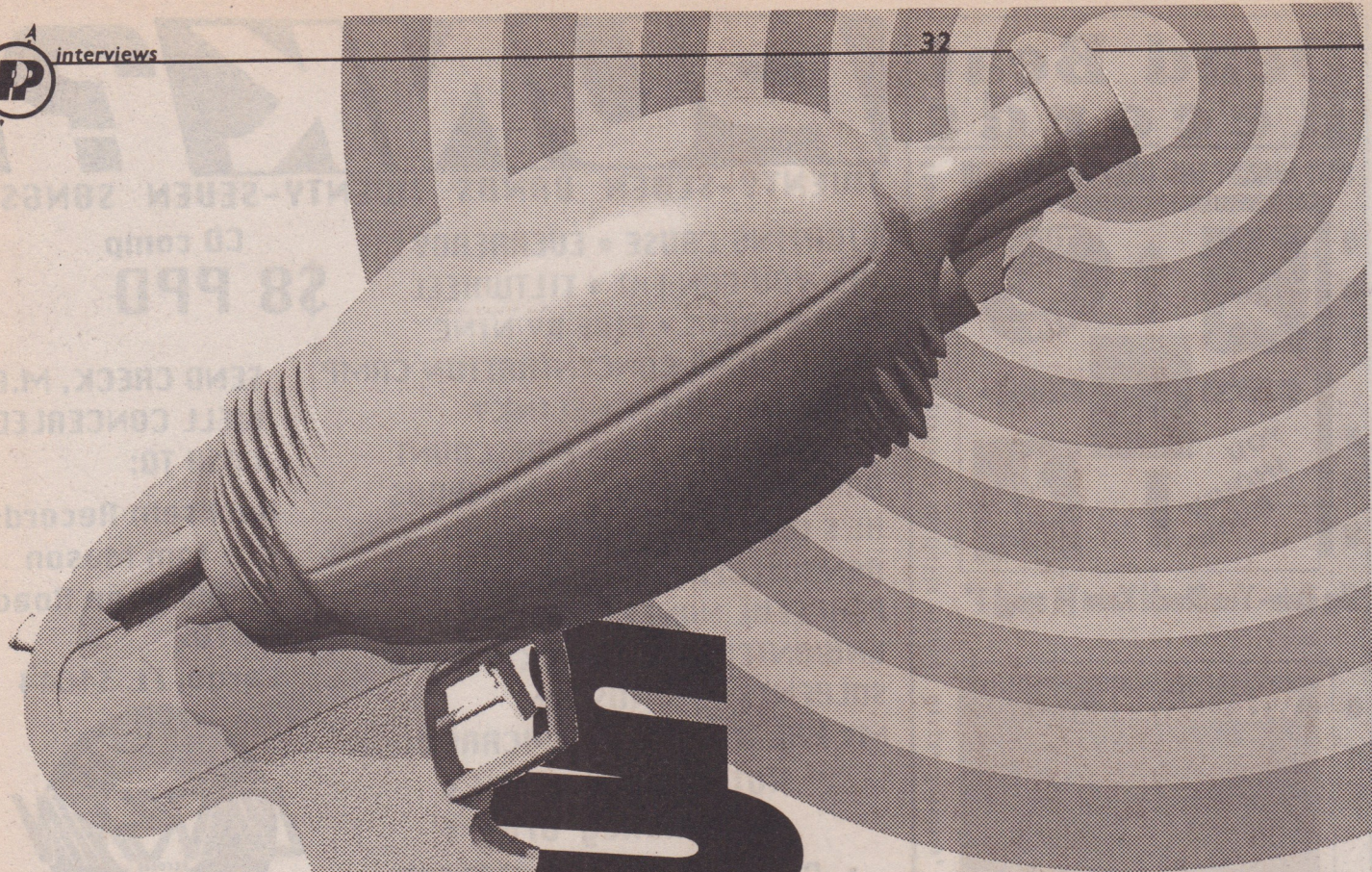
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Squirtgun

Squirtgun's always on the road, coming to a venue near you. Matt Hart (vocals), Mass Giorgini (bass and backing vocals), Flav Giorgini (guitar and backing vocals), and Dan Lumley (drums), had known each other for years before starting the band in 1994. How do you interview all the members of a band always on the run? Via e-mail, of course. Interview by Deena Dasein. Photos by Butterbean. Gun graphic by Dan Sinker



Punk Planet: Fronting as a punk band, Squirtgun is actually a traveling university.

Each member covers one of the four bases of the curriculum- natural science, humanities, fine arts and social sciences. Is higher [and higher] education the hobby and the band the main thing or vice versa? Do Squirtgun's members intend to use their degrees eventually?

Mass: In my case, music is certainly the first love. However, I don't completely rule out the possibility of eventually continuing my education in the form of advanced degrees. I have been able to keep myself going with music as my main focus for several years now, so my interest in returning to school or putting my Psychology degree to use has been a bit hindered.

Dan: I definitely consider music my main focus. I really haven't done much with my fine arts degree since I graduated from college. I did do one Rattail Grenadier album cover and may do some Squirtgun art in the future. I do try to keep in touch and practice with my art methods, though, because I do enjoy it and I don't rule it out as something to do in the future. But most of the time I'd rather play drums than draw.

Flav: I have a hard time deciding about this subject. One thing I've found out repeatedly is that I can't seem to function

without music, and specifically being in a band. If I don't do science for a long period of time, I tend to miss it. However, I tend to miss music more than science. Currently, I'm not really sure if I plan to continue my Ph.D. in genetics. However, I am sure that I want to continue Squirtgun.

Matt: Since my degree was in philosophy I tend not to use it at all. I get along much better using real-world common sense than philosophy or linguistic analysis. There was a time when I took philosophy really seriously, but Wittgenstein ended all that for me in graduate school when he pointed out that thinking philosophically is merely a neurotic habit of mind.

PP: I recall reading that each of you, when you were much younger, had different musical tastes. Can Squirtgun be seen as weaving together those early preferences or did Squirtgun develop a distinctive sound apart from those preferences?

MS: In some ways we have woven together several of those influences. Flav and I were both huge Beatles' fans growing up, and I suppose that our love for the happy, catchy melodies of early Beatles' songs has had some influence on the songs we write for Squirtgun. But at the same time, we did have a big Ramones influence, which has done much to keep our songs simpler, focusing on song structure of three or four chords, rather than the more sophisticated and complex chord progressions preferred by the Beatles.

F: Mass always decides to omit the fact that as a child I was a big Elvis fan. The whole experience was fairly traumatic for the Giorgini family since I dressed as Elvis for the entire second

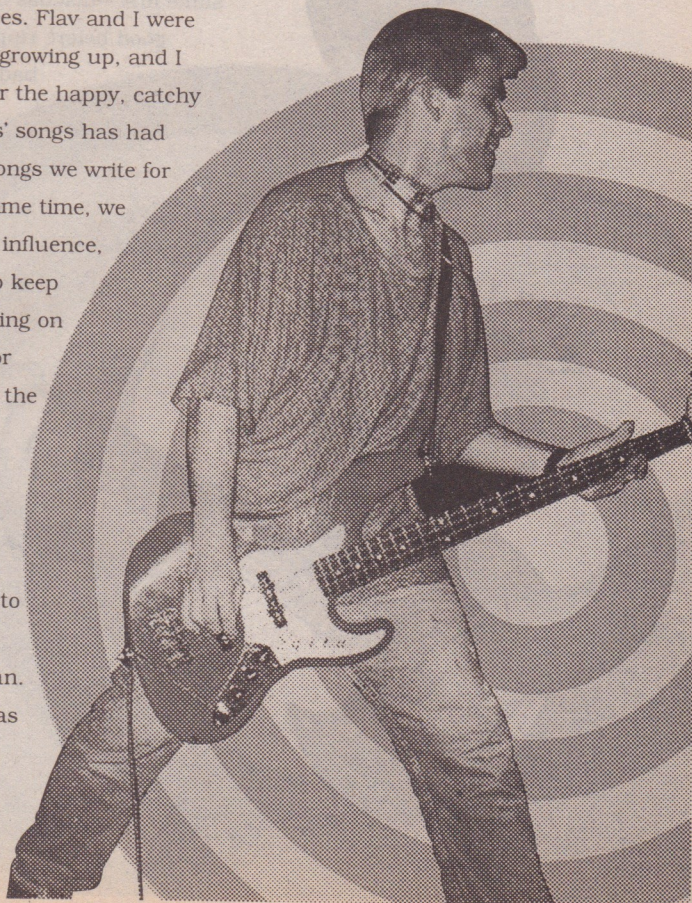
grade.

D: We all enjoy punk rock and the music we do in Squirtgun, and we realize the boundaries to this type of music. We all listen to and enjoy other types of music as well, but we found out with Rattail Grenadier (Mass, Flav, and my old band) that you can't throw in every style of music you like and expect it to sound consistent. So we focus on trying to do the best pop-punk music we can in Squirtgun, and our other musical interests can be pursued in our spare time.

MT: I like the weaving image...it reminds me of shredded wheat, and also people who work with their hands.

MS: Shredded wheat is good...

PP: In listening Squirtgun's lyrics, one immediately notes they are not of the pissed-off variety, nor even the consciousness-is-a-big-mistake theme made



popular by the Ramones. Negativity is obviously not your thing. Is there a philosophy behind Squirtgun's work? That is, can one generalize Squirtgun's lyrical message?

MT: I lean toward the scatological poetic wistfulness. A lot of the images in my lyrics that at first seem like visual descriptions are actually descriptions of sound. Which is to say that even though I may be singing about the thought of a girl shooting through my weathervane I'm actually describing the brakes of our tour van screeching to a halt. I have no idea how I make that leap.

MS: Neither do I, Matt! If there is one specific philosophical message, it is one of positivity, rather than negativity. I do believe that an important part of punk rock—and all music—is the message that it carries. And I

If there is one specific philosophical message

agree that encouraging change, or revolution, is good. However, the manner in which most punk bands encourage change is through violence or confrontation. I believe that these methods should ONLY be utilized when all others fail. In general, more can be accomplished through discussion and compromise than with fists and guns. It is important to smile first—discuss or consider what is good before ripping apart what is bad. THEN one can consider what can be

done to improve the status quo. Whether intentional or not, I think that the chorus to "With A Grin and a Kick" says it quite well: "Grin and kick down all their walls." Smile, be forthcoming and positive, and the walls of opposition crumble before you.

F: When I write lyrics for Squirtgun I don't tell myself to

fit within certain parameters. I don't intentionally sit down and write in a certain vein. However, most of my lyrics tend to be apolitical and deal with relationships in a humorous light. This is not a rule, however. The lyrics of "Morning Grit" are more serious, and deal with the energy required to get through life and the constant set backs you have on the way.

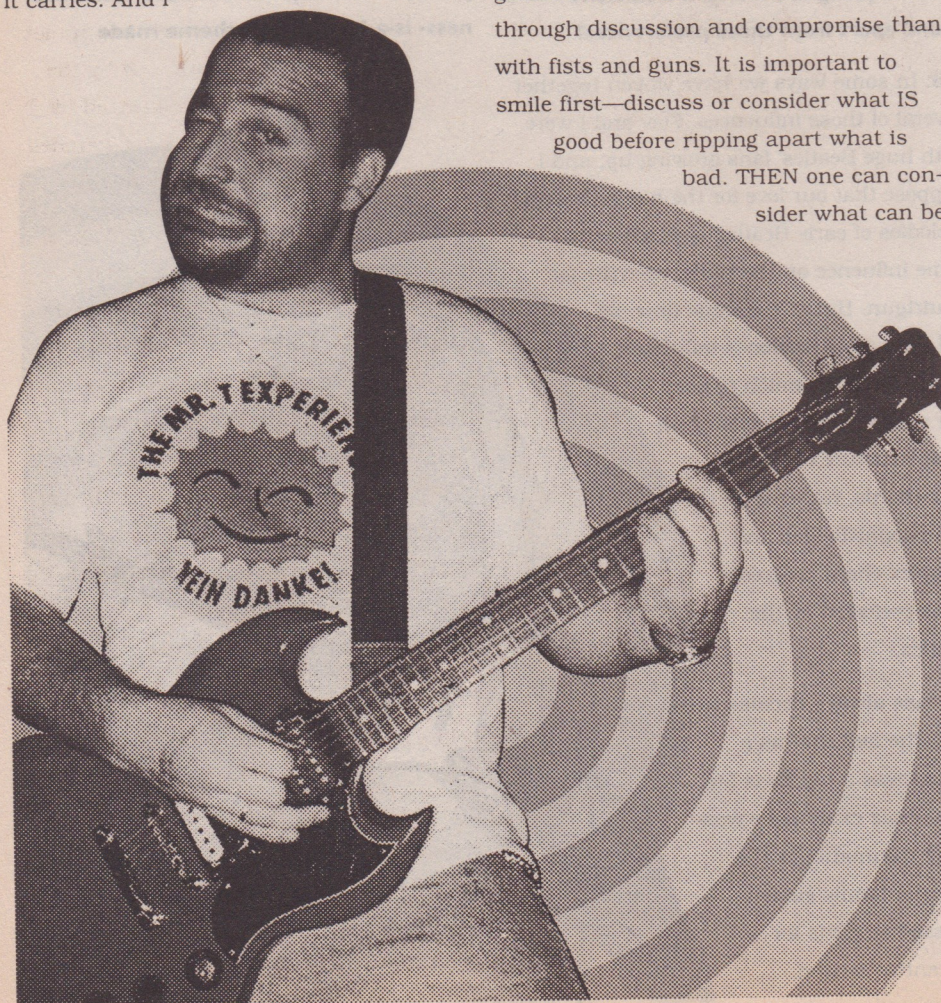
PP: At least two songs on new album mention one of my favorite drugs— are you coffee addicts?

MS: I am definitely hooked on coffee! If I don't have at least three shots of espresso and a few cups of regular coffee, I get severe headaches. I am not terribly proud of this addiction, but I don't really take any steps to curb it, either.

D: Mass and Matt are coffee junkies! We hang out in coffeehouse after coffeehouse on tour! Flav drinks coffee too, but not to the extent of Mass and Matt. I don't drink coffee at all, but I'm hooked on Mountain Dew, so I guess I'm just as bad.

MT: Yeah it's true I drink a lot of coffee, but I can quit anytime I want...really.

PP: Matt wrote the great song "Social," which appears on your Shenanigans Lookout! EP and on the new eponymous release. It's also on the soundtrack to the movie Mallrats; the song is played during





the opening credits. Do you think that the song's lyrics fit with that movie?

D: The director, Kevin Smith, apparently heard the song and said, "That's the one I want to open the movie," or something to that effect. I think it fits the movie, but also many other situations as well.

F: I agree, it can be read to fit the movie.

post-straight-edge, but more as in the vein of DRI—thrash-influenced hardcore with some (gulp!) metallic tinges.

Gradually, we got over that and evolved into a more melodic and three-chord punk band again, although it still had the darker, more brooding quality—basically it was minor-chord

and positive spirit into the songs. And although Aldo was never able to see Squirtgun play live, that he, in a way, is a part of every recording we do and every performance that we give. Squirtgun's sound differs from Rattail Grenadier's but on some songs it is not a big stretch from Screeching Weasel's.

PP: There also are songs about relationships, the not exactly happily-ever-after type romances, like Screeching Weasel's.

On the "Gun To Your Head" song on the **DAD, ARE WE PUNK YET?** compila-

tion [on Harmless] the guitar part that starts each chorus sounds wonderfully Weasely. Did SW influence you, or did you both have common influences, or is the influence reciprocal?

MT: I don't think we were influenced that much by Screeching Weasel, but rather that we are influenced by the bands they were influenced by. I always thought that song sounded a bit Social Distortion-ish myself.

D: We and Screeching Weasel go way back. The first Rattail album's release coincided with "Boogada", both were on Roadkill Records. We played with them on occasion through the years and always kept up with what was going on with them. Mass produced every record after "My Brain Hurts," as well as actually having played bass for them on a couple of recordings. So we have been influenced by them a bit, but we've been around about as long, in one form or another.

F: I actually think we got into punk rock before Ben did...but we're splitting hairs here. I'm a big fan of the Weasel crew, but I don't sit around and think, "Mmmm...time to write another Screeching Weasel-like song." My writing style is the sum of all the bands I've ever loved listening to. From the Beatles to the

it is one of positivity rather than negativity.

However, I don't think Matt intended it in quite that fashion. I don't think he identifies at all with the dorks in the movie.

MT: Actually, I was a little embarrassed at the inclusion of the song once I'd seen the movie because every character in the movie is exactly what "Social" is nervous about.

PP: Before Squirtgun, there was Rattail Grenadier—The sound of the two bands is quite different. What were the reason(s) for the change?

MS: You could almost say that the change in band name is a direct result of the change in sound. Rattail Grenadier evolved over the course of the ten years it was together. We started out in 1984, a very basic, Ramones/Sex Pistols influenced 3-chord punk band. As we evolved, we were influenced very heavily by the bands of that period; the Dead Kennedys, the Zero Boys, Black Flag, and Toxic Reasons—to name our primary influences of that time. By the time our second full-length came out, we were much a hardcore band—and I don't mean that as in

melodic punk rock. It was at this point that Matt joined the band. We worked on songs together for over a year before actually playing out. During that year, Flav and I's father became terminally ill with brain cancer, and ended up passing away in October of '94. The whole band felt a strong bond with him, as he was constantly an inspiration to the band, and a driving force behind us. We tired of the darker, more negative themes of our old songs, and became focused on more upbeat and "happy" sounding melodies—possibly as a result of the tragic situation with which we were confronted. I would say that Squirtgun has incorporated a lot of Aldo's (Flav and Mass' father) upbeat

Ramones to the Dead Kennedys to Toxic Reasons to the Zero Boys to Screeching Weasel to the Queens. As the Prego Spaghetti Sauce commercial says, "It's in there."

MS: Well, basically I agree with the rest of the band—in some senses we share common influences, while at the same time being big fans of Screeching Weasel. However, we were writing songs and playing live, and even recording together as many as three years BEFORE the first Screeching Weasel record ever came out.

PP: As a producer, Mass, you are aware of how to obtain a gillion and one different sounds. Does that make it difficult as a musician to settle on one signature sound for your band?

MS: In the past I used to have a tough time trying to decide what kind of guitar sound I wanted or drum sound,

or the amount of reverb on the lead vocal, etc. But I came to realize later that the things that I thought were big differences were barely noticeable to the vast majority of people. Basically, I liked then, as I still like now, heavily distorted guitar sounds, bass guitar with a heavy low, but not lacking in the pick attack, and fairly unaffected, dry drum and vocal tones. On the current Squirtgun album, I basically used the same recording techniques that I have used on several of the albums that I have worked on. In fact, many records by Screeching Weasel, the Queens, 88 Fingers Louie, and the Riverdales actually have Squirtgun's guitar amps, bass amp, or various drum parts on them. If any of these bands had a piece of equipment that was either sub-standard, or simply

not giving them the sound they wanted, I would offer up some of our equipment to help fill in the gap.

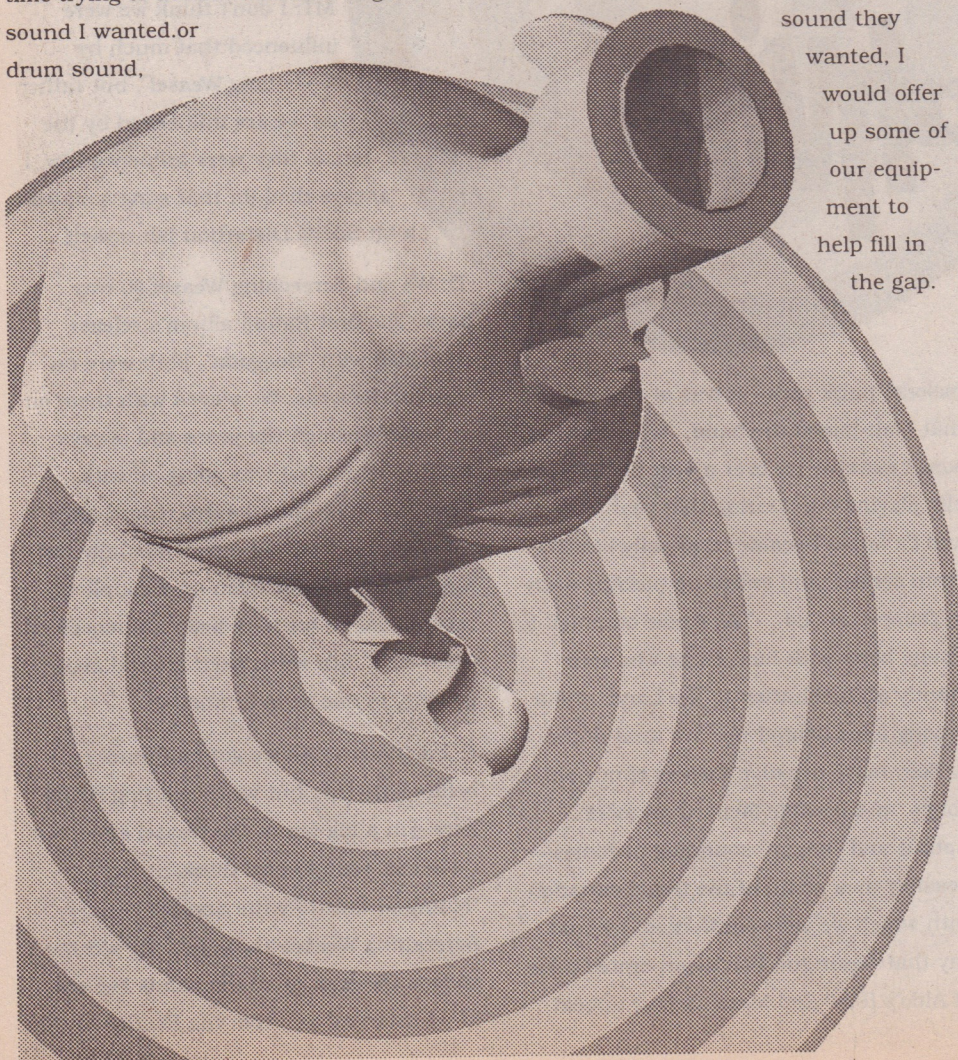
PP: Punk, especially in the energetic form in which you play it, is a young man's game. Doing an hour's set must be a real physical workout. Do you guys do anything to keep in shape- or is the stage performance also the workout session?

D: Well, we only play for 30 minutes in general, and after that we're all exhausted. I don't have any specific health regimen that I follow, I just try to stay healthy in general. I guess the way I prepare for shows is just practicing my instrument. I love playing in my spare time so that unconsciously prepares me for performance, I try to practice every day.

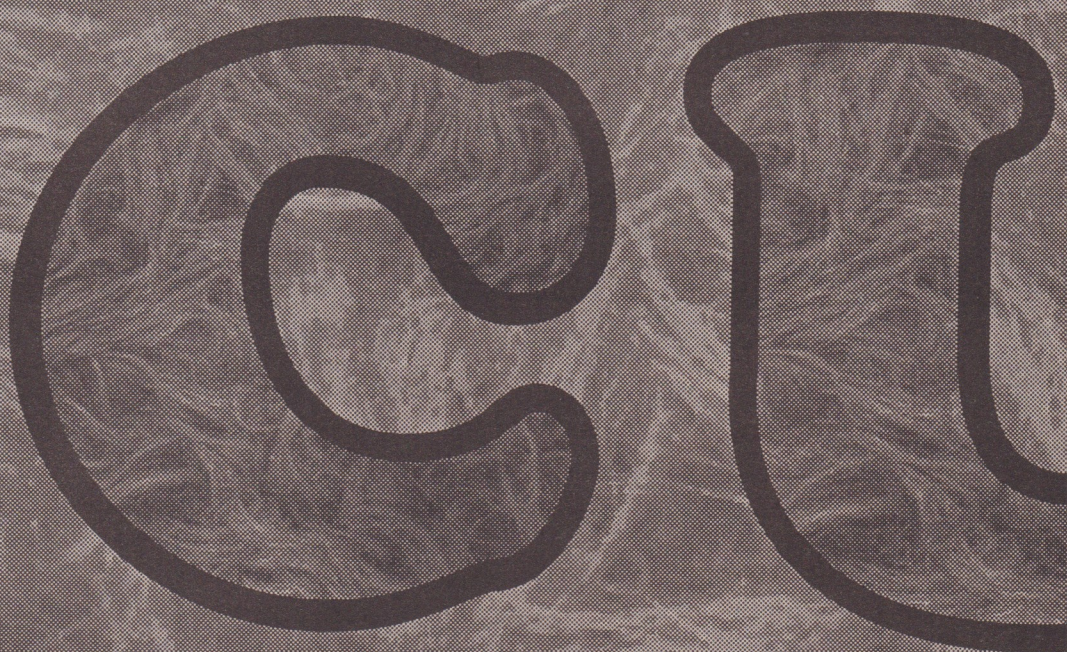
F: First of all, let me tell you that Dan's diet is the picture of healthy: All meat, no veggies. Second, I don't think punk rock is about keeping in shape for the shows. Shows are about spontaneity and giving all the energy you have. I think it's great to keep fit and eat well, but I don't think it's requirement. However old or young you are, you're supposed to go out there and release all you've got in whatever way you feel most comfortable doing it.

MT: I do a lot of sit-ups, other than that I'm just a load of bones.

MS: As the official geezer of the group—I'll be 28 in May—I have to say that our sets can be very physically demanding. Rather getting in shape to play, however, I would say that playing live gets me in shape! I have a hard time motivating myself to work out, but when you put me on stage with the rest of Squirtgun in front of an audience I can help wanting to jump around like a crazed monkey! Squirtgun welcomes all sorts of correspondence! If you would like to be added to the Squirtgun mailing list, please send your mailing address to: Squirtgun PO Box 4035 Lafayette, IN 47903 or e-mail it to us at: Squirtgun1@aol.com



It
used
to be
fun,



Cub is one of the coolest bands on the planet. Angst is fine for some folks, but some of us actually like positive, fun songs. These girls really tear it up live as well; they will blow you away. If you don't have their records, go buy 'em. All their songs are great, and "New York City" is guaranteed to brighten up even the most dismal of days.

This interview was done at the Whittier Community Center in Logan, UT. Just so ya know, Cub is Lisa G, drums; Robin, guitar; and Lisa, bass and vocals. Interview by Mike Frame.

Punk Planet: When did you actually get together?

Lisa: May of '92. Three and a half years ago.

How rad was the Muffs tour?

L: It was incredibly rad, actually. It was quite amazing to be able to play with the Muffs and the Queers. We also got to play a lot of places that we'd never played before, all through New Mexico and Arizona and stuff like that, it was a very, very fun tour.

What was your fave show on that tour?

L: I don't know, there were a lot of good shows. The first one in San Francisco was incredible, 'cause it was hooking up with people that we didn't really know. So it was kind of nerve-racking, but exciting at the same time. There were a lot of people there, it was fun.

Robin: Boston was pretty crazy.

Lisa G: Austin, yeah.

L: There were a lot of rhyming towns.

Boston with the Queers? I'm sure that was nuts!

L: Oh yeah! Of course, playing at the Whisky and CBGBs on the same tour was pretty exciting.

You guys actually played CBs? I bet that was great.

LG: Don't look at me, I wasn't there. Ask these two.

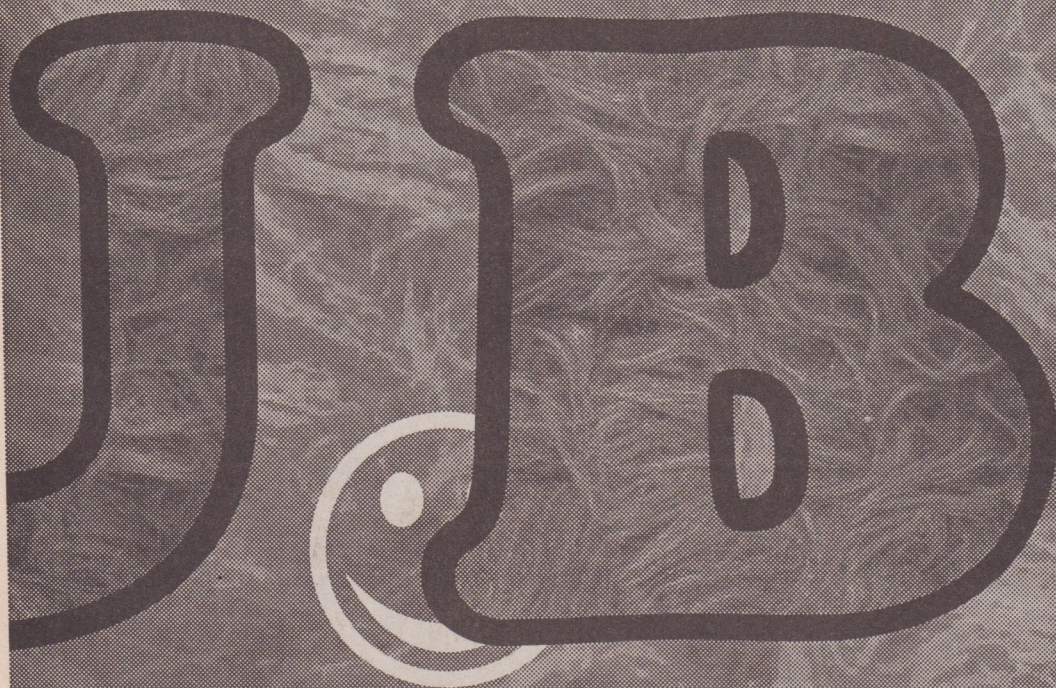
L: She was on sabbatical.

So it was just a two piece?

L: Oh No! Could you see Robin and I just going for it?

Yeah, you could be the Spinanes!

L: Robin's pretty good on the drums but it's hard to play guitar and drums at the same time. We actually had our friend Nico play with us. She's on some of Betti-Cola [a record... duh!] and she toured with us on our first tour. So, it was



it used
to make
sense

kinda cool to be able to hang out with her again for six weeks.

So did you have any uncomfortable run ins with rednecks?

L: On the last tour we played in Birmingham, Alabama and someone came up after we played and said (insert redneck drawl here) "you know, I never seen a girl band before." So, you do get those people who just crawled out of the swamp and made their way to the bar.

Who drew the Cub logo, you know that little Cub face? I think it's really awesome.

LG: Robin drew that! That's a really good question.

L: That came about, we were playing a show in an art gallery, sort of comic shop. We were doing our record release and they were also showing those Keen paintings, the little sad-eyed children. So Robin drew a sad eyed bear.

Who drew the Betti-Cola cover?

LG: THE Dan DeCarlo, the actual Archies comic guy!

No way!

L: He still draws the covers for the Archie digests. He also apparently draws some sort of pornographic comics.

That is so awesome. I have been an Archie comics fan for years.

LG: Yeah, so have we.

I didn't even like Ben Weasel until I found out he was calling his new band the Riverdales.

R: They should've called themselves the Weatherbys, that would've been much cooler.

Do you guys like it in Vancouver?

R: We haven't really been home much lately, so I feel kind of detached from it, like I don't really know what's going on there. But,

when we are there it's great!

So is there an empty desk at Mint Records then?

R: I don't have a desk, I'm a volunteer there.

LG: She gets to stand up when she works there.

R: I get a sore back, I use a lot of tape...

LG: Staples her fingers every now and then...

What did you think of Sicko cover "Little Star?"

LG: Excellent!

R: I love the fact that they screwed up the lyrics, and then pointed out in the lyric sheet.

L: Someone asked us if we were really mad at them for screwing the lyrics, and I was just like, "It makes it more interesting to mean, to do a carbon copy of something isn't very interesting. They supposed to be a split seven inch coming out, 'cause we do one o



but we've had it
up to here with

cuddlecore!

their songs, "fB Song" now. But they lost the DAT and they're notoriously slow. So, we're waiting. Someday it will be released. Anyway, if you cover a song you may as well do it differently.

Do you have any other singles coming out?

LG: Well, there's the Potatomen/Cub split out. We're on a Hollies tribute. There's an Undertones tribute coming out. There's supposed to be a single on a label called Poptones from San Diego, but he's kinda dragging his feet.

Will you have anything else on Lookout?

L: Hopefully our new CD. We're supposed to be recording some new stuff after Christmas. So, I think that's gonna be another co-release between Mint and Lookout.

How was recording at Sonic Iguana with Mass?

LG: Excellent! Bigfoot pizza, lots of Pepsi!

L: We didn't have a lot of time, we had like twelve hours to get four songs done. But we managed to do it. He's very calm and easy going.

R: But then he just got really, really giddy after a while, around four in the morning.

L: He drinks Diet Coke constantly, so he gets pretty wired. But they may have to move the studio, I don't really know what's going on. He's amazing. He's really positive and really helpful and he's encouraging without being overbearing. He can just sort of coax a good performance out of you somehow.

When will the next record be out?

L: We'll be optimistic and say late spring. We're playing a few new songs in the set, but we haven't recorded anything yet.

Who coined the phrase "Cuddlecore"?

L: I did.

R: No I did.

LG: I did!

R: No, Lisa did!

LG: But you know what?? "Cuddlecore" is out of there! We're tired of it!

I was wondering when that would happen.

LG: It used to be fun, it used to make sense but we've had it up to here with "Cuddlecore." Now we say, "Candy, Floss, Fuck You!"

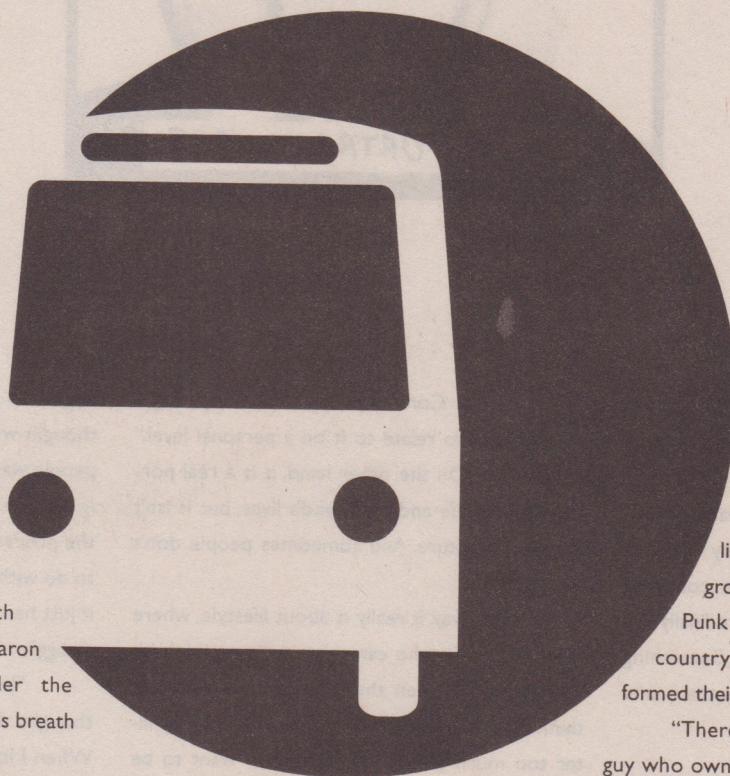
L: That's our new slogan

punk has always
been robbed
[comet]
of credit for
everything it's done,
and I think that one of
the most important
things it did was make
fanzines and make
small press

by J Makary



[bus]



Two blocks from the Fullerton el stop, there's a tired diner where waitresses shuffle by bearing half-empty coffeepots, El Debarge sighs over muted speakers, and the door yawns occasionally to emit another wayward traveller in search of cheap eats and casual talk. Here sits Aaron Cometbus—possibly also tired—under the brown-cast wash of dim lights, catching his breath and rolling a cigarette between his lips.

He's relaxed and reserved, outwardly amicable and somewhat stolid. But get him talking about issues of underground press, his zine, and the state of punk rock, and he... well, he gets interested, and he gets interesting.

"I don't know if I'm pushing boundaries," he says of his zine Cometbus, now in its —th year of production. "But it's the same thing like nurturing and educating and presenting a vision. The underground press should nurture and educate it's own community. That means consciously trying to find a common denominator and trying to shape a certain agenda.

"That's what I think the responsibility of the underground press is. It's not just a matter of

nurturing your community without articulating it and without criticizing it and without shaping it into something. All those things are very important, and it's important to provide some sort of focus of where you've been and where you want to be going," he says. "I think in general that's what the underground press is good at and can do, and I think it provides an important function."

Ah, yes, The Function.

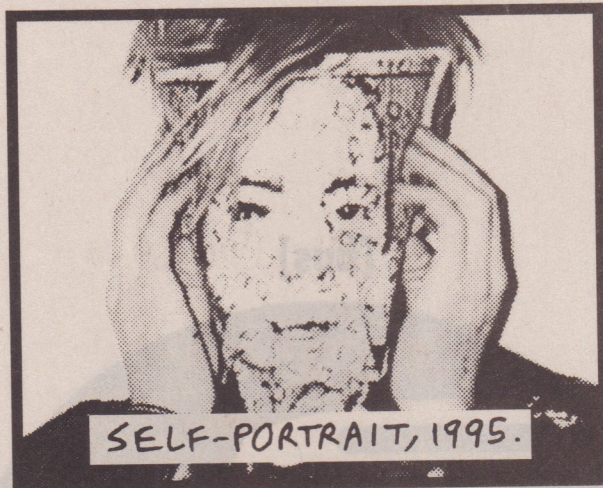
The function (little "f") in mainstream press has been, theoretically, to open the "Marketplace of Ideas" to the public, allowing readers to "buy" or reject ideas based on their presentation. Certain people, groups and ideas,

however, have routinely been denied access to the marketplace of conventional, established press. These dissidents include, but are not limited to, socialists, communists, hate groups, feminists, and (ah, hell, this is Punk Planet) punks. But this being the country of enterprise, these dissidents formed their own marketplaces...

"There's freedom of the press for the guy who owns one," journalist A.J. Leibling once said. Luckily for punks and other dissidents, xerox machines and computers have opened the floodgates for many opinions, both popular and unpopular.

But what about The Function, that many varied and adapted thing? It too has changed over the years in giving people an outlet for their opinions and making their voices heard.

"The main difference between the 60's underground press and the press now—I mean the fanzines—is that we're not dealing with news, and it's too bad. It'd be great if there was a great cultural punk paper that was really about news and about current events," Aaron says. "I feel like one of my responsibilities, a sort of Berkeley civic



duty, is to talk about local events, local politics, local culture, but, uh, you know, people really don't care. I mean, they don't care."

And yet, Cometbus has a reading audience of 5,000—at least that's how many he prints out each issue—not to mention the countless hands each copy passes through before finally hitting the bottom of the closet. Something Cometbus says pushes the right buttons and makes people care.

Something fulfills a need.

"Cometbus puts a personal face and a lifestyle on a set of beliefs or set of events or places and ideas—it brings all that down to a more human level," Aaron says. "At the same time, it brings human level things to a higher ideal. Relating everyday things to values and beliefs and goals." He fashions his zine to occupy the happy medium between abstruse ideas and superficial remarks, he says. He chooses his stories on the basis of topical entertainment and opportunity for metaphor, a sort of fusion of the shallow and the deep. Kind-of like the 5-ft. section of the swimming pool—feet on the ground, head above water. Of course, some people won't be able to do both.

"I like Cometbus to be personal, and I want people to relate to it on a personal level," Aaron says. "On the other hand, it is a real portrayal of my life and my friend's lives, but it isn't the whole picture. And sometimes people don't realize that.

"In a way, it really is about lifestyle, where there're people who can relate to it or think it's interesting, but then there are people who just think that I am writing about their life and they filter too much through themselves. I want to be clear that I am writing for them, and about myself. I hope they relate to it, but I think that if you take everything personally—I'm just against that in general. Relating everything in the world to yourself is stupid. Because you're not the most important thing in the world. Everything doesn't need to be about you. When you go to see a band, you don't need to jump on stage. You don't need to be part of everything."

Cometbus survives on involvement. The zine is based on personal observations—superficial, philosophical, and sometimes both. Aaron says he looks for underlying implications in many of the topics he discusses. Example: he stopped covering bands because the superficial elements

began to outweigh the intrinsic message. "I thought what was interesting to me and to other people was the bands themselves. What was really interesting was just the stories they told and the process of change. It really didn't have much to do with bands. It took me years to realize that it just had to do with life and to some extent the struggle to express yourself, to create," he says.

"In #26 I did bridge reviews, and I thought I was asking people about bridges. When I looked at it afterwards, one person had said "I think bridges are symbolic of human relations" and another person said (angrily), "Well, I don't like bridges" and another said "Once I threw a TV set off a bridge onto a train." They were telling me how they felt about life [thru memories, etc.]."

Aaron's focus—zooming in on something specific in order to glean something larger from it—reflects a change in himself and in his writing, a change which forces him to inspect things not for their face value, but for their hidden values.

Yeah, but bridges?

"I'm constantly trying to figure out ways to relate things that I think are exciting or important to other people," he says. This means talking



In terms of punk itself,
and then it turns out
people are always
treating it like a lover
that it wasn't God, so
that they've built up
they're mad at it
to be God

about coffee, about places, and, most importantly, about people. "I want to create a sense of community, and that has to do with history, too. History of our own culture and our local culture, and even just the history of cities and the things around us, to get a sense of where we've been and where we're going to."

As is evident from his writings, Aaron has been a lot of places. Punk, like a home, is what he always comes back to—or really never left. And as in any family, members have criticisms and praise for their kin.

"I like having a wide audience, and I'd like their feedback, I'd like their opinions, but I also want to be clear on where I'm coming from," he says. "My audience is rooted in the punk scene, and it is to some extent part of the punk scene, but I think it transcends that."

He remembers going to punk shows when people used to complain about a lack of diversity within the scene, at least on an observable level. "Slowly but surely those people who started out at one point in the punk scene go on to all kinds of incredibly amazing, diverse places," he said. "That's how I see the magazine; it's very much rooted in punk and in punk culture, but

that applies to a huge variety of people.

"I try to be really careful when writing not to exclude people, but that doesn't mean that I'm writing from their perspective. I'm writing from my own perspective. I like relating to people in a really personal way, but not personally. I would just as soon keep it on a impersonal level and talk more about ideas.

"Hidden agenda? Oh there's tons! Everything else is just a thin cover for my social commentary. I have an opinion about everything."

"Underground press is editorializing on every page, not just the editorial page."

The danger, admits Aaron, is that editorializing and selection-making can spill into censorship. He says that since he works with his contributors to develop their submissions, the prospect of censorship is slim. Because his contributors are hand-picked, he rarely runs into a piece that is at odds with his own philosophy.

"There's a tiny bit of stuff that I thought was pretty sexist that I took out, that I didn't want to print," he says. "You know, I should've just not printed their thing or I should've left it and made them look like an idiot. I don't care that much to have this massive diverse—there's a lot of magazines.

People can do their own things if they want. I only want things that I think are great and exciting. I'm interested in freedom of the press in the larger sense, but I don't want to print anything that's stupid or that's boring."

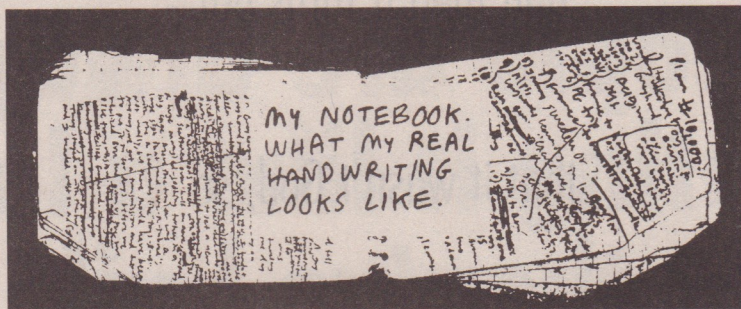
And though he says "It sounds terrible to say 'I only print stuff that I agree with,'" he admits that this is the selection process he adheres to.

"I print things that I believe in," he says. "Sometimes I don't agree wholeheartedly with them—sometimes it's a different perspective than mine, but I wouldn't print anything that I thought was bullshit."

Aaron says he feels a responsibility toward his audience to present varied material and myriad ideas. "But in the end," he says, "what makes it exciting and important is your own perspective in relation to the community. I don't think something like censorship is an issue when access to xerox machines and printing presses and distribution is widespread."

It all comes back to The Function and the current availability of means to the Marketplace of Ideas. Aaron marvels at how widespread DIY zines have become and how "loose-linked our culture is in terms of the people it reaches." The

it is a real portrayal of my life and my
And sometimes people



friend's lives, but it isn't the whole picture.
don't realize that.

availability of the press, says Aaron, creates a community through the written word and through people expressing themselves. "When it's in print, it's a really good feeling, and a really different feeling than anything else in terms of empowering yourself—and sometimes embarrassing yourself," he says.

Through Cometbus, he tries "to explore our common goals, common experiences and common feelings."

The punk community has thrived on this tight-knit and somewhat exclusive commonality. "We do exist in a void, and that void is our little cultural niche. That's good—we have developed and defined it, and people will go from that and do things in the larger world."

If they don't stymie themselves first.

"A lot of times, punks have this attitude that knowledge is this weird voo-doo kind of thing, it's all a matter of chance, it's all access, like 'We're denied access of this (mockingly), this is a conspiracy, and no one knows the real facts behind this.' I think that most of the time, it's just not true. It's just that we've been lazy, we are lazy, and we just don't want to know. Most of the time some pretty straightforward

research— pretty simple stuff—will tell you exactly what you want to know," he says. "I think we should be honest to the fact that either we don't care or we don't know, or that we do care and we want to find out. Because a lot of knowledge is readily available."

Aaron applies what he considers to be a very punk philosophy to his own writing, searching out the facts and educating himself. Punk is at the very root of a lot of things Aaron does, and he sees punk as more than just a music genre.

So he isn't much disturbed by the events of the past year and the breakthrough of punk into mainstream. Unfortunately, says Aaron, a lot of people are bothered by this popularization of underground music, and he feels they miss some other key elements of punk.

"In terms of punk itself, people are always treating it like a lover that they've built up to be God, and then it turns out that it wasn't God, so they're mad at it. Look at what it did for you," he advises. "It did a lot of amazing stuff for me. I'll never be mad at it for selling me short. A lot of people take it very personally, like it's something they invested interest in and then it betrayed them, and that's kind of lame."

What about the popularization of fanzines and their ilk?

Says Aaron, "I think it's great that the small press has exploded into all kinds of directions. Now more than ever, people have access to printing, to distribution, and I think that's great, but in terms of everyone calling what they do a fanzine—punk has always been robbed of credit for everything it's done, and I think that one of the most important things it did was make fanzines and make small press, and make that network of distribution and printing and encouraging that—making it all possible."

"I hate the fact that punk doesn't get credit, and punk is relegated into this little category of fanzines," he says. "Continually, more and more things are picked off it, and it becomes this thin area, a little carcass with everything picked off it, but it continues to nurture culture and people."

"Punk," he says, "is like a cockroach—you can do anything to it, and it will still mutate and survive."

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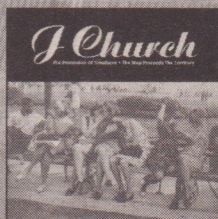
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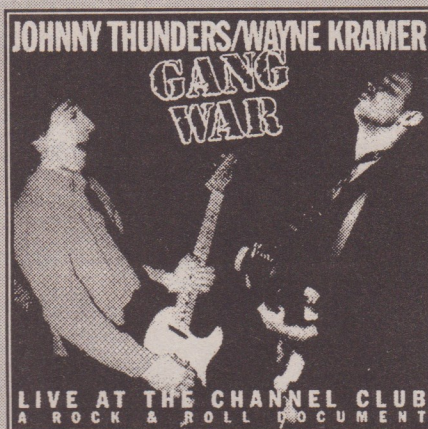


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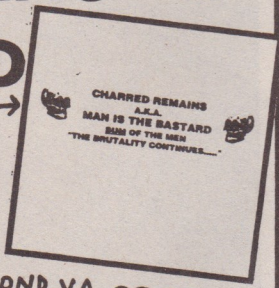
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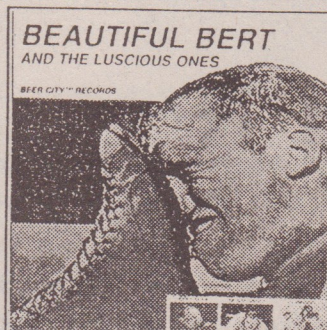


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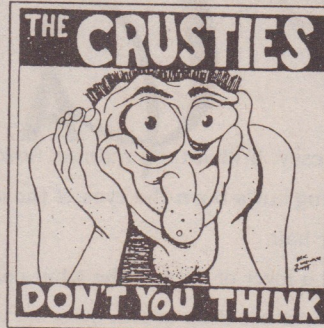
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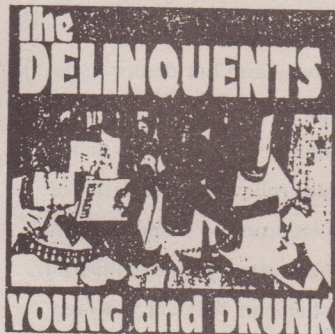
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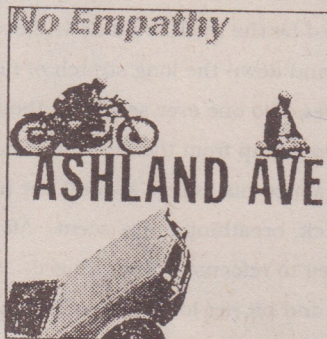
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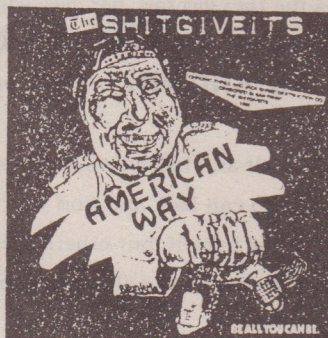
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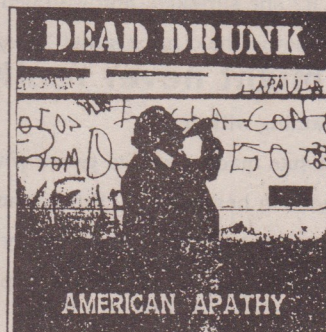
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And Her

HAIR

Her hair is wild, messy, brilliant. Its redness flows over her entire self; even scratched back into a tight, mean chignon her escaping curls burn the eyes of those around. No one notices her eyes, because of the overwhelming presence of her hair.

She asked a lover of six months what color are my eyes? With her lids closed, he answered, Blue? And even when she opened her deep brown eyes, he was gazing at her hair, on fire above her face.

She often stares into the mirror and into her eyes. My soul is in my eyes, she thinks. Her hair glows and sparks and demands, but her eyes show her wanderlust, her sadness, her joy in life, and her fear. People see her small face but they are fascinated and cowed by the thick braid down her back.

Always, at night, she looks out a window and down the long stretch of highway and her desire to be gone flares as bright and strong as her forgotten eyes. No one ever sees this, though.

The last time she made love, she wanted to get up from the bed and run, naked even, away to somewhere else. Her eyes tried to tell him this as he wrapped his fingers around her head, rolled a curl around his thumb. I want to go- she whispered against his neck, breathing in his scent. All men smell so different- her thoughts broke off when he lifted his head. She tried to refocus: I need...I need... she stuttered as her hips followed his rhythm and then she forgot the highway and bit her lover's shoulder and her hair fell over her face.

When she was thirteen she ran away. She stepped into the hairdresser's and faced the woman there. Straighten it? The small, lacquered stylist recoiled in horror, her hands reaching protectively towards the child's unruly mane. Cut it? she shrieked, and watched as the thin girl ran, her eyes wild, her hair on fire. When she returned home her mother held her against her body as they wept. **It was then she understood she might never really be known.** My hair preempts it, she thought, her neglected eyes streaming with tears.

Older, she has made a sort of peace with herself and her hair, her bossy, domineering hair. Her mother's voice echoes in her memory: those who want to can look and find you, the rest aren't to be bothered about. She sees the irony in being upstaged by a part of herself, but others are amazed and even offended when she jokes about killing "it". I guess it is public property, she shrugs, hiding her ironic eyes from their accusing glances.

When she dreams about herself, she doesn't appear bald or with a short straight bob, yet she is unable to feel her hair, she doesn't sense its burning weight on her neck. She dreams of her eyes and face and body, and her hair is simply...left out. She notices, though, that when she wakes she puts her hand to her head, without thinking. Just checking.

So, here she is, a woman and her hair, with her soul staring out of her eyes as she watches the tail-lights fade into the night along the highway. She has cut back on her lovers, shaken them loose from her curls. They weren't to be bothered with. She smiles.

She bought two dogs a few years ago. The breeder's middleman had tried to sell her Afghan Hounds, Golden Retrievers, even an Old English Sheep Dog. Ignoring his hopeful comments on how well her hair would

match an Irish Setter's, she chose two short-haired puppies. They will match my eyes, she told the breeder, enjoying his startled nod of agreement as she bent over the leggy puppies and gave him a firm stare. Her dogs don't care about her hair. They gaze into her face, their long skinny tails softly thumping the floor. You match my eyes, she tells them and they grin their dog happiness. They validate me, she decides.

Sometimes, her dogs are not enough. So, here I am, she sighs. Doing nothing, my throat closed and my eyes sore with dreaming. Red-rimmed, like my hair. I have no place here, in this barren apartment I have tried to call home. The music pounds around her, angry and insistent like her inner self, pulling her distress to the surface. ("Why do you listen to this weird stuff? You're not like them, your hair is too beautiful. You won't ever cut it, will you." He was gone now but she could not forget.) My heart refuses such a judgement, but I'm so paralyzed by... what? And she frowns, and shoves her hair under a hat, and walks, away from the freeway. Still she feels its pull, and shakes her burdened head angrily. **Her face crumples, then, and she cries out her unhappiness.**

My smile is slipping, she tries to shore it up, but it becomes harder with each passing day. Passing her by... and she wonders how many others are like her. She refuses to be alone. How many women are unable to escape, feel the same tug she does towards... Towards what? Towards freedom, and from what they are seen to be. She thinks of all of those she has herself judged, and dismissed. How many of them were struggling to be validated- by their husbands, their friends, their dogs? What an image!

So her smile, no longer frozen on her face as she considers her selfishness, is gone. Her red, red hair escapes its ponytail, the hat, her fingers as she pushes it off her face. But, she cries inside, if I am not selfish, who will be selfish for me? Who would say- You deserve more than this casual dismissal, your heart and mind and soul are not secondary! And here, with her eyes hidden beneath their lids, her shoulders drooping, she revels in her own pity.

Later, after so long that a lifetime of waiting seems to have passed, she looks up, again. Her smile starts from inside, and she sees it filling her with serenity, and hope, and assurance, even.

I will never understand you! he shouts, frustrated by his inability to capture any part of her, relieved and frightened by the strength he feels in her. She fixes him with her warm brown eyes, and loves him even as she says: But I never wanted you to understand, after all. And when she turns away one final time to gaze at the long highway, she knows she has found herself at last.

So, here she is, a woman and her hair, alone but for two dogs, and her hair seems alive in the roar of the sunset. If you look into her eyes, brushing back the mass around her face and looking into her brown eyes, you too see her at last, laughing out at you. Then she snaps her fingers, twirls around with her hair flying behind. Let's go, guys. And when her taillights have disappeared down that highway, you wonder what you've lost.

Susan Glover

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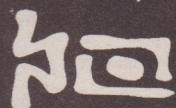
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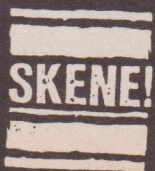
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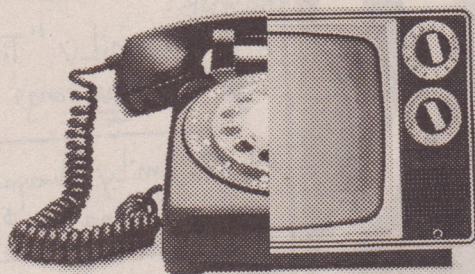
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Multimedia Monopoly

How the Telecommunications Act of 1996 jeopardizes the future of independent media, not to mention democracy, as we know it.

BY DAN SINKER



Much noise has been made over provisions in the Telecommunications Act of 1996 that severely restrict free speech on the Internet—provisions made in the Communications Decency Act. While the threat of heavy fines and jail time for offenders may be the most sensational aspect of the Telecom Act, it is by no means the most insidious, or the most damaging to free speech in America.

The Telecom Act, signed by President Clinton on February 8th, will deregulate the telecommunication industries in a number of ways. Long distance phone companies will be able to compete in the local market, and local phone companies will be able to offer long distance. Phone companies will be able to offer television services over telephone lines and cable companies will be able to offer phone services over cable lines. But perhaps the most important aspect of the Telecommunications Act, and the most overlooked in the media, is the loosening of laws requiring diversity on the airwaves, and restricting the number of media outlets a company can accumulate. Clinton likened the Telecom Act to the 1956 law that created the national interstate highway system. "That law did more to bring Americans together than any other law this century," the president explained "That same spirit of connection and communication is the driving force behind the Telecommunications Act of 1996."

Unfortunately, history does not side with Clinton. Just as the interstate highway act in 1956 was driven (literally) by the auto industry and the defense industry (the initial reasoning for an interstate highway system was for national defense), the Telecommunications Act was pushed through by intensive lobbying by the powerful media industry. In 1995, corporations involved in the telecommunications industries (telephone, television (both broadcast



and cable), newspapers, and computer networks) fed more than two million dollars to hungry members of Congress through 'donations'. The majority of that money went to members of the Conference Committee for the Telecommunications Bill. The bill the committee created, the bill that passed Congress in less than one day—probably not enough time for Congresspeople to have even read it, let alone consider its ramifications—the bill that President Clinton signed with grand statements and a digital pen, hands the collective minds of the American people over to a few multi-national corporations and has repercussions that put the entire concept of a democracy at stake.



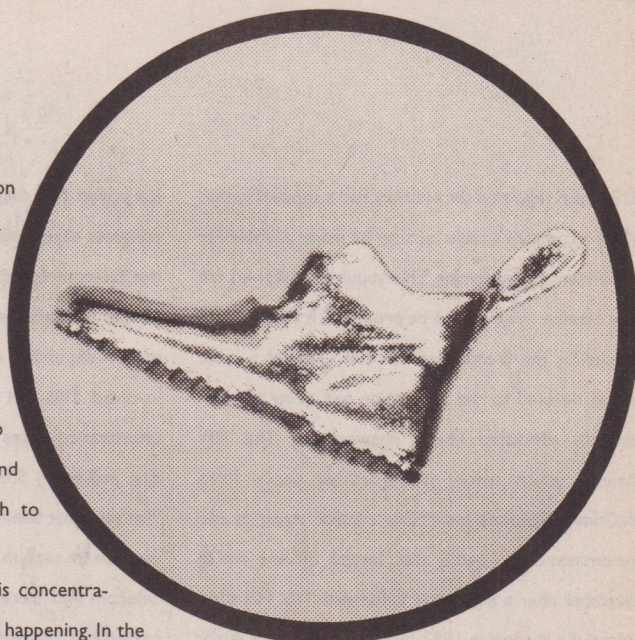
The Supreme Court said it best in a 1994 ruling, "assuring that the public has access to a multiplicity of information sources is a governmental purpose of the highest order, for it promotes values central to the First Amendment." It is exactly this, ensuring public access to a multiplicity of information, that the Telecommunications Act of 1996 does not do. In fact, it does exactly the opposite: it ensures public access to a small concentration of information and viewpoints. While the bill doesn't outlaw alternative and dissenting voices, it does its best to make sure that they can not be heard.

It is a popular notion among political scientists, media critics, and public relations coordinators that the media can not tell the public what to think, it can only tell the public what to think about. With the new telecommunication law, a single corporation will be able to own radio stations, television stations, cable stations, magazines, newspapers, and computer based media in a single market. This means that one voice—one idea—can be transmitted through every possible

media outlet. This market saturation by a single entity was completely illegal until the Telecom Act was signed. With increased concentration of the media into the hands of a few multi-national corporations, the voices telling the population what to think about will become smaller and more powerful; voices loud enough to drown out dissenting opinions.

Which is not to say that this concentration of media power was not already happening. In the first edition of his book, *The Media Monopoly*, first published in 1983, author Ben Bagdikian revealed that less than 50 corporations control "half or more" of the nation's mass media. By 1992, when the book was in its fourth printing, that number had dropped to fewer than 20. The Telecom Act makes it even easier for that number to drop even lower. Bagdikian predicted—and provisions in the Telecom Act ensure—that there will never be a single owner of all media outlets. However, through the current practice of minority investments in companies and strategic alliances between corporations, as well as the FCC's and Justice Department's current disregard of even the simplest anti-trust laws, it is not impossible to foresee that in the near future the majority of our nation's media will be controlled by a single partnership comprised of the most powerful telecommunication companies.

While independent voices will still be allowed to exist, their ability to break through the walls erected by the multinationals will become even more limited than it already is today. For instance, the Telecom bill, coupled with recent FCC rulings, makes it harder than ever for small budget, low wattage radio stations to exist. In a recent case against a low-wattage station in



Berkeley, California, FCC lawyers explained that allowing low-wattage radio stations to operate would unleash "anarchy and chaos" on the airwaves, and that the FCC has the obligation to ensure "fair, efficient, and equitable distribution of radio service." However, by shutting down low-power stations to make room for the more expensive Class A broadcast licenses, the FCC has ensured that only the affluent control the airwaves. The Telecom bill only makes this situation worse, allowing corporations to own up to eight radio stations in a single market, and giving them the power to hold an unlimited number of stations nationwide. This *carte blanche* approach makes the notion of "equitable distribution" of the airwaves impossible.

The outlook for cable television isn't much better. While the Telecom Act purports to open up competition between telephone companies and cable companies in the delivery of television and phone service, the Telecom Act has also made it possible for the two industries to either buy each other out, or set up partnerships (which has already been happening on a smaller scale), making for less competition in both media. Once again, allowing for unchecked monopoly spells trouble for the independents. The cable act of

1990, which regulated the industry, had a stipulation that 15% of a company's cable capacity be made available for independent programming. This stipulation allowed for some creative programs to be produced. It was also the impetus for the creation of The 90's Channel, a cable channel devoted to the production and airing of independently produced liberal programming. The 90's Channel, which leased its broadcast space from TeleCommunications, Inc (TCI), a major player in the telecommunication game, was forced off the air in November after a three year battle with TCI. TCI tried to drop the channel in 1992, but was unable to. It finally was successful by raising their per-month lease rate to \$250,000 per month. While no one at The 90's Channel will say what they paid before the rate increase, their counteroffer to TCI's was

\$7,000 a month. Explains Dani Newsum, the communications director for The 90's Channel, "when Congress added the requirement to the federal cable law that

cable companies lease channels, the language it used was [about] the promotion of 'diversity.' But if in practice the government allows absolutely ruinous rates to be charged for that access, then what you have is empty legislation." Empty legislation is better than no legislation: the Telecom Act has no language about the promotion of diversity, and replaces the Cable act of 1990.

While the Telecommunications Act of 1996 puts the future of independent media in jeopardy, it is in the repercussions that mega-media corporations will have on the democratic process that is truly frightening. In the modern world, media power is polit-

ical power. Not only can the media corporations lobby congress effectively, as they proved with the passage of the Telecom bill, the media can lobby the American people through the inclusion and exclusion of information depending on how it effects the corporations involved. This can be seen in the sheer volume of uncritical coverage Presidential Candidate (and magazine publisher) Steve Forbes has received due to his "flat tax" that benefits corporations and the affluent. It can also be seen in the glaring lack of coverage on the Telecom Act received in the press before it was passed by Congress and signed by the President. CNN refused to air commercials against the bill, and most media when they did cover it, only wrote about its benefits to the consumer; benefits which have been

during their terms, freedom of information and of the press were dealt serious blows, the major media endorsed both Reagan and Nixon for reelection. In both cases, the bottom line was more important to media corporations than the freedom of expression.

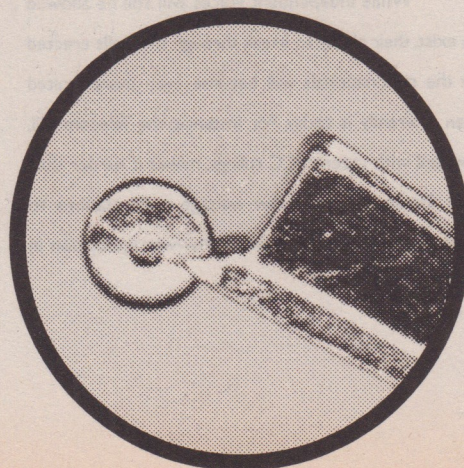
But the political ramifications of increased corporate control of all media outlets goes far beyond selective news coverage; the basis of democracy in America relies on a large amount of independent media. While most countries decide almost all of their important public policy in their capital, the United States leaves a great deal of legislation to be decided at the state and local levels. In addition, while other countries operate under a parliamentary system, where voters cast ballots for distinct parties, the

The Telecom Act hands the collective minds of the American people over to a few

questioned by many consumer advocacy groups.

Even historically, the major media has chosen to endorse policies that favorably effect their profit margin often at the expense of the First Amendment. Both Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan supported the concentration of media corporations and increased deregulation of the industry. Even though

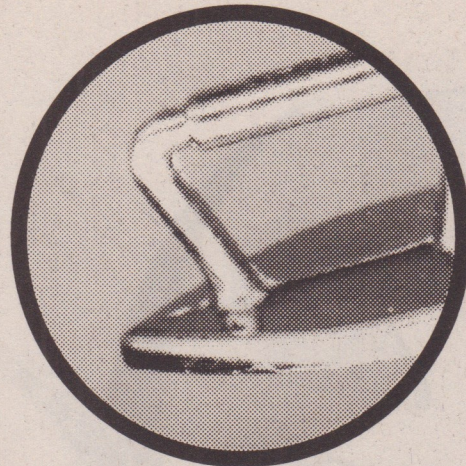
United States' system places much more emphasis on the individual candidate. In other countries, different parties have major fundamental differences. In the United States, there is a huge variation of opinions within political parties. There is no set party line for Democrats or Republicans, and at the local level, some candidates don't have any party affiliation at all. What this means is that the voter needs to be informed about each individual candidate's position on issues that directly affect them. In order for that information to be available, the media has to cover it. Says Bagdikian, "no national paper or broadcast station can report adequately the issues and candidates in every one of the 65,000 local voting districts. Only locally





based journalism can do it." However, that locally based journalism has all but disappeared in the last century. With it has gone the entire notion of an informed populace.

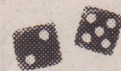
With growth of media corporations comes the disappearance of local media. Explains Bagdikian, "in 1920 there were 2,722 urban places and 2400 daily papers in the country. By 1980 there were 8,765 urban places and only 1,745 dailies." That means that there are over 7,000 US cities that don't have a daily paper of their own. Of those 1,745 dailies more than half of them are owned by 14 corporations. Many of those daily papers are the only paper in their town, and in some towns (like Detroit) where there are competing daily papers, the papers are actually owned by the same corporation. Such a small number of newspapers under such concentrated ownership can



ropolitan television station would have to devote five and a half seconds of a half-hour newscast to each meeting, and a newspaper would have only thirty-eight words with which to summarize an entire meeting.

The huge area covered by major media outlets also effects which candidates can run for office. In order to reach such a large audience, newspapers, radio, and television must charge extremely high advertisement rates. These rates—not to mention the

for broadcast on a Chicago network station costs over \$50,000, for one airing. In order for the ads to be effective, they must be repeated many times. The cost for printed ads in a major newspaper is not much cheaper for repeated printings. Even if the candidate is affluent, the incredible costs of running an election on the state and federal level leaves the candidate reliant on wealthy special interest groups to donate campaign funds.



When Clinton signed the Telecommunications Act of 1996, he likened it to the creation of the interstate highway system, during President Eisenhower's term. Eisenhower, in his farewell address to the nation, spoke of the concentration of a large military and equally large arms industry. The total influence of which, stated Eisenhower, "economic, political, even spiritual, is felt in

every city, every state house, every office of the federal government." He told the American people, "we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence—whether sought or unsought—by the military-industrial complex." Eisenhower finished by saying, "we must never let the weight of

this combination endanger our liberties or democratic process." His words came to late. Eisenhower himself, by passing laws like the interstate highway act, had aided in creating the very military-industrial complex that he spoke so gravely of in his speech.

One has to wonder whether Clinton, in his final days as President—be it a few months from now or in four years—will have similar feelings, and choose to warn us about the growing media-industrial complex. A complex, that with the signing of the Telecommunications Act of 1996, he helped create.

multi-national corporations and has repercussions that put the entire concept of a democracy at stake

not possibly cover issues relevant to small localities. The Chicago Tribune is distributed in thirty-seven counties; it can not possibly report on events and candidates specific to each town in each county.

This non-specific approach to reporting is amplified even more in television. On average, a television station broadcasts over more than 10,000 square miles, which is about fifty counties. On average, there are twenty-six local governments (including school boards) per county in the US. In order to cover one meeting a week from each of these legislatures, the average met-

cost of producing a high quality ad—restricts the class of people that can run for any public office.

For instance, if a person wants to run for the US House of Representatives, they have a voting district of approximately 150,000 households. If the candidate wants to reach each one of those households through advertisements on television or in a newspaper, they also have to advertise to the millions of people in the media market they are advertising in that are not in their voting district. A thirty-second political ad

Gary
Andrew
Rosen goes
undercover
at the 'inde-
pendent'
Sundance
Film Festival

Is Film to ask,

As usual, movies suck this season. The same bullshit hollywood shoot-em-up pretty-girl formulas are packing them in across america. Conceived in boardrooms and written by studio committees, hollywood films suffer the same fate as corporate "rock" — drained of any real passion, vision, or threat to the system it was spawned from.

Course, that's why there's punk music. But what about film? In a world where 4 or 5 multinational conglomerates on the Tokyo-LA axis control what you see in the theatre, what do punks do? Can film be punk?

Hollywood wants you to think so. Every season, there's a "hot new indie" from a "young unknown" who spent his pocket money making a "great little film."

Yeah, right. The Hollywood-Punk wars were obvious at last year's outpost of "indie film" Sundance Film Festival, where an anarchist-punk upstart called Slamdance tried to call Sundance on its corporate ties and mainstream biases. I was there.

HOW IT BEGAN

At the Salt Lake City airport, efficiently and wholesomely preparing for a Mormon takeover of the Western hemisphere, a friendly blonde woman offers

me the Sundance Film Festival catalog. A grainy black and white shot of a black-clad chic woman pointing a super-8 camera fronts the catalog.

Sorta punk, I think. The uzi of the indie film revolution. Small, sexy, cheap, and dirty, the super-8 camera symbolizes the workers taking back the means of production. Just as the heroic Sundance lord Robert Redford is attempting to wrest control of the screen from the Hollywood tycoons.

Tucking my rebel-girl catalog under my arm, I make my way to my first Sundance screening, where there are no super-8s in attendance. The 35 millimeter festival trailer (conceived by the artist Redford himself) is quickly followed by a full screen showing the famous Mercedes-Benz symbol, and a hearty thank you to the uber-capitalists.

Sundance made its name by offering unknown, first-time filmmakers a shot at some visibility. Here's what they want you to think.

Young ambitious filmmaker, working as a) a bike messenger b) a video clerk c) temp uses a) credit cards b) plasma sales c) wit and charm to finance his way into a feature film. Said hero uses a low-rent but colorful guerrilla crew, a cast of pals and ex-girlfriends, and donated combination bagels to emerge with

an 80 minute do-it-yourself masterpiece. Film, which is a) raw b) rough c) "street" blows its way into the jaded uncounscious of the cinematic world at Sundance. Standing ovation. Multi-movie contract. Fade-out. credits.

The Reality

Here are the facts: These are the courageous untested filmmakers given a chance to reach those agents looking for the next big thing at Sundance: Richard Linklater, who after *Slacker* and *Dazed and Confused* could raise production money from Chechnyan fighters, the brilliant Todd Haynes, whose stunning *Poison* took off four years ago with attacks from Satanspawn Jesse Helms, and Gregg Araki, who has made raw queer cinema a growth industry for the last four years and just raised a million for his new one (the fabulous and fucked-up *Doom Generation*).

Unknowns Leonard DiCaprio, Marky Mark, and Lorraine Bracco finally get a chance to break through with *The Basketball Diaries*. In the dramatic competition, the uncompromising independent visions include actors Jason Priestley, Michael J. Fox, Mickey Rourke, Shelley Winters, Blythe Danner, Steve Buscemi, and Peter Fonda.

And yes, Michael J. Fox is still around. And doing just fine, thank you. He's always been interested in alternative cinema.

SLAMDANCE STRIKES BACK

Against the backdrop of this corporate takeover of Sundance, a group of pissed off students and filmmakers created Slamdance: Anarchy in Utah, to bring more street, radical films to the Mormon enclave.

The Media was so prepared for the Sundance Sells Out angle that they jumped on the connected story, which is of course the heroic counter-festival

Punk?

rising up from the corporate wasteland to fill the independent void. Sort of like Lollapalooza to Woodstock 94 (Perry Farrel got hipper corporate sponsors).

Emerging from the cultural oasis called Salt Lake City (where brunettes are allowed on the streets if they wear hats), Slamdance offered an array of slacker films, down and out NYU film school attempts, and lost in America road films.

Passing out quick-xeroxed flyers, infiltrating press offices and official screenings, repackaging the Anarchist slashed "A" within a circle of celluloid, Slamdance took in the poor, the tired, the huddled masses of independent filmmakers. No Slamdance picture got "picked up" — bought by a distributor for theatrical release.

Nasty rumors that Sundance was trying to stamp out Slamdance were squashed by an even uglier truth. The word later into the festival was that Sundance gave implicit approval to the whole thing — death by embrace. And why not? By the end of the festival, it was clear that Slamdance, if marketed correctly, could grow to be as "important" as Sundance. With more street credibility and fewer faxes.

And that, of course, is the postmodern paradox. When entryway to a deeply capitalistic, money-driven, highly-competitive market is necessary for a movie to be received by audiences — and that market is controlled by a handful of big studios, distributors, and LA/NY agents, how can an independent vision stay independent?

What's the difference between Sundance and Slamdance if they both aspire and compete in the same market — which is ultimately, entertainment? Is the difference between alternative and mainstream ultimately just an age and geography demographic? And whatever happened to PeeWee's Playhouse?

How can film be punk anyway when it costs tens of thousands of dollars to complete a feature — out of reach only for the sons and daughters of the upper middle class that don't need any more outlets for their voice anyway? It's not just money. As everybody knows in music, it's the distribution mafia really at fault. Distribution kills.

Let's face it. Independent film is in the same fucked-up place music was in before the late 70s. No distribution. A handful of corporate giants control the theatres. The "independents" are mostly offshoots of the big companies, and most concentrate on "Arthouse" films — pretentious European-wannabes about rich people on vacation cheating on each other.

But behind the surface, there are some radical films that bubble up from the ground, making it into (mostly urban or college) theatres with hard work and luck. From John Moritsugu's seven-inch slabs of murderous America set to celluloid or Charles Herman Wurmfeld's recent fag-dyke fantasia *Fanci's Persuasion*, filmmakers have succeeded in getting radical, threatening messages out to the public.

Take one of the first punk filmmakers, Bruce La Bruce. His first feature, *No Skin off My Ass*, drenched safety-pin pierced nipples, s and m skinhead toilet scenes, and readings from communist Angela Davis in a melancholy sea of grainy super 8. Messy, raw, and obsessive, *No Skin* was a great zine put on film, advertised for video distribution in *Homocore* and *Maximum Rock-n-Roll*. His next film, *Super 8 1/2*, was a punk-porn masterpiece. Distributed by Strand, a small organization started by \$5000, the film was seen thanks to the work of one of the only independent distributors with both integrity and talent.

Course the same thing happens to filmmakers as to bands — corporate money sinks them. Take Kevin Smith, who broke onto the scene with the gross-out film *Clerks*, then took six million for the weak, totally unnecessary *Mallrats*.

But the good news is that a growing band of independent locations, from book stores to record stores to video stores, are stocking short, non-Hollywood films. Slowly, a distribution chain is growing that echoes the work of the independent music distributors in the late 70s-early 80s. From the public interventions of Igor Vamos (leader of the infamous Barbie Liberation Organization which switched Barbies voice box squeaking out "Lets go Shopping" with Ken's to make a point) to the femme murders of Sarah Jacobson's *I Was a Teenage Serial Killer*, punk film is at this point unstoppable.

Corporate slugs will always be on the lookout for new blood, but punk will prevail. As independent distribution grows, and corporate expulsions clog the moviehouses, be on the lookout for the Punk-Corporate wars to begin. Nobody asks Quentin Tarantino if he sold out when he signed on with "indie" Miramax (owned by the good folks at Disney). But just watch.

Film can be punk. And, for now at least, it's always an all ages show.



Strange Transmissions

Thoughts on
UFO's, the media,
and why the truth
will never be
televised

by Paul Chan

[7:30P.M. Oct 29, 1995.

Basement of a Radisson Hotel in St. Paul, MN]

I could see people perspiring.

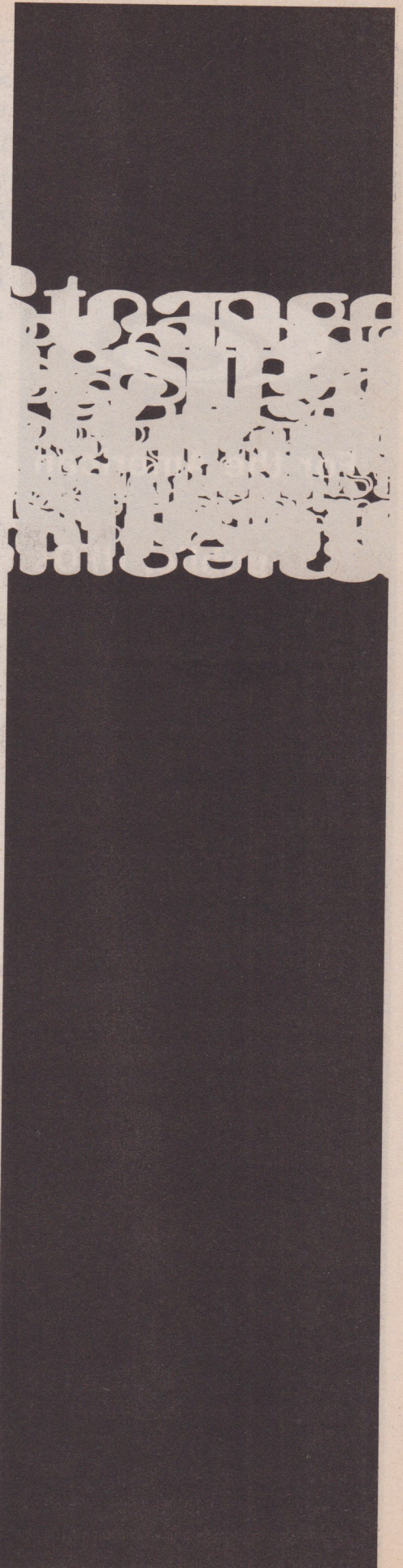
Like the first day, attendees of the second day's events at *The Science and Politics of UFO Research Symposium* have sat through *all* of it: the banal, the informative, the absurd. They heard self-styled UFO investigator Ann Druffel's excruciatingly dull lecture on outsider UFO scientist James McDonald (outside, not because he was a radical, but because he apparently didn't do or know much); and Dr. David Jacobs, Temple University professor, telling a captive audience that "I really believe the [alien] abductees are better off in the future (all 3.7 million of them in the United States, as purported from a national Roper poll Jacobs quotes). They're better prepared for what's coming..."

All the facts and fantasies of the day have come to this: perspiration. It was as if the mostly male, middle aged crowd had taken in so much dis/information that their bodies reached a saturation point—couldn't take another drop of information. At the last session—a round table discussion on UFO abduction experiences—you could see their skin glisten as they listened to ways one can detect the beginnings of an alien abduction (according to Dr. Richard Haines, the room usually begins to smell "musty"). Not being absorbed by the audience, the deluge of information pouring out the mouths of experts condensed into moisture, clinging onto chins and necks of true believers and paranoid skeptics like morning dew on leaves.

Which is not to say the proceedings got boring. The discussion picked up steam when it turned to ways of stopping an alien abduction. Ms. Druffel, an older woman with a deliberate and patient voice, contributed her "intense case study of Patsy, the mountain girl." Patsy, through her numerous experiences with aliens, had found what Druffel considers the most effective technique in stopping an alien abduction: "Hit them on the head, because their necks snap like twigs." As an afterthought, Druffel added, "After she broke their necks, they didn't visit her for a long time."

Silence. Then, without missing a beat, a hand is raised. A man in his mid 40's gets up and asks, "Can the people on the panel comment on how we can separate ourselves from what we might call the 'lunatic fringe' of the UFO crowd? Like some of those crazies out there who undermine the credibility of genuine UFO research going on—like some of the stuff you guys are doing..."

Belief in the existence of extraterrestrial life in the universe has never been stronger. You don't believe? Look at the 1990 national Gallop poll: 47% polled believe UFOs are real; 14% polled claim they have actually seen one. Want to see one? Just watch more TV: there are no less than 10 shows on the air devoted to UFOs, alien abductions and other paranormalities, not including specials like the Fox network's recent *Alien Autopsy: Fact or Fiction*, now on its third airing. Need more proof? Then look at America's most accurate gauge of the public consciousness: advertising. A grainy black and white photo of a disc-like object floating above a hilly countryside, along with the caption, "They came for the coffee," courtesy of model Latino worker Juan Valdez and the Columbian Coffee Council. Trying to drum up business for their new *69 phone service, AT&T has new billboards plastered all over midwest cities: the background is the galaxy, replete with a crescent moon and the planet Saturn, and in the foreground the phone buttons *, six, and nine, with the caption "Make Contact With Lost Callers" underneath. A UFO





**For the American
public, UFOs
have been in
existence since
1947—Thanks to
the mass media**

abducts a girl from her bedroom. Fortunately, she recovers from her initial abduction stupor and begins to establish communications with her captors. She is spunky, and as we find out, her daddy is a United Airlines pilot, which as we all know is the best airline because it is employee-owned. "Do you own your ship or do you just fly it?" asks the girl. Tired of her inquisition into the managerial structure of the spaceship, the annoyed aliens return the girl to her bedroom. One last shot of the spaceship before it flies into the starry sky (fade in United Airlines Logo, fade out). Do they drink coffee? When they telepathically communicate, is there a toll charge? By the way, are they unionized?

Perhaps the biggest question is, do they even exist? For the American public, UFOs have been in existence since 1947—courtesy of the mass media.

On June 24th, pilot Kenneth Arnold, flying over the Cascade Mountains in Washington state, claimed he "observed far to the left and to the north, a formation of very bright objects coming from the vicinity of Mount Baker, flying very close to the mountain tops and traveling at tremendous speed..." Arnold later described what he saw at 9,500 feet as silvery, crescent-shaped disks, flying "like a saucer would if you skipped it across the water." The next day, newspapers from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* to the *New York Times* covered the story. The dissemination of the Arnold account was so widespread that a national Gallop poll taken two months after the story broke found that a full 90% of those polled had been "aware of the existence of flying saucers." And then there was Roswell.

On July 8th of the same year, newspapers around the country reported the recovery of a crashed "flying saucer on a ranch in Roswell, New Mexico." And again, the public imagination was spurred on with evidence, now in the hands of Air Force personnel, of intelligent life beyond Earth. That was until the next day, when the military announced that the debris recovered from the wreckage was nothing but a set of military weather balloons designed to detect secret Soviet satellites.

The "official" explanation did little to dampen the fear and fascination people around the country—if not the world—had about the possible existence of UFOs. Reports of sightings poured in from as far away as Tehran and Osaka. 1947 marked the beginning of what Carl Jung would later call "the modern myth of things seen in the sky." The shadows and lights dancing across the sky which before escaped human scrutiny because of bad eyes or closed minds would no longer go unnoticed; people were watching, because they were interested. It's not hard to see why. They were everywhere; if not in the sky, then on newsprint, and later on television. Mark Rodeghier, Executive Director of the J. Allen Hynek Center for UFO Studies in Chicago remembers: "It's hard for people now to have a feel for what it was like in the '50s and '60s because in those years, UFO reports were in the mainstream. Normal newspapers like the *Chicago Tribune* reported on UFO sightings. UFO sightings were on the evening news with Walter Cronkite. It was incredible." The significance of the press' coverage of the UFO phenomenon in the '50s and '60s cannot be overstated. It lent an air of reality, of possibility, to a subject that had only existed in science fiction or pulp literature. But the initial news coverage (the foundation of "truth" with which all subsequent ruminations on the subject, from magazine articles to movies, is based on) was naturally, necessarily, flawed. And the distortions in the media coverage had nothing to do with the accuracy of the reporting or the secret machinations of elite government groups: It was simple the nature of the press. It has been long established—by media critics like Noam

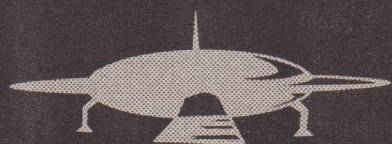
Chomsky and Ben Badgikan—that the shape and scope of the information covered in the press is dictated by economic interests, because they are businesses, like your Wal-Mart or Burger King. But instead of cheap plastic goods or Whoppers they deal in information. “Like other businesses,” Chomsky notes, “they sell a product to buyers. They market advertisers, and the ‘product’ is audience.” So any issue that promotes interest, which lures in their “products” (you, me, your mother) and therefore revenue—whether it be UFOs, government corruption, or cub scouts killing den mothers for merit badges—would be welcomed on print and on screen, neatly compressed between the advertising. And since the stories written are not designed to serve the public’s interest in giving the issue a greater understanding, nor are the issues covered ensured its full context, the information and subsequent story is naturally, necessarily, distorted. Yet it is printed as “news,” authenticated as “fact” by its mere existence on newsprint. This has a two-fold effect. As interest is generated by the initial facts laid out, other medias pick up the information, along with its interest/revenue potential; other stories appear, TV specials are produced, movies are made, T-shirts printed, conventions sponsored. Consequently, with each repetition, the “facts” reauthenticate themselves as the real facts, the only facts, until they are institutionalized into a set of premises which all subsequent debates and perspectives must assume in order to partake in the accumulation of the interest/revenue potential, thus severely limiting the issue within the parameters set by the mass media at the outset. Through news accounts, TV specials, movies and magazines, we now know what kind of ships they fly, where on Earth they like to cruise and who they like to abduct. But few are even aware of the actual research going on that’s attempting to answer the more fundamental questions: do they exist? If they don’t exist, why are we so fascinated with things seen in the sky?

Nowhere is this chasm facts and fantasies more absurdly evident than the term we have come to know as Unidentified Flying Objects. In scientific studies and investigations conducted by both civilian and military groups in the United States for the last five decades, an average 95% of those sightings categorized as UFOs were deduced to something terrestrial or astronomical in origin: aircrafts, balloons, asteroids, rare aerial phenomenon such as ball lighting and glowing ionized clouds, even the planets Venus and Mars have been seen by witnesses claiming they were “weird red flying things.” And yet, when there was (and still is, in fact more than ever) media coverage, the same questions are invariably asked: are UFOs real? Do UFOs really exist? The answer, of course, is yes. Objects in the sky are often unidentifiable to the naked eye, a telescope, even the radar. But it is precisely the media’s continual process of repetition and narrowing of issue that have reduced the whole category of Unidentified Flying Objects until the public is conditioned to read UFOs as synonymous with the established, mediated interpretation of that other 5% of the category: bug-eyed gray midgets flying silvery crescent-shaped sedans. A 5%, incidentally, that is usually labeled in investigative scientific studies as “unknown,” not “flying saucer.” With the nature of the data at hand, one wonders why there aren’t more popular TV dramas about ball lighting, or secret weather balloon conventions, or T-shirts that read “The Truth is Probably in the Glowing Gas.” Perhaps it’s because the truth wouldn’t sell.

It seems so natural: there is a demand in the public, and sensing that interest, the mass media supplies. *Independence Day*, a movie depicting an alien invasion, opens nationwide this summer. NBC opened the spring season with *3rd Rock From the Sun*, a sitcom about a group of aliens disguised as a suburban family. One can see a weekly UFO/alien update on any number of the quasi-

**the shape and
scope of the
information cov-
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is dictated by
economic inter-
ests, because
they are
businesses**





**UFO believers
outnumber the
voters who
placed Reagan,
Bush and Clinton
in the White
House.**

news shows like *Hard Copy* and *A Current Affair*. The surge in UFO related media in the recent years has proliferated the idea of UFOs into every household in the country. The popularity, however, comes with a price. One that is paid, strangely enough, by the very people who seemingly would have benefited most from the spotlight: the scientists and researchers who are actually looking for UFOs. "I think our whole society has taken a turn towards more sensational coverage, and that's exemplified by *Hard Copy* and all the things that came up in the '80s and '90s. And in that sense the UFO subject is not getting a different coverage from other topics. But I think the coverage that's occurred has been a very negative one, because it gives a non-scientific impression to the subject. In other words, you don't hear about the 'Trace' case in France, back in January of 1981, where a UFO landed in somebody's backyard. It was witnessed by only one person, but left very distinct and unusual physical traces in the environment that were measured by French scientists contracted with the government. And that case is compelling because you did have an analysis. And it's hard to figure out how the effects could of occurred through a hoax or anything else 'normal.'" But since there was no visual evidence of the actual craft, or anyone crying that they were abducted by what may have landed, the media ignored the incident. "The mass media doesn't mention the best evidence because they are looking for photos. They are looking for good stories," says Rodeghier, "and often the best cases aren't that way." Rodeghier, who holds a Bachelors in Astrophysics and a Doctorate in Sociology, along with the other 15 to 20 volunteers who make up the center (or CUFOS) are the last of a vanishing breed: UFO scientists and researchers pushing for an understanding of UFOs and its various sociological component rather than a spot on *Hard Copy*. CUFOS houses one of the largest repositories of UFO information in the country, with a stockpile of government documents, eye witness accounts, and UFO literature. They also publish *The International UFO Reporter*, one of America's only academic journals devoted to UFO studies.

No articles on Patsy the Mountain girl in here. You will, however, find transportation systems engineer Robert Galganski evaluating the Roswell crash and the government's weather balloon hypothesis using the government's own numbers and documentions and computer generated models of the crash site. It's where you'll find a demographic analysis of 1990 Gallop poll cited earlier, which concluded that for every fundamentalist Christian there are five UFO believers and that UFO believers outnumber the voters who placed Reagan, Bush and Clinton in the White House. At times, the reading is droll, technical, lucid, and even a little dull. But it's also refreshingly different. Or as Rodeghier puts it, "Real Science isn't that exciting. People that drill cores in ice to learn the history of the seabed in geology, this isn't exciting stuff. You can make it exciting with graphics and stuff. But most people, and I don't blame them, are not going to get all hepped up about something like that. Well, given that, its the same with UFOs. Despite the fact that the whole subject revolves around the idea of aliens, actual scientific investigation of the case is tedious and the results are slow in coming. And when they do come, a sign doesn't pop up and say, 'alien spacecraft found here!' Instead, it's an anomalous effect. So for the media, the cases that are the most scientific are not covered." For Rodeghier, this has two fundamentally negative effects. First, the majority of the public is fed a grossly sensationalistic, anti-intellectual view of the UFO research. And second, because of the sensationalism, "scientists and researchers who are interested stay away because they don't know that there is a serious part to it." Without the injection of new ideas and perspectives in the study of UFOs, the research becomes stagnant and progress loses momen-

tum. "It's very slow," says Rodeghier. "More progress was made in the '70s and early '80s than now because there are actually fewer scientist involved now than there were then, due to the sensational coverage, government cutbacks in funding, people having to look after their own life and family first." So pronounced is the shortage of fresh blood in UFO studies that Rodeghier concedes that he hasn't attended any UFO conferences since 1981. "Nothing new comes up," Rodeghier laments, "it's all the same stuff."

...

"The crowd is thinner today," comments Chuck Penson, doing a cursory head count around the cavernous banquet room as the audience readies itself for the last session at the 1995 *Science and Politics of UFO research Symposium*. Penson, who is the Education Director at the Science Museum of Minnesota, and the head coordinator of the event, is feeling slightly anxious. Despite the news coverage in the two local papers and television stations from the previous day, attendance is down. And the overall attendance of this year's conference is disappointingly lower than last year's. "We had such a good response from last year's conference that we thought it would carry over into this year's." In fact, the evidence before him—barely half of the seats filled, with a slow trickling of people leaving—seems in total contradiction to what many people feel; that the UFO phenomenon is hot.

Indeed, it was the seemingly heightened interest in UFOs that prompted Penson to organize the conference, now in its second year. "It's basically designed to for the general public, who want to know what's going on in the field of UFO studies and to give an inside look at what UFO research involves." But as the conference drew to a close, it became clear that the look of the "inside" was painfully similar to the look of the outside. There were interesting exceptions. Richard Haines, a retired NASA physiological psychologist, made a valiant effort in explaining the increasing unreliability of photographic and/or videotaped UFO evidence in the age of digital imaging technology. In his presentation, Haines made an egregious (and incredibly ironic) mistake of claiming that the medium needed to capture an image with a camera was air—not light. "We need air to see," Haines—a former employee of the NASA, the world's largest provider of photographs from the vacuum of outer space—tellingly repeated. Research Psychologist Don Donderi gave an informative and lucid account of the history of the reported alien abduction phenomenon. Optical Physicist Bruce Maccabe, prefaced his presentation with a fire and brimstone speech about the Earth's impending apocalypse; high on the list of his "Future Shocks" was interestingly not nuclear war or famine, but "dirty water."

Besides such anomalies, the conference flowed with the ease of a TV program fading into a commercial. At times it even felt as if the presentations were scripted by the same people that brought you *Unsolved Mysteries*. The same plots, themes, and questions—just like on TV. Which is probably why the bulk of the proceedings was as dull as potatoes. But it was also comforting, in an eerie way, knowing that everyone in the slightly humid banquet room shared the same set of fears and fascinations, undoubtedly triggered by watching the same news reports on the latest UFO sightings, or the same TV special on the latest "alien" recovered. It is a comfort that comes from knowing that you are not alone, and that there is truth in numbers.

**It is a comfort
that comes from
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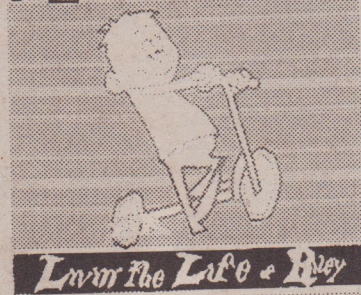
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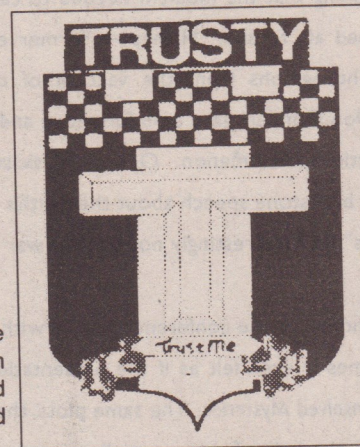
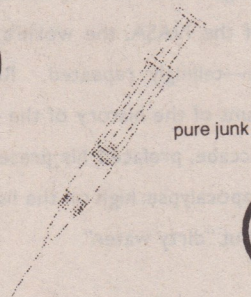
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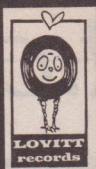
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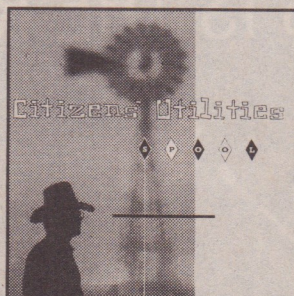
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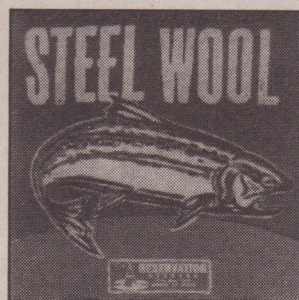


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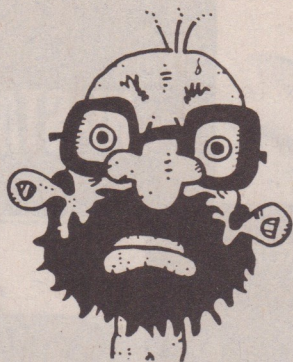
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It's called:
"Timbo's nose
it grows
and grows!"

Warriors of the Internet
please take note of
the sorry fate of
our dear friend TIM.

> And Jello used to
be a member of the
C.I.A. Yes, that's it!

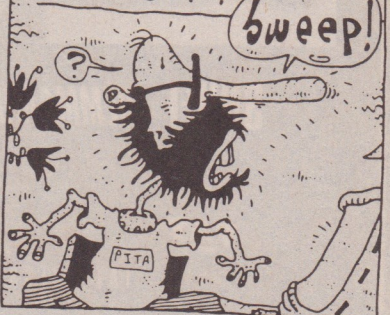


It Seems his nightly excursions
into the websites and chat
rooms of the Great Infor-
mation Netherworld...

> and he used to make
nuclear weapons for Nazi
Germany, too!



began to cause certain
Physiognomical changes
never seen before
in any onLine Net
Subscriber!

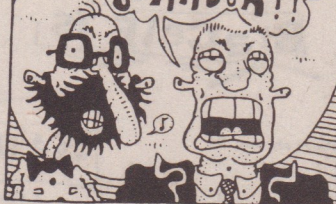


Down at the shoestore people
began to have fun with Tim's
new growth. It was playful
and innocent, at first.

My, your nose has such
an interesting shape.
Are you
married?



But the novelty soon
wore off and the day
to day reality of
having such a beak
about led to rough
"humor" and cruel
comments. Getta
loada the talkin'
johnson!!



Still Tim Plugged away at his
Odd pursuit of punk rock
notoriety. He didn't make the
connection...

"Jello needs special shoes
because his 'feet' are
really cloven hooves!"

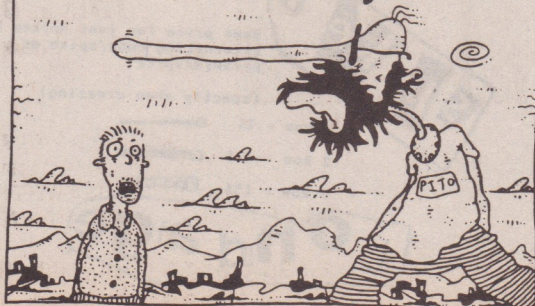


And soon the inevi-
table happened.

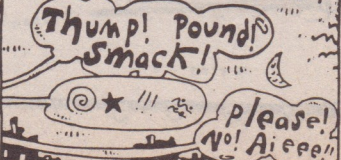
Honey I can't reach
my key board! Will
you type for
me?



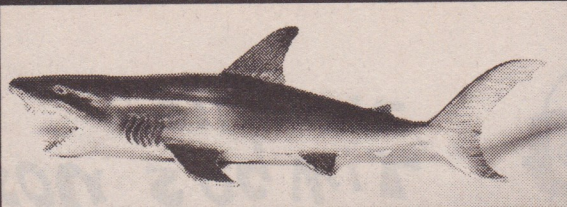
Separated from his beloved com-
puter by 3 feet of Schnozzola,
Tim began to feel his life
had lost all it's meaning. He
began taking long walks.



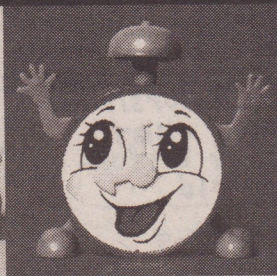
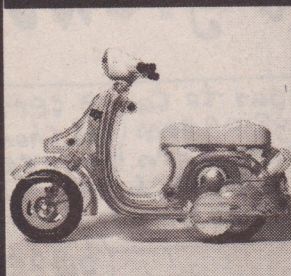
One night he wandered
into a rough part of
town and ran up ag-
ainst some toughs
who reacted to his
appearance in an ig-
norant and threatening
manner. Calling them
"nose-ist" was most
likely a mistake.



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chokers

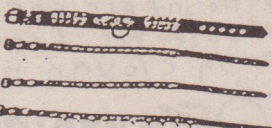
cheetah add 3\$

Bondage - 12\$

Pyramid - 6\$

Cone - 7\$

Spiked - 10\$



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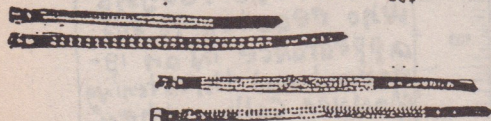
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-2 Row cone - 21\$

-3 Row pyramid - 25\$

-3 Row cone - 28\$

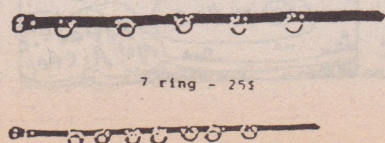


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S, M, L

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.1 Row cone - 4\$

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.3 Row cone - 10\$

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what the hell is a busker anyway?

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what do you think a busker is anyway?

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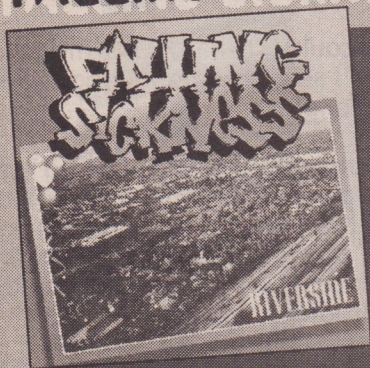
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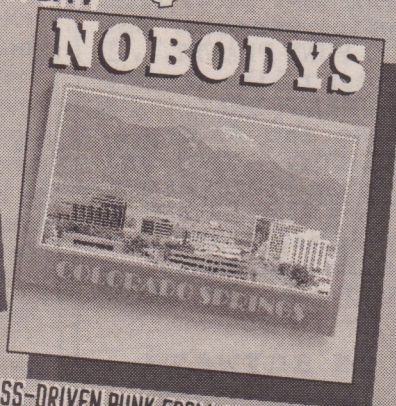
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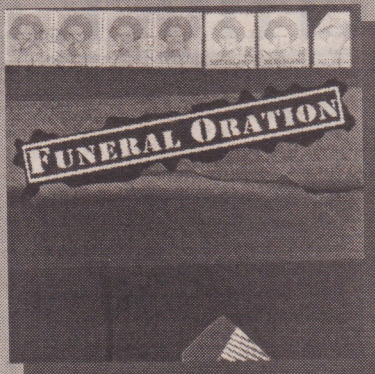
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The D.I.Y. Files

How to Get Ready for a Tour Don't Get In The Van Before You Read This By Jesse Cannon

At some point in a punk band's life, a band has to get their shit together, pack up, and go on tour. Lots of bands tour each year. They have trouble and learn from experience what to do and not to do. Before you venture out on tour, here is an assortment of things you should be told.

Throughout this article, you will see suggestions for things to bring with you and places you can get them. Many things you can borrow from a friend, get for free or buy for cheaper than I tell you. Think about the cheapest and easiest way for you to get this stuff. A key to touring is **USE YOUR RESOURCES!** Always keep Murphy's law in mind "Anything that can go wrong, will go wrong."

First off, wash the van! Whether it is yours or not, that van is gonna keep you company for a while, so keep it clean on the outside and on the inside. Get some window cleaner, turtle wax, a vacuum, and a garbage bag and make it as clean as possible. Fill every fluid that the van has: transmission, gas, oil, clutch, power steering, windshield washing, coolant, brake, and any others. Next, duct tape anything sharp or hanging loose in the van. You may even want to tape some windows to make what's inside the car less visible to those outside the car. Otherwise, bring a large blanket or tarp to cover up your equipment. It is a good idea to keep the cover on at all times except for if you are sleeping in the van; then you could use it.

Get AAA membership. It costs \$49, but it is a small price to pay for what they give you, 200 miles towing, bail bonds, hotel discounts, and directions if you get lost, the whole nine yards. It is definitely worth it, especially if your vehicle is in bad condition or hasn't been running well. You can get it by calling 1-800-AAA-HELP. Other highlights of membership include: road service & towing, battery charging, jumping, flat tire service, emergency fuel delivery, and lockout assistance, trip planning, free maps, lowered hotel rates (good luck affording a hotel; you're not The Vandals), passport photos, \$250 emergency check acceptance, and some other benefits I don't understand well enough to explain.

A basic tool kit is essential. Here are some things I feel it should include: a hammer, vice grips, wire cutters, a soldering iron(w/solder), a wrench to fit the bolt on your carburetor in case you run out of gas. As for screw drivers: 1 phillips and 1 standard plus any that fit the bolts on your guitars. One of those "50 screwdrivers in 1" would be great. Some less common stuff to put in your tool box include a flashlight(if you can get your hands on a Maglite, lucky you), 3 sharp objects (scissors, a razor, machete-style knife), a tire iron and a car jack for when your tire pops which it will. Don't forget jumper cables, and an ice scraper if you are going up north, to Canada, or if it is fall

or winter.

If you are fortunate enough to live in an area that has something called a Price/ Costco or a Sam's Club nearby, get a membership. These are discount stores that sell bulk items. They are usually the size of a warehouse. People often say the things that they sell at these stores are of lesser quality, I have never had a problem with anything I have bought here. They sell things like food, appliances, alcohol, even condoms! Pretty much everything you can think of. My membership cost \$35 and I have probably saved hundreds by buying stuff there instead of at the supermarket. Another great thing about these places is they are national chains, so your membership is good at every one of them. So when you run out of the 12 lbs. of Kraft Macaroni and Cheese you bought in New Jersey, you can buy it in Linbreed, Idaho. Things to buy there include Kraft Macaroni and Cheese (it is easy to make in someone's house you are staying at), cigarettes (don't buy them one carton at a time; buy them 4 cartons for the price of 2 and a half), toothpaste, pens, markers, aspirin, indigestion pills and any other necessities — they probably will have it.

With Price/Costco, there is a small—but easy to get around—hitch. Membership is open to businesses only, so basically your business is **YOUR BAND'S NAME HERE** incorporated (so unpunk for a moment, but then again, ripping off corporations is the punkest). If you can't seem to get a membership ask around and try to find a kid's parents or a friend who wants to come and let you use their card to help support the band. It helps them out too. These places are a really cheap places to buy pre-made food also. Pizza, pretzels, and coke are great buys. There is one small catch. You have to spend \$200 a year or they take away your membership. Oh no!

Some miscellaneous things you will have to load up on are rope or bungee (25-50 ft. should do) to hold your broken van together as well as stuff on the roof and thousands of other things. A good place to steal it is chain hardware stores, you can cut off behind the counter how much you need for free.

Maps are usually a good idea. Your local bookstore or gas station or your AAA membership is a good place to find them. If you're really covering some ground, go all the way and buy a road atlas, it has all 50 states and Canada in one book. Less to carry, less to lose. If you are a lucky punk and you own a Powerbook, you can buy a map for your computer of the whole world for a price you can afford.

Never put your own band's sticker on the truck. All that says to peo-

G

ple is "Our nice equipment is in here so come get it." Lots of different band's stickers on a van also can say "kid" which is sometimes the equivalent of a neon sign proclaiming "I'm probably fucked up on something so officer unfriendly, come harass me."

Bring your own supply of toilet paper, as most clubs and rest stops don't have it. So what if you look like an asshole carrying it, your butt will be clean won't it? A great place to get the toilet paper is your piece-of-shit boss's bathroom or a restaurant you don't like's bathroom.

With this much shit (don't forget that you still have to fit equipment in there somewhere), space can be a problem. Basically, you have none left in the van. Here is what you can try when you run out or to prevent running out. If you have a vehicle that can do this I have seen people put luggage racks on their roofs you need a padlock for these and many other things. One thing most people don't think about is packing upwards. A lot of people only pack their van from back to front only 3 feet high. Avoid this, go as high as you can. Taking the bottom heads off the drums and putting them inside each other can save space. If you have a box half empty then throw out the box and let the stuff roam free or put it in another box. A trailer is a good thing for space in addition look in the classifieds in your local paper or a Want Ad press type thing. It is not worth the money to buy a new one. Before you buy though make sure your van has a tow. If you are interested in renting one I believe the major car rental companies rent them. If you do use one check the connection every time you get out of the car they have been known to come lose.

Boxes are a good thing to have. Liquor stores usually always have strong ones lying behind them. Usually if you go and buy something, even a \$.79 Slim Jim, and ask for boxes, they will hook you up. If you want boxes to carry your vinyl in, a catalog called Bags Unlimited can be ordered by calling 1-800-767-BAGS. This is the place where you get the little "baggies" or "jackets" for your 7 inches. Another place to get good sturdy boxes is the local quicky mart. Just buy a slurpee and they will hook you up. I think Boxes are better than suitcases because if you run out of space in the van (which you usually will) you can deal with throwing a box out, but a suitcase has value. You can also take a cardboard box and write help on it when the van breaks down. One final thought, if you can get non-glued cardboard boxes you can fold it up to save space when it is not being used.

Now a dilemma bands often come up with is, "what equipment should I bring." Well talk to the promoters about PA equipment. If you can deal with borrowing amps don't forget to confirm with the promoter that they or one of the bands can supply you with the amps. It is fucked up and in my eyes a punk rock sin to impose on someone else with that big a burden. A drum set is a good idea to bring especially if you have specific needs. Bring every cable you own. Cables are often left at the club. A power strip or surge suppressor

or multi outlet what ever you want to call it should be brought for as many outlets as you need. A 2 to 3 prong adapter for AC power is a life saver. That is something I have been glad I brought many a time. Bring microphones for every vocalist you have just in case one breaks at the club the show can still go on. Buy a shitload of drumsticks, it is sometimes hard to find that particular brand of sticks you need. Guitar picks are the second most forgotten things at clubs. I pick up so many after my sound man gigs. If you bring recording equipment be sure to bring adapters to hook it up.

Straight edgers may skip this section.

Ideally we shouldn't have to deal with this but some of us do, hence alcohol and drugs. In most states, if not all, you can not have an open alcoholic beverage in your car. Do not delude yourself by thinking that 'Open' means only things that are splashing all over the van, it means anything that is open or has been opened. That means that the half-empty bottle of Jim Beam you've been carting around since day three of tour can get your ass hauled into jail sitting with your new boyfriend Bruno. If you're gonna drink it, you better finish it. You can usually carry sealed alcoholic beverages in either a trunk or the back of your van. My suggestion is to put it as far back in the van as possible if you don't have a trunk. It is completely illegal to drink in a motor vehicle. You can not cross into Canada with alcohol and chances are you will be pulled over. Illegal drugs (you know what I'm talking about) are exactly that. If you are carrying a commonly used prescription drug that is commonly abused (Ridilan, Codeine, or Prozac) bring your pharmacy receipt with you to be safe. My best advice is to carry small amounts and if you pulled over eat it. In my opinion, it's usually better than getting arrested.

Straight edgers may now start reading again.

Borrowing from family, fans and friends is a great way to get stuff you need for the road that is expensive. For example, that friend of yours who speeds may have a radar detector that you can borrow (by the way, in some states these are illegal). If your friends and family support you, they will usually try to help out with anything and borrowing is a lot easier than getting them to give you what you really need: cash. Negotiate if they lend you something. Give them collateral with something that is just going to sit in your place while you are gone like lend your 7 inches out (I don't think they make record players for vans so you won't need them while you're gone). If for some reason you damage break and/or lose the item you borrowed, reimburse the person with the money plus a little extra to show you're sorry and you appreciate the fact they lent it to you. This way you can borrow again and keep them as a friend. I don't recommend borrowing anything of strong sentimental value from a friend.

Politeness is a good way to make people be glad they helped you out.

G

If someone makes you dinner, you thank them and then you do the dishes, do not give the person a choice in the matter. If someone helps you out, hook them up with merchandise. If you stay somewhere, clean up after yourself very well. If the person is especially nice and deserves it, offer to do their laundry (which is a very good ploy for being able to use their washer to do your own). When someone lets you stay at their house or helps you out, write down their address and send them a thank you card. Offer to cook for your host if you have good recipes but always get the O.K. first from your host. Stealing is something you never do to these people who have helped you out (unless it is Screeching Weasel covering the Ramones first record which you really want to send to me since you are so grateful I wrote this article). If you follow these guidelines these people will usually let you stay in their home again.

Some other things you might think about are sleeping pills, non-sleeping pills or coffee to control your sleeping habits since they are usually out of control on tour. People have strong opinions on these methods. Do not take them for the first time on tour they can really screw you up. If I take a sleeping pill I feel like shit all day and lose memory. Be informed sleeping and non-sleeping pills are very addictive.

Towels, soap, and shampoo help for showers in rest stops. If your drum set needs to be on a carpet bring your own, a lot of places won't have them and your set will walk across the stage. Bring some tapes, to dub cool bands, tape your stuff on the radio or your performances. Travelers checks help if you have a lot of money, so your cash is safer. Prepaid phone cards are good for emergency phone calls so you have the money when you need it. If you have room, a hand truck will save your back from breaking. A tent if you can deal with camping out is nice break from the van. For safety purposes you should bring a small fire extinguisher. It is usually not a thing you want to buy or bring but it can save you and your equipments life.

If you're going to Canada you'd better be prepared. Before you run for the border (no, not go to Taco Bell) have one of the promoters of the shows petition for immigration. If your van's interior or exterior is looking messy, clean it or wash it again in the stop before Canada. It costs \$250 to cross the border, that is if you have your paper work done. Exchange your cash before you get to Canada it is a lot easier. Hide all merchandise in speaker cabinets and separated in various boxes all over the van, but hide and separate the merchandise or else you will get charged a duty fee, some say it isn't worth it to even bring merchandise. Some bands mail there merchandise to Canada before they cross the border. It is also common practice to leave your equipment in the USA and just borrow in Canada. Do not go if you are wanted for a crime. Since they have dogs that sniff for drugs and alcohol it is rare you get it across, so have a blast before you leave. Some crossing tips, wear preppie clothes if you can borrow some. Put your most pre-

sentable member in the driver's seat (as long as he/she has a license), cross at a busy place like Detroit or Niagara Falls and plan to cross between dawn and dusk. By doing this, you have less of a chance of being pulled over. Do not offer a bribe, they get brownie points with the boss for not accepting and arresting a green haired freak. Keep a bright smile and show respect. Do not make jokes but laugh at theirs.

Some general advice while on the road: don't experiment with eating on the road too much and stick to food that won't upset your stomach for obvious reasons. If you have parking, speeding tickets or any other tickets out or in state, pay them before you go or you could be in deep shit. Sleep is a requirement for your body, the less sleep you have the worse your show, your driving, and your persona will be. Ask Henry Rollins. Go for walks and spend time alone when/if you have the time. Drinking and driving is a quick way to end the tour so always have one of you stay sober. Cough medicine will screw up your driving if it is a drowsy formula. Don't give up on the band when a fight erupts, people need to be alone and you guys are with each other most of the day so fights are bound to happen.

If you like to read and really want to be prepared, there is always stuff you might want to look up. A DIY car repair guide will give you a slight understanding of your vehicle. Your AAA manual is full of good reading material ask for a list of the hotels you can have discounts at in case, by a small miracle, you can afford it. Read your vehicle's manual. By reading your manual, you'll find out if the van has fuel injection before you find out when you run out of gas. Look around the library for travel guides and maybe an easy to understand book about the "odd laws" of each state. A guitar and amp repair manual could save you some cash and headaches.

Some last thoughts when you hit the road. Keep a good list of the things you should have with you, cheap and good places to eat, and clubs you do and don't want to play. If you are an organized person make a checklist of everything you bring. One thing you should really do is talk to other bands who have or are touring about stuff to avoid and to remember to bring. Whenever I see a band with touring experience, I ask for advice. The funniest response I got was from Mike Blank from Blanks 77 who said bring "Vaseline Vaseline Vaseline". Mass Giorgini (Squirtgun, Potatomen) gave some more helpful advice by recommending you "Never underestimate how many pairs of underwear you should bring. If you think you need three pairs, bring five..." And lastly, keep track of your mistakes cause that's what you have to learn from to make things go better each time. Have fun!



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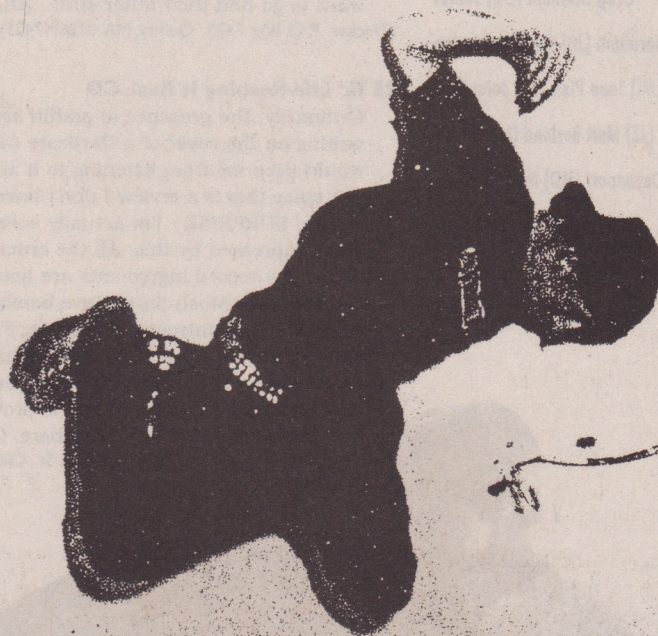
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Record Reviews

This bi-month's record reviews
proudly presented to you by

Aaron Gemmill (AG) Bob
Conrad (BC) Bret Van Horn
(BVH) Darren Cahr (DC) David
Larson (DL) Eric Action (EA)
Greg Gartland (GG) James
Burnham (JB) John Mulhausen
(JM) Joan Pixie (JP) John Zero
(JZ) Matt Berland (MB) Marie
Davenport (MD) Mark Hanford
(MH) Matt Miller (MM) Scott
Macdonald (SM) Will Dandy
(WD) Dan Sinker (DS)



6L6-Live 7"

These 3 songs were recorded live at venus D'Milo in Boston in January of 1995. I've never heard of 6L6 before, but apparently they've released two albums before this. The sound is Hardcore, but not in the sense that would make one think of the S.E. scene. No, they kind of sound like a tougher FILTER without the vocal effects. This is quite good, and actually makes me want to go find their other stuff. (DL)
(Thicker P.O. Box 7425 Quincy, MA 02269-7425)

25 Ta' Life-Keeping It Real, CD

Ordinarily, the presence of graffiti style writing on the cover of a Hardcore CD would keep me from listening to it at all, but since this is a review I don't have that option. SURPRISE - I'm actually somewhat impressed by this. All the crucial tough guy record ingredients are here: Double bass, Mosh parts, Dive bombs, and vocals reminiscent of Agnostic Front. Guess I should have remembered that you can't judge a book by it's cover. If you dig NY style metal Hardcore, this is probably some of the best stuff out there. (DL)
(We Bite America, 1837 W. Fulton St., Chicago, IL 60612)

A38- Into the Vortex, 7"

Featuring members of Knucklehead, Econochrist and more I didn't know what to expect from this. Featuring a sort of SOA style vocals, ala 1981. Punk with some ska rhythms in the guitar particularly. Made out from Germany with members hailing from the US of A and Europe. Good if you can find it. (EA)
(Kleine Johannisstrasse 6-7, 28199 Bremen)

AO53-Diversionsary Tactics, LP

Wow, some catchy, political, ska/ reggae/ punk stuff from the UK here. The songs are quite reminiscent of Citizen Fish (and even some Clash stuff), only mellower with less rockin' punk parts. I guess you could call it "Citizen Fish Lite." Either way, it's a nice refreshing break from the standard punk stuff. Tastes great, less filling. Recommended. (BVH)
(D.S.A.A.: C/O Box 8, 82 Colston St. Bristol, UK)

Ashley Stove-Songs Of Soups And Stews, 7"

Odd melodic rock with some cool sounds and uncommon chords, parts of it are quite eclectic. If it were more structured I would call it straight rock n' roll. Even though it is rather original, it is not very attention grabbing nor exceptionally energetic. (JB)
(Amish Records / POB 5664 / Newark, DE 19714)

Ashley Von Hurter and the Haters- S/T, 10"

Kinda reminds me of the eighties in review sung through Ashley Von Hurter and the Haters. One song with male vocals the other 5 with female. Side one: Very Uneventful. Side two: Better, one song fast, two songs sounding a lot like Bikini Kill. Could have been a 7" worth of good material. (EA)
(Over the Counter, PO Box 35, Providence, RI 02901)

The Ass Baboons of Venus, 7"

I guess I'm not artsy enough, because I just don't get it. That's okay though, because if this is what you have to listen to to be artsy, I'd rather be an ingrate. Really fucked up, annoying lounge/keyboard/art music. Please keep this away from me in the future. Please. (BVH)
(Stingy Banana Records: 335 E 10th St. #3-E, N.Y., N.Y. 10009)

The Ass Baboons of Venus, 7"

Doo-doo. (AG)
(Stingy Banana 335 E 10th St. - #3-E NY NY 10009)

Autumn-Wire Hangers, 7"

There are 4 songs here, all done in a slow, metal influenced Hardcore style that is at times similar to Strain, although always



far more on the rock side than Strain ever are. The vocals are terrible, sounding like a mid-80's glam metal singer trying to sing Emo. (Traditional Emo-core, not Gravity/Ebullition style.) If he would just scream and yell instead of holding out clean notes this could be awesome. In fact, he does just this on the song "Wrong" and it works well. Here's hoping that's the direction they go from now on. (DL)
(Nevermore Records P.O. Box 4145 Trenton, NJ 08610)

Beef-Piel's Sessions, 7"

Distorted garage rock with distorted and muffled vocals. It rocks from time to time, but it needs a bit more fullness to the sound. Songs revolving around food, weed, nitrous, and booze which are the four major food groups for any self respecting grunge rocker. Lots of swearing and generalized shit talking but there not enough punch in the music to be offending, and the lyrics don't make a whole lot of sense anyway. (JB)
(Kranepool Records/ Box 7164 / Capitol Station / Albany, NY 12244)

The Bevis Frond-Dolly Bug, 7"

This unusual little band sounds a lot like an old 80s new wave pop combo. Like the Cars. (remember them?) This band is nice, weird, dark, light, familiar, alien..Not for everyone, but I certainly enjoyed it.(JM)
(Damaged Goods Records, no address given)

Blanks '77-Speed 5"

I'm a sucker for a 5" it's true. I know some people can't play them. I don't care. However when it gets down to the music of this little single I'm not as impressed. No where close to what I expect from Blanks these days. They can do a lot better, so look elsewhere unless you want the novelty, because there's plenty better '77 style stuff out there. (WD)
(Headache, no address)

Bloodlet-Eclectic, CD

I mean, come on, the name is "Bloodlet." The CD starts, and coinciding with that you look on the back and see the victory label. This does not surprise you. Slow metally, almost NYHC-style hardcore. Chugga, one of their song names is "conditioned to the pain." Heh, this is good stuff, but it's definitely slower than the norm.(MB)
(Victory; POB 146546; Chicago, IL 60614)

Boba Fett Youth, LP

Goofy punk rock played by a bunch of Star Wars fanatics. This band has improved since their first 7", but they still play borderline-poppy punk with snotty, nasal vocals, which can get slightly annoying at times but works for the most

part. Lyrics that are mainly political, with a personal slant. The packaging is pretty cool, a nice cover and neat-looking lyric sheet. Pretty OK. (SM)

(Bucky Records / PO Box 72671 / Las Vegas, NV 89170)

...But Alive/I Spy, split 7"

Let me start by saying that this record started out with major points against it due to the fact that they mislabeled the speed on both sides. However, in spite of this fact, this record smokes like nobody's business. I Spy is a really good Canadian pop-punk band that sings about how much drinking sucks (excellent choice of lyrics) and plays pretty damn fast too. ...But Alive is a German band that musically is obviously inspired by the melodic HC of California and vocally is highly reminiscent of German industrial pioneers Einzturzende Neubaten (apologies if I muffed the spelling there) which is very cool. Good stuff with cool anti-establishment lyrics. (GG)

(Campground Records PO Box 18133 Portland, OR 97218-0133)

Cain-There Is No Tomorrow, EP CD

Well, if Pearl Jam was heavily influenced by Bad Religion, this might be what would happen. The thing is, I think they have some cool messages and intentions behind the music, and definite "punk" ideals. Unfortunately, the style just doesn't do it for me- it's too "alternative rock". I hate it when I really want to like a band but I just can't. (JP)

(Missing Music/ PO Box 796 Palo Alto, Ca 94302-0796)

Catfight-Mamie Van Doren b/w Clover Girl, 7"

All female power pop with a tight and solid sound. Silly lyrics that just make the record all that more charming. Recommended. (MH)

(Worrybird Disk; PO Box 95485; Atlanta GA 30347)

Chelsea's Gone Under-s/t CDEP

Fucking brilliant. This entire CD (3 songs) was recorded & improvised in one take in one day. Piano, guitar and drums. Noisy, surprising, beautiful. This kind of experimentation in punk rock should be encouraged & done more often. (DS)

(Conquer the World PO box 40282 Redford MI 48240)

Chester - Pale Words 7"

Definitely in the emo-pop vein of Jawbreaker, Fugazi, Split Lip and others. When the vocalist goes ball's out and screams, Chester strikes a heavy nerve. When he reduces his words into the occasional softer, spoken emo inflections, the band loses a bit of its attractive edge. Otherwise, this isn't bad at all. (BC)

(New Granada, PO Box 291044, Tampa, FL 33687-1044)

Chicane/Scary Monsters-split 7"

Scary Monsters are a dangerously catchy band that sound something like an indie-rock-like Sex Pistols (but with a good drive to it, and no sign of Johnny Rotten's high-pitched bellows) Chicane was also really catchy. Like a Fat Wreck Chords pop-punk band. Like the goddamn No-Use-For-A-Name band. But I liked Chicane more than them. One song from each band, though. (JM)

(Dyslexic Records, 528 White Oak, Roselle, IL 60172)

The Chinese Millionaires-White Collar Criminals, 7"

Feedbacky mid tempo rock with AM radio sounding vocals. Good gosh lots of feedback, annoyingly so. Faintly (and I mean very faintly) reminds me of old Social Distortion, however not nearly as good. I'm not even gonna listen to side two. (MM)
(\$3 ppd. from Punkity Rockity Records PO Box 6014 East Lansing, MI 48826)

Chopper-Porcelain, 7"

British punk used to be an ugly entity that put a scare into good mommys everywhere. I know that my mom would have hated a lot of the late 70's stuff from that region. But not this. This sounds like it was sung by Tiny Tim from "A Christmas Carol." At the risk of sounding jockish I'm calling this "wusspunk." Avoid this at all costs, unless you happen to like lame candy assed pop "punk." I don't. (GG)
(Crackle PO Box HP49 Leeds LS6 4XL UK)

Clem-Wichita, 7"

Not so bad semi-pissed emo-punk. Actually, this is pretty ding-tootin' good. Good up-beat, dang near-rockin', choppy, punchy, and emo-without-being-self-indulgent-or-depressing-sort-of-like Fugazi's-Steady-Diet-era-stuff-without-actually-sounding-anything-like-it-maybe-because-there's-a-bit-of-sXe-posi-core-thrown-in songs, and three of 'em too. Buy it. (AG)

(Coolidge57 Coolidge Terr. Wyckoff, NJ 07481-2504)

Coalesce-7"

Since the release of this 7", Coalesce have gone on to release material on Earache Records. That should give you a little insight as to their style. Heavy, intense, noisy Hardcore with not a weak point to be found. If you listen to Hardcore, your record collection will not be complete until this is in it. (DL)

(Chapter Records P.O.B. 40901 San Francisco, CA 94140)

Copper-drag queen, CD

Total pop, with evidence and archaeology of a hardcore/emo background. There is a female singer that stands out as particularly good on some songs, but sometimes



she sounded a tad off. It's like pop with a hardcore-emo beat, if that makes any sense. It's does to me. You can actually hear evidence of the 80's and it's wonderful. They even cover a Morrissey song (this is a good thing, even though their version doesn't particularly do justice). S'all good. The more melodic they go, the more ya love 'em. (MB)

(evr; 111 w. 24th st. 6th floor; NYC, NY 10011)

Corn Fed- 1986 e.p., 7"

This could be great... I love lo-fi but this sounds like it was recorded in a cardboard box. The only problem is that you can't tell what the singer is talking about and with song titles like "Riot Grrrls vs. Models INC.", "The Rock Star Ballad of Thrills and Woes" I want to know what they are saying. Come on give us something we can understand or print us the lyrics. Worth your minimum wage dollar punk. (EA)

(Resort Theory, 1796 Poplar Ave#11, Memphis, TN 38104)

Cowboy Killers-Eddy's Leg, 7"

Off continent these kids kick a heavy gangsters and draw rock and roll to it's own melodic ends. Pretty slick and leaning one the foundations of an unfounded means, the notes carry that leg too far from healed. Yeah, yeah, you could say it's a kick. (J.Z.)

(Ransom Note, P.O.Box 40164, Bellevue, WA 98015)

Crawdad, 7"

This two alt. rock tunes from this three piece NY band features mediocre song writing, less than average energy, and a whole lot of boredom. (JB)

(Kranepool Records/ Box 7164 / Capitol Station / Albany, NY 12224)

Crown of Thornz-Train Yard Blues LP

Jeezus. When I was 14 I stopped listening to this music, and for a while now I've thought that everyone had stopped doing it because they realized that metal-tinged hardcore about tough guys was kinda goofy. Well, color me wrong with a can o' Krylon-people are still doing it. And it's a whole lot goofier. (DS)

(Equal Vision Records)

Crown Roast 7"

An extremely lo-fi 7" of noisy, grinding hardcore songs with screamy vocals and heavily distorted guitars. Some parts are pretty good, others are pretty unlistenable. Sounds like the record

has been listened to a whole bunch of times on a really bad record player, but it hasn't—it's just low quality. Fans of the sludgy and heavy take note—as for me, I doubt I'll listen to this again. (SM)

(Little Deputy Records / PO Box 7066 / Austin, TX 78713-7066)

Dahlia Seed-Valentine Kid's Litter, CD

It starts off with the pop-emo thing going on and the singer comes in and she fits really well with the music. You can definitely hear all the influences of all of the different genres that are currently around in this stuff. You want to hear this. Almost like all the good parts of heavens to betsy and with a more melodic singer. They could fit on K or they could fit on Lookout. Good stuff. (MB)

(theologian; 200 Pier Ave., Suite 2; Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

Damnation-No More Dreams of Happy Endings LP

Fuck, this is what I call production! When the guitars hit on this record, it's like being leveled by a goddamn steamroller! I swear there must be about twenty guitar tracks playing at once on this record. God damn, I think I'm getting a hernia just listening to this! Competent hardcore, good vocalist. Insane insane insane guitars. (DS)

(Jade Tree 2310 Kennwynn Rd. Wilmington DE 19810)

Dampading-s/t 7"

Hello full-on crazy! This is a great record. It's slow & noisy. This thing is fucking packed full of sound. The vocals just creep in through an open crack in the music. You go guys! (DS)

(Decoder Ring Records 3628 Park St. Suite #33 Jacksonville FL 32205)

Das Clown/All Day-split 7"

All Day sounds like kind of a faster version of the UKSubs, I liked these guys!

Das Clown sounds like a more scary, warped version of Boris the Sprinkler.

They don't suck near as bad I just made them sound, though.

Likeable, Crazy, Looney. (JM)
(Know Records, POB 4830, Long Beach, CA 90804)

Dead and Gone-T.V. Baby, 12"

It says on the back "produced by Dead and Gone and Billie Joe Armstrong" and I can't help but wonder if this is that certain

Billie Joe Armstrong that I've heard rumors of helping bands with his (not so) recent success as a punk rocker. Regardless, I found this record quite enjoyable. D&G combine straight forward punk rock with a pinch of emo-esque dischord-edness (did I just make up two words or what?). A welcome change to most of the

drivel that gets sent my way. (MM)
(Prank PO Box 4120892 San Francisco, CA 94141-0892)

Deadguy-Fixation on a Co-Worker, CD

These guys are fucking heavy as fucking hell. GOT IT? Super hardcore, in every sense of the word. You can't get any chunkier. (There's a reason it's on Victory..). At times it reminds me of 1.6 band with really weird guitar parts, but just super heavy. Not punk-HARDCORE. (WD)

(Victory)

Dead Silence-Hell, How Could We Make Any More Money Than This?, 7"

The band's music is pretty much just 2-chord punkcore. What makes the band remarkable is their message, their ethics, and their sense of humor. I personally liked the 14-page zine that came with it more than the music on the 7 inch. I'll give you a quote from them and maybe you'll get the idea: "Special thanks to Epitaph for pulling the money grubbing losers up and out of our scene so they can have heroin habits and kill themselves off as quickly as possible." (JM)

(Profane Existence, POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN 55408)

Dead Voices on Air-Shap, CD

One of those ambient noise bands that sound like the parts of the Skinny Puppy songs that don't have a drum a machine, or the beginning of a Supertramp megapopus. Noise artists creating background music to meditate to. (DC)

(Invisible Records, Chicago, IL)

Default-Restraint, 7"

This is the second 7" by these guys and loads of improvement has occurred. This fucking shreds. It's like Drop Dead mixed with Capitalist Casualties with dual vocalists, a little melodic bass, and a touch of noisy chaos (I wouldn't dare use the word emo...) thrown in. They are very good. though and everything is extremely catchy and rolls smoothly. I can't say enough. If you like fast hardcore, you should have this by now. (WD)

(Anomie; Cheruserstra B e 3; 44793 Bochum; Germany)

Despise You/Suppression, split 7"

Holy Smoke! an all out grind fest! A total of 18 songs at 45 rpm... you get the picture, fast (and I do mean fast... really, really fast) and furious. Despise You do a Circle Jerks cover for all us old schoolers and seven other gems with male and female vocals trading off. Suppression offer their delightful blend of noise filled grind with dueling male vocalists. Simply amazing, get this record. (MM)

Slap a Ham (no address given)





Dick Circus-Holy Rollers +6, 7"

Straight forward Southern California hardcore with male and female vocals. Kinda sloppy but lots of fun. Some silly lyrics, and some dealing with topics such as religion and homophobia. "Gay is Okay" with its sing-a-long chorus, is the best tune on this 7 song EP. Overall, it's worth picking up. (MH)
(It's Alive Records; 900 Azalea St.; Oxnard CA 93030)

Diesel Boy-Strap on Seven Inch, 7"

I wouldn't be lying if I said Fat Wreck Chords and left it at that. But that'd be wrong. Catchy, hooky, melodic hardcore, a bit more poppy than most in fact, this is really good. Happy? It's good, you should be. (WD)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

Dimestore Haloes, CS

Poppy '77 punk like it can be good to hear. Not bad, not mind-boggling, heartbreaking, or anger-inducing, but good background music for sitting on the sidewalk and being punk rock. However, that's not what stands out to me about this cassette. What it is is that they REQUESTED me to review their thing. This is a good thing. This is a Very Good Thing. It's a hell of an ego boost. If you want a better review (this particular review isn't that clouded, but some would definitely be) and you know that actions of the reviewers, by all means. Just don't request me if it sucks, good thing this doesn't. (MB)
(Chaz Matthews; POB 391785; Cambridge, MA 02139)

Disciples Of Agriculture- s/t, CD

Well, I suppose anyone with a strong interest in agriculture would look for a new way to create fertilizer, right? This sounds an awful lot like country folk playing Pearl Jam. (JP)
(Krone Pool/ Box 7146 Capital Station Albany, NY 12224-0164)

Discordance Axis/Plutocracy, split 7"

Two super fast grind bands here, both interesting, but not necessarily great. D.A. reminds me of No Comment because of their incredible tightness for such high speeds and the goofy shit they throw in. However, they repeat ideas (musically) too much, and the songs should be way shorter. Plutocracy, is funny and does some really zany things, but it gets a little annoying when they draw it out as long as they do. Both bands I think are capable of doing a lot better is what I'm trying to say, but don't get me wrong this is still actually quite swell. Grind fans will eat it up. (WD)
(Slap-a-Ham; POB 420843; San Fran, CA 94142-0843)

Emily's Sassy Lime-Desperate, Scared, but Social LP

Poppy, garagey, lo-fi girl punk. Nice nice nice. Yeah yeah yeah! As if that wasn't

enough, there is a whole back-story to the band ala NOU. Go buy now you. (DS)
(Kill Rock Stars 120 State Ave NE 415 Olympia WA 98501)

Engine Kid-s/t 7"

I tell ya, this damn Troublman Unlimited record company comes out of nowhere and just starts releasing all these consistently good records. What the fuck can you do, ya know? Engine Kid is no exception to Troublman's exacting standards. This is crazy slow, crazy noisy, crazy lyrics music. Buzzing, rattling, screaming. Bowel rupturing shit here. I can't get enough, buddy. (DS)
(Troublman Unlimited 16 Willow St. Bayonne NJ 07002)

Everready-Kalifornia, 7"

A reissue of this 7" from one of San Diego's better bands. This material is redone on one of their CDs, and I prefer those versions to these. In any case, this is a disc of decent melodic punk preserved by Mutant Pop, the label that will appreciate its mention in this review. (BC)
(\$3 ppd. to Mutant Pop Records, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330)

Everready-County Transit System, 7"

If your into the POP, buy it. (MD)
(\$3 Mutant Pop Records 5010 N. Shasta Corvallis, OR 97330)

Everready-Girl - 7"

Very well produced snotty pop punk. Has a 70's feel to it ala Stiff Little Fingers or Sham 69. Nice sleeve, but I wish there was a lyric sheet. Otherwise, totally cool. (MH)
(Skene!; PO Box 4522; St. Paul MN 55104)

Everready-Fairplay, CD

The fourth everready review in a row, ready to vomit yet? Anyway, these guys are quite good, nice catchy pop-punk that I enjoy a lot. But you've read this review three times already... It's just good. (WD)
(Liquid Meat; POB 460692; Escondido, CA 92046)

External Menace- Pure Punk Rock, CD

When reading the liner notes, it seems as if this band has been through a lot and this is somewhat a tribute to their old singer, who passed away. It took them a while to continue on, but listening to the CD, it was definitely a good idea. Upbeat,

old school, Oi-punk- lots of energy, upbeat, dance until you can't. Definitely good. (JP)
(Ahoy, no address)

Faroutski, 7"

Nothing incredibly rockin'. Not terrible. Nice cover idea, creative way to hold a seven inch. Basic three chord stuff. (MD)
(\$5 Barney Farouski Driesstraat 31-B 8553 SD Zvevegem Belgie)

Farside, CD ep

A nice progression for these boys, at the same time as they've picked up a bit more power and speed, they have also added more of an emo edge that kind of reminds me of Split Lip. Four very good songs that any poppy emo fan would be ashamed not to like. The layout is very funny too (and I don't just mean the silly pictures...). I'm not a big fan of the two acoustic bonus songs. They drone and get really alone. (WD)
(Revelation; POB 5232; Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5232)

Fault-s/t, cs

Weird, bad emo-ish stuff done by one guy with drum machine beats on a four track. As Will said, "It's got its downs, and its not so downs." (AG)
(Vemacular RecordsBox 3013 Wayne NJ 074743013)

Ferd Mert-Best Friends, 7"

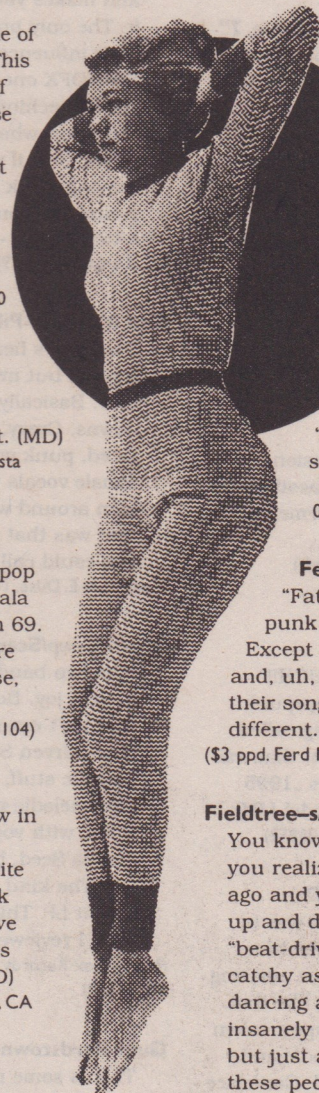
"Fat Wreck Chords" sounding pop punk in a "No Use For a Name" vein. Except funnier, and more enjoyable, and, uh, they don't suck. You remember their songs later on. They're the same, but different. But the same. Enjoyable! (JM)
(\$3 ppd. Ferd Mert, POB 7812, St. Paul, MN 55107)

Fieldtree-s/t 7"

You know a record has a good beat when you realize the needle stopped a while ago and you're still bobbing your head up and down. This is what I define as a "beat-driven" record. The first side is just catchy as all hell, within seconds you're dancing around your room to this insanely fast beat. The b-side is slower, but just as punchy. I want more from these people. (DS)
(Lonely Kid Records PO box 401281 Redford MI 48240)

The Fiendz- We're The Fiendz, CD

This CD is a lot of fun! Old school pop punk that sounds like it is inspired, I mean, REALLY inspired by the Ramones. This is a collection of songs from 1987-1995 and it's just cute, happy, jump





around and sing along punk. You can't go wrong with that. (JP)

(Black Pumpkin/ PO Box 676 Totowa, NJ 07512)

Flag of Democracy / Ninefinger, split 7"

F.O.D., a band that has been around next to forever (or they got back together, I'm not sure which) does a cover of the Go-Gos song "Head Over Heels" as well as one original. Good hardcore, lousy production. Ninefinger do "In the Black" by Faith, which is a midtempo rocker. The vocals are so buried they are nearly inaudible. Nothing outstanding about this record, but it doesn't totally suck either. (MH)

(Deaf American; #3 Bethel Church Rd.; Dillsburg PA 17019)

Flaming Demonics-Nothing is Definitive, 7"

This sounds pretty good for being recorded on a walkman. Yeah, they really recorded it on a walkman! Punk. This is pretty weird music, sort of hardcore, sort of something else. In places it almost sounds industrial by how the parts repeat so much, but it's not, really. A lot of screaming at the end of some songs. Overall, I enjoyed it. It gives me visions of kids in some dark room in France, pounding on their instruments while someone stands in front of them holding a walkman. (SM)

(A.P.M.C. BP6 75462 Paris CDX 10 France)

Frammenti-s/t, 7"

After my own heart with their visions; their booklet and graphic style aestheticizing the age. Italian words, impermeable melodies. (J.Z.)

(Luca Saini, via Bagetti 12 10143 Torino (Italy?))

Fudge DaddyOs-Excitement! 7"

Yeah, this band is terrible.

"Promoters/Labels, GET IN TOUCH!!"

Yeah right!...noise metal with pop-punk chorus breaks. They have a song called "This martyrs for you."-I thought that was an MTX song, but no: "All songs .1995 Daddy-O Tunes" - Whatever, dude! (JM)

(Computer Crime Records, POB 1684, CT 06852)

Gameface- Time To Get Ready, CD

This band reminds me of when I was in high school and my boyfriend was in a band that I thought was the most amazing band on the earth or something like that. When I put the CD on, I was happy, taken in by the happy poppy, yet melodic and almost emo sounds of this band. Gameface is doing their thing well- this is what I like to see in punk bands. You all should check this out and give them the recognition they deserve. Then the band should come to NY so I can see them play! (JP)

(Dr. Strange/ PO Box 7000-117 Alta Loma, Ca 91701)

Geezer Lake- 7" Picture Disc

This band's music is something else.

There's horns, metal riffs, poppy tunes, noise, and what sounds like Trent Reznor on more speed than even he can afford on vocals. It's like the record came from Mars...I like it! (JM)

(Thick Records, 1013 W. Webster #7, Chicago, IL 60614)

Gob-Too Late ... No Friends CD

I have a problem with this release. That's not to say that I don't like it, because I do. Gob plays a catchy mix of pop and punk, which adds up to that oh-so-popular sound called pop-punk. But it's not your average pop-punk stuff. It's the catchy kind, the kinda stuff you get in the spring that becomes your summer soundtrack and makes you smile whenever you hear it. The only problem is that Gob wears their influences out at times—especially the NOFX one (I don't particularly mind the Screeching Weasel one). So as long as you know what your getting into, Gob rocks. But, if you're jaded at all towards the pop-punk scene, avoid it. Me? I'm gonna keep on listening. (BVH)

(Mint Records: #699 - 810 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V5Z 4C9)

God Is My Co-Pilot

I've always heard this band's name around but never listened to them until now. Basically, it has its ups and its downs. Crazy, discordant, noisy, polka-laced, punk with toy-instruments and female vocals which makes your head spin around wondering just what the hell that was that just hit you. Weird? I guess you could call it that ... (BVH)

(Runt: Viale E. Duse, 16/a - 50137 Firenze, Italy)

Green Sleep/Scarab-A Fine Proposal- split 7"

This two-band, four-song, pink vinyl 7" is quite a joy. Both band play upbeat music that isn't exactly pop-punk, but sure is good. Green Sleep play guitar-thick melodic stuff, it's really rad. Scarab also play melodic music, but not as guitar thick, with vocals that remind me of Dahlia Seed, but higher, and it sure is rad too. The kind of split 7" that you wish was a split LP. This is my favorite of all the stuff I reviewed this month. (SM)

(Motherbox Records / 60 Denton Ave. / East Rockaway, NY 11518)

Guilt-Bardstown Ugly Box, CD

This is some really cool music. Guilt have a sort of quirky, post Hardcore sound that doesn't sound like you've heard it a dozen times before. The vocals are their greatest liability, however. Sometimes they work, other times.... well... the music's cool. Good lyrics and intricate, unpredictable song writing make this a better than average release in a genre where average is

about all we usually seem to get.. (DL)
(Victory Records (address elsewhere))

H20-seveninch, 7"

One of the three billion three distorted chord bands. I sense a pattern, slowly every band will sound like this. Not terrible, but nothing exciting. (MD)

(Equal Vision Records 111 w. 24st 6th floor NY, NY 10011-1912)

Hal Al Shedad/Inkwell, split 7"

H.A.S. is a cool noisy emo band. They create a nice swirling effect. Very discordant with scratchy talk/scream vocals. Inkwell is more hardcore in that they are more abrasive and make you want to jump up and down. Both bands do good emo stuff in different mannerisms. Very nice. (WD)

(Lunchbox; POB 55361; Atlanta, GA 30308)

Hell No!-Adios Armageddon, LP

This is really good rockish, er-no-ish punk that lots of people will like a lot, but the record packaging is funny enough that the few people that couldn't get into the music will want to lay down the cash to get this. The fake bio sheets that seem to mock Epitaph promo packages are great, great great. You'll love this record. (AG)

(Reservoir)

Her Number Thirteen-Watch the Fig 7"

This is what I like, baby. Interesting music that has a lot of dynamic changes in it, not to mention a lot of repetition of like two notes. Just enough vocal, oddly mixed—you know, kinda tinny. Crazy melodic guitars that are out of synch & tune with each other. This is what this is all about for me. I can't get enough. (DS)

(Woodson Lateral PO Box 95203 Seattle WA 98145-2203)

Heroine-Virtual Mortality, CD

Unbelievably bad, even as goth metal, which it often is trying to be. Any record that thoroughly wastes a national treasure like Isaac Hayes on a stupid spoken word break and then hypes it on the front of the CD deserves to be broken on the wheel. Other songs are a varied mix of bad alter-no-rock, bad metal funk, bad death metal and just bad. They make Jane's Addiction sound like Shellac. Oh, and the lead singer is named "Thirteen." (DC)

(Masquerade Recordings, 695 North Ave., N.E. Atlanta, GA 30308)

Hi-Standard-California Dreamin'

The A-side is a rocking cover of the title song (one of my favorite oldies for sure...) which is done in a super fast pooppy vein. The other side is pretty much standard pop-punk with a bit more speed. I think the A-side is all I'll ever listen to, but for



me it's worth it for that alone. (WD)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

Hitmen, ep

88 Fingers Louie fans take note! The Hitmen continue the work of the 88 Fingers crew in defining the Chicago HC sound for the 1990's. They have the signature fast punk style with the added touch of the Gorilla Biscuits late 80's SxE sound just for good measure. Pretty darn good I'd say. Another fine release from regional Chi-town label Rocco Records. (GG)
(Rocco Records PO Box 14781 Chicago, IL 60614-0781)

The Humpers- Live Forever or Die Trying, CD

Whoa, the HUMBERS on EPITAPH. Hmmmm, now I can't say that the Red Aunts are the only good thing on the close to major label. Fuck Yeah, this is what Rock N Roll, Rebellion and punk rock are/were/should be about. Listening to this disc I could sing along the first time because around half of the songs are rerecorded from previous releases. Nothing wrong considering how hard their stuff is to find. Throw in a version of "Protex Blue", a great Clash song and we have a winner. Essential. (EA)
(Epitaph, address check Spin or Rolling Stone or MTV)

Thee Hydrogen Terrors- The Erotic Adventures Of, LP

What is the point. Go ahead give me an album with interesting artwork of terrorists, mushroom clouds and gas masks, no insert, what the hell is this about. Finally, throw on the vinyl and be greeted with a repetitive riff of music and maybe a songs with a lyrics spread around six songs (6 songs is not an LP). Should have been a 7", then it may have held some interest. Come on write to me and tell me the point, your mission. (EA)
(Load Records, no address)

I Fichissimi-Un Mondo Fichissimo, 7" ep

I Fichissimi play pop punk very similar to "Boogada" era Screeching Weasel, both lyrically and musically. Sung in their native Italian, the lyrics are translated into English for us non-Italian speaking folks. There are nice explanations of the songs as well. Very nicely done. (MM)
(\$5 ppd. from Abbestia! Records c/o Andrea Pomini, Via Goito 29, 10064 Pinerolo (Torino) Italy)

The Impotent Sea Snakes - God Save the Queens, CD

Well, this starts off pretty good. It sounds sorta like Gwar, except the music is being played by drag queens and the lyrics are mostly sex related. Unfortunately, the gimmick wears thin after a couple of songs and it becomes just another bad glam rock band. Their cover of "Sympathy

for the Devil" is pretty cool. In fact, this would have made a good 7", with "Chicks with Dicks" on side one, and "Sympathy..." on side 2. (MH)

(Masquerade Recordings; 695 North Ave NE; Atlanta GA 30308)

International Jet Set-s/t 7"

Man, another fucking Japanese band that kicks my ass! This a poppy release with a pretty serious emo side to it too. God, I can't get over how fucking good this is!! It's hooky as all hell, but has a beat that just starts driving & won't stop until you're there. (DS)
(Snuffy Smile 4-24-4-302
Daizawa Setagaya-Ku Tokyo 155 Japan)

Johnathon Fire- Eater, CD

Think about what would happen if the early Rolling Stones and the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion had a band together. They would probably sound like this. Songs were a little long averaging about 4-5 minutes a piece. Nine songs on this disc and the song "Lemonade" could make the disc worth a purchase. (EA)
(Third World Underground, PO Box 43342, Tucson, AZ 85733)

John Cougar Concentration Camp, CD

I think this is the first album from these guys and over all its a decent effort, although lacks the special "oomph" of a really stand out LP. There are some good songs though. The cutesy funny track, "Half Assed Jedi" is pretty cool, with samples from "Empire Strikes Back." I guess this would fall into melodi-punk parameters but throws in some gruff style vocals to keep you honest. Not bad, but not outstanding by any means. (GG)
(Second Guess Records PO Box 9382 Reno NV 89507)

Johnny Bravo-She's Walking Out Again 7"

From what I understand, this record was sent to me (and a few others) in hopes that I (we) would like it, and thus give it a good review. Well, I hate to let people down but I'm afraid I must. Boring rock music about girls and relationships gone bad [that's ok, they also sent it to Greg Gartland, who said "this is just plain

lame" and me, who thinks it's below average pop-punk drivel, sorry boys your plans failed-Will]. Way too typical... I must admit the stage names are okay though... Dee Stroy and Lou Zah. (MM)

(Lo-Mag Music 114 South St. Hingham, Mass. 02043)

Joltergeist, 7"

Horrible sounding mid-tempo punk with vocals that are utter shit. Didn't the band realize when recording this (or anytime preceding then) that this sounds really stinkin' bad? Obviously not. Sucky, sucky. (BC)
(\$3 ppd. to PO Box 457, Redondo Beach, CA 90277)

Judge Nothing, 7"

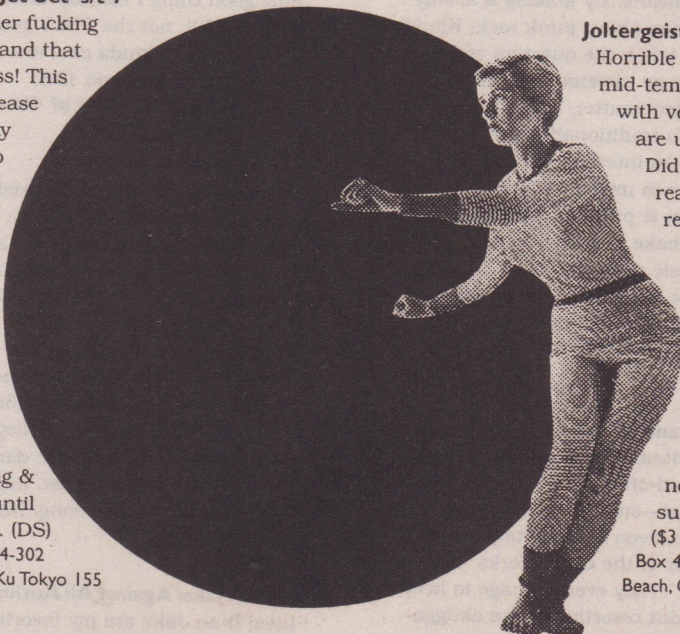
Ok this here slab is a rerelease of an older rekkid produced by two guys from one of the two most over rated punk bands of all time, ALL (The other being the Descendents, but I'll shut up now before I piss off 90% of the readers) The music itself is pretty crappy, slow and droning lame-rock, with one exception- "No" is a more rockin' number. Makes me think that maybe their valium ran out right before they wrote it. Whatever the reason, its a big departure from the other tracks but still pretty weak. (GG)
(Parasol Mail Order 202 South First St. Champaign IL 61820)

Killing Time-Brightside, CD

Straight forward old school New York Hardcore. I remember a friend calling me up back when this originally came out (End '89, or early '90) and telling me about how it was even better than the Gorilla Biscuits LP. I didn't agree with him about that, and I still don't, but this is really great, classic stuff. Along with the "Brightside" LP you also get the "Raw Deal" demo and the more rock-ish "Happy Hour" EP. I'd go as far as to call this crucial. (DL)
(Victory Records P.O. Box 146546 Chicago, IL 60614)

Kingdom Scum-Punk, LP

No matter how much it may pain me, I'm going to do this review without any conjecture as to whether this release is





"punk" or not, although Kingdom Scum have left themselves wide open by putting out an album of mostly hip-hop type songs and titling it "Punk". The music on this album is essentially unlistenable, but there is a point to it all. Most of the lyrics have something to do with punk, and what it all means. By making a mostly hip-hop album about punk rock, Kingdom Scum have taken the question of "what is punk" to a new extreme. The songs have "punk" subject matter, but the songs aren't what's traditionally considered punk rock. An interesting concept, but my criticism lies in my belief that the question of "what is punk" is not important enough to make a whole album of unlistenable music dedicated to it. To their credit, there are some parts of this album that are extremely funny. (SM)

(Eerie Materials / PO Box 420816 / San Francisco, CA 94142)

La Gritona-Frank White 7"

I like La Gritona. They pull off three dark, heavy, pissed-off hardcore numbers in the vein of B'last—only less avant-garde. They do, however, even manage to pull off a decent cover of the Circle Jerks "Deny Everything." They even manage to keep it heavy without resorting to the chugga-chugga metal riffs of today's hardcore bands. A good choice for those burned out on the squeaky-clean, sanitized, modern-day, metallic hardcore of today, but still thirsting for some genuinely pissed-off heaviness. (BVH)

(Chainsaw Safety Records: 85-16 88th Avenue, Woodhaven, NY 11421)

Lagwagon- Hoss, CD

This is some of the best punk stuff I have heard in quite some time. It's as if lately the music that has been coming out is quite uninspired. Thankfully, Lagwagon put it all out with some catchy, dancy, upbeat tunes. It sounds a lot like what would happen if Propagandhi's and All had some sort of a band-child. Really good, and stays in sync with the Fat Wreck Chords winning record of releases. (JP)

(Fat Wreck Chords)

The Larry Brrrds - Rushville +3, 7"

It's that familiar fast pop punk we've all grown to love and/or hate. They are from Ohio, but sound like they should be from the Bay Area. This is well done and fun and exactly the stuff that is popular with the kids right now, so you'll probably like it. They get points in my book for including a lyric sheet, which is all too uncommon nowadays. I should point out that I'm not saying that LB is playing their music because it's popular... their sound just fits within the stuff that everyone is currently eating up. Anyway, I promise,

you'll like this. (MH)

(Rhetoric Records; PO Box 82; Madison, WI 53701)

Laurels-s/t 7"

Man, the name of this label, Thick Records, is no lie. This is the thickest slab of vinyl I've ever seen. Too bad this is the only good thing I can say about this record. Well, not the ONLY good thing, the picture disk is kinda cool too. But the music blows, big time. (DS)

(Thick Records 1013 W. Webster #7 Chicago IL 60614)

Lemming/Apeface- Split 7"

Lemming is a kinda amateurish girl/boy hardcore band. Unfortunately, the boy who at first is "growling"...like, lets loose this super high SCREECH. Kinda unconvincing. They really aren't that bad, though. They sound like an old '81 D.C. hardcore combo. Apeface: Hmmm, their guitarist hits a bunch of sour notes, and their drummer doesn't sound very into it. But they have a good vocalist. They keep "the punk beat," and play some dark Halloween sounding stuff on the first, and like, pocore on the second song. Not bad. (JM)

(No address given)

Less Than Jake/ Against All Authority, split 7"

Less Than Jake are my favorite ska-punk band right now, and they don't disappoint with their two songs on here. One is an original and the other is a cover of Duran Duran's "Hungry Like The Wolf", a song that was fun in the 80's and is even more fun now. Upbeat and fun, LTJ could rule the world (or something like that). Against All Authority are ska-punk with a slightly harder influence. They do "Hard As Fuck" and a cover of J. Giles Band's "Angel in The Centerfold". A really fun record. (JP)

(Far Out/ PO Box 14361 Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302)

Lickity Split-Cook Off, 7"

Four songs of upbeat by-the-numbers pop-punk. Nothing at all to get excited about, but it is pretty energetic, and I must say it is the best record I've reviewed this month. (JB)

(Lickity Split /POB 92141/ Henderson, NV 89009)

Life After Johnny-s/t, 7"

These guys are basically a DIY version of the Vindictives, with the vocals turned up louder. It's actually pretty catchy (though not totally poppy) and they're really nice about the prices (JM)

(1 dollar to Idaho residents, 2 dollars elsewhere: Life After Johnny, 312 Elder St., Nampa, ID 83686)

Life After Life-s/t, 7"

Horrorshow. But all that Eric B.'s tentacles touch is not gold. Grumbles of foreign macabre and oddball tones, to which I tip my hat. Hmmm very interesting. (J.Z.)

(AT, P.O.Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

Lifter Puller-7"

This sounds like it could be a Flaming Lips record or something... pure indie pop here. The problem is that Lifter Puller (what kind of a name is Lifter Puller anyway? I mean come on, you guys could think of a better name than that.) only wish they were half as good as the Flaming Lips. Trite, contrived, and very boring. Not to mention the production sucks. (MM)

(Crisp Recording Co. 3308 Colfax Ave S. Minneapolis, MN 55408)

Lifter Puller 7"

Jangly guitars and nice vocals make me think indie rock, but it isn't as tame as a lot of music in that style. Reminds me a little of older Pavement. The lyrics on the lyric sheet aren't anywhere near the lyrics on the record, but some of the same rhymes are there, which makes it really funny to read along to. This is nice and melodic, I liked it. (SM)

(Skene! / PO Box 4522 / St. Paul, MN 55104)

Liquor Bike - picture disk, 7"

The song "Home Improvement Kit" has the feel of early Green River. This is a good thing. The B side, Superface, is more of a melodic rocker that lasts way too long and that I don't get into as much as the A side. Nifty picture disc, but I wish Side B was as cool as Side A. Oh well. (MH)

(Thick Records; 1013 W. Webster #7; Chicago IL 60614)

The Living Daylights-The Kids Are Restless, 7"

A rather old school style melodic punk song with female vocals, and plentiful, well done backing vocals. The song is rather slow for the genre and far from spectacular. I actually I felt like I was listening to song from a rock dance scene from the Fame television series. No lyric sheet/insert. (JB)

(Melted Records 21-41 34th Ave Ste. 10A / L.I.C., NY 11106-4321.)

Low-Rent-Souls-Thriving on Rejection, 7"

Just when I thought this was another generic 2-chord band, they turned a twist into radness. Have to give them a little credit for at least attempting to sound different from every other band on earth.

Can't say how much I'll listen to this, but it is definitely worth buying. (MD)

(Peace Creep! Records PO BOX 42451 Portland OR 97242)

Lysergic, 7"

Plodding, mid-tempo, gruff-voiced, power punk. Deep, heavy and not all that interesting. (BC)

(Decoder Ring Records, 3628 Park St., Suite 33, Jax, FL 32205)



Mainspring-Continental 7"

First off, props must be given out for a really nice minimalist design sense on the packaging of this record. Second off, props must be given out for being noisy, without overdoing it and for writing some pretty damn good lyrics. Kinda emo, kinda not, very good! (DS)
(Capsule Records PO Box 970922 Ypsilanti MI 48197)

The Magic Pacer-White Room, CD

Bad electronic doo-doo. We wish we were They Might Be Chants, but we haven't the wit or skill to pull it off. Maybe if you need some bitchin' 8-bit Atari soundtracks then this should be right up yer alley. Otherwise, it lacks any musical merit. I can imagine walking into into a urologist's office Christmas party with music like this playing through a tinny waiting room P.A. God Almighty!!!! This sucks. (AG)
(WIN P.O. Box 26811 LA: CA 90026-0811)

The Magic Splatters, 7"

Basic punk rock from Germany. Doesn't do much for me. (BC)
(Get Happy!! records, Falkensteiner Str.27, 60322 Frankfurt, Germany)

The Make Up- R U A Believer?, 7"

Not the best Make-Up seven inch yet released (for those of you not in the know, the Make Up are the latest post Nation of Ulysses band for Ian Svoneous—or however you spell it), but definitely a good one none the less. This is actually a split between The Make Up & Dub Narcotic, but all Dub Narcotic does is a re-mix of the Make Up song. The song, however is a doozy. Full-on falsetto! I'm a believer, baby. (DS)
(K Records, POB 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)

Man or Astroman?-Deluxe Men in Space, CD

MOAM? on Touch and go? The world keeps getting crazier. There was a little while when I lost faith in these guys a little, all their songs started to sound kinda the same: thin and weak. It was a downhill slide, but now they're picking back up I think, a bit more rocking and with a fuller sound. Good surf stuff, nothing to write poems about but maybe for a little jig. (WD)

(T&G)

The Martians 7"

A two-song 7" of some pretty powerful hardcore with vocals that make me think "tuff-guy" but really aren't too bad, except they don't keep up with the power of the music. He kinda sounds like a fourteen-year-old Henry Rollins trying to sing for the New Bomb Turks (but in a good way). The music sounds like Angel Hair mixed with Circus Lupus and released on

Amphetamine Reptile. I'm really reaching here. Also, nice color cover. (SM)

(Reservation Records / PO Box 7374 / Athens, GA 30604-7374)

McRackins-In On The Yolk, CD

Your typical Ramones rip off band, the only difference being that this bands backing vocals a more melodic, and that, well, they're copy-cats (I am not really implying that The Ramones were original mind you) Relatively competent and boring pop punk fare.

(Shredder Records/75 Plum Tree Lane #3 / San Rafael, CA 94901)

Melt-Banana-It's in the Pillcase 7"

More fucked-up, twisted, art-punk courtesy of Japan. If extremely high-pitched, piercing vocals over fast, noisy-nonsense barely reminiscent of music is your cup of tea, then you should be happy with door #1. If not, just quit the damn game show. This sucks. (BVH)

(Skin Graft Records: P.O. Box 257546 Chicago, IL 60625)

Melting Process-s/t 7"

Emocore is everywhere. Noisy 'core from Germany. Sounds pretty much like the emocore that has been assulting us for a few years now from soca and everywhere else for that matter. Nothing new. Nothing bad though. Some nice catchy stuff, and some ear splitting stuff. All in all, not a bad release by any means. (DS)

(Fucking Kill Records
Goldenbuhl Str. 6 78048
Villingen Germany)

Men's Recovery Project- Normal Man

Huh? NW, at least temporarily ditches the electro-noise that I've come to know and love and releases some ultra-concise hardcore that sort of sounds like abbreviated Bom Against from the old days. Actually, the name list indicates that it's really B.A. with a new name, or M.R.P. with a new line up, or the same line up. Whatever. 12 song 7". Neat. (AG)

(Gravity P.O. Box 91332 San Diego CA 92138)

Mental Decay-Walking Stick, 7"

East coast snare kickin that moves the street dwellers and growls on through the jersey blocks. Sometimes chumpy other times jumpy, well.... (J.Z.)

(\$4ppd, Headache Records, P.O.Box 204, Midland Pk., NJ 07432)

Merel s/t LP

Punchy! Noisy dischoridan hardcore plaid loud & very well. But it doesn't move me much. (DS)
(Gern Blandsten PO Box 356 River Edge NJ 07661)

Metroschifter-Fort Saint CD

I think this is a compilation of a few Metroschifter seven inches. Whatever it is, it's really good. In fact, I'd go so far as to say it's damn good! Really buzzy, drawn out, cleanly recorded guitars. All the music is well crafted & very well played. The lyrics are great. The production on this record is phenomenal (however, the production of the insert & cover leaves something to be desired). But what really counts is the way the record hits you, and it hits you hard. The beat is slow and the emotion is real, an explosive combination; and explode this does. (DS)

(Doghouse records PO Box 8946 Toledo OH 43623)

Miss Murgatroid, 7"

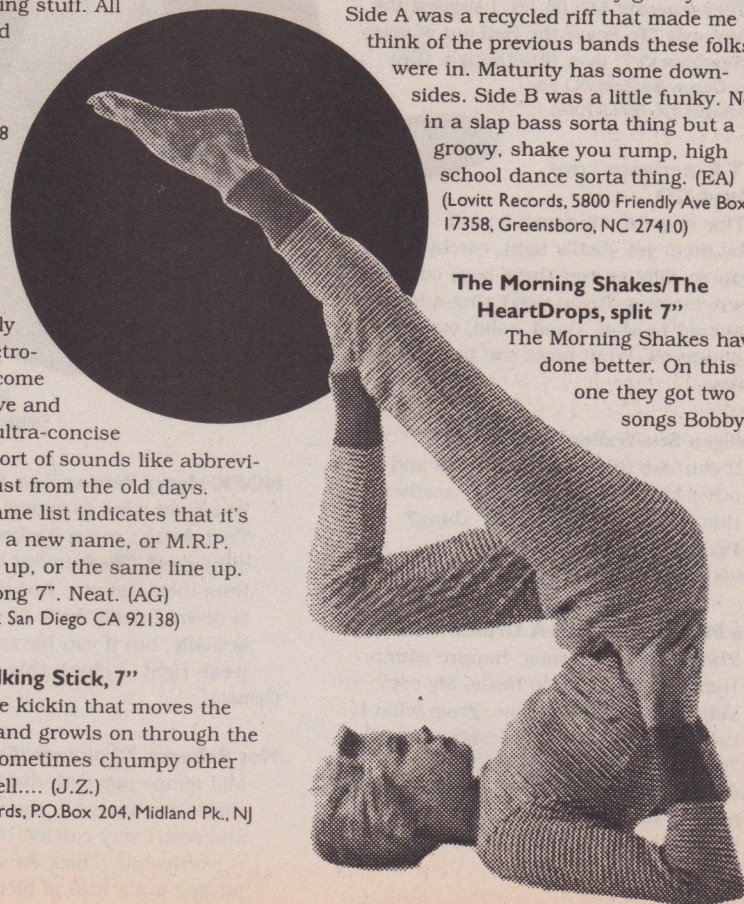
yeah, dude ... (AG)
(#woe 31 P.O. Box 40155 SF CA 94140)

Monorchid- Imposter Costume with Rooted Hair Mask, 7"

Features a whole slew of Washington DC people from Antimony, Circus Lupus and more. Kind of like a care stuck in third gear this record didn't really go anywhere. Side A was a recycled riff that made me think of the previous bands these folks were in. Maturity has some downsides. Side B was a little funky. Not in a slap bass sorta thing but a groovy, shake you rump, high school dance sorta thing. (EA)
(Lovitt Records, 5800 Friendly Ave Box 17358, Greensboro, NC 27410)

The Morning Shakes/The HeartDrops, split 7"

The Morning Shakes have done better. On this one they got two songs Bobby



Seale and Thunderbirdesque. Good, bordering on sounding like B. Childish but somewhere on this side there was an icky Wah sounding solo that make me want to throw the record across the room. The Heartdrops on the other hand (side) with one song Fool for Love. Reminded me of the Damned at times, but not really. The problem with this side is that it feels cold, like the studio was not a fun place. Each instrument sounds separated from the other. The cover shows them live, it would have been better to hear them that way as well. (EA)

(Melted Records, 21-41 34th Ave. Suite 10A, Astoria, NY 11106)

Mosisly-Dead Dreams, 7"

Crust. Like that dream: can't get far enough away, the jailor is catching up to you with great booted feet and you are running in quicksand. Bloody. (J.Z.)

(Peace Creep Records, P.O.Box 42451, Portland OR 97242)

The Motards/Fuckemos, split 7"

Side A, Fuckemos give us metal with some fucked up answering machine vocals on top. Ignore this side, please. Side B, where the action is. Lately this band, the Motards, can do little wrong. Though not their best outing to date they give ya just what you expect. Noisy, high ended, warped feel. If you listened to one of your Teengenerate 45s on 33. I suggest the Motards "To Scare the Hell out of your Neighbors" 7" over this though. (EA)

(Little Deputy Records, PO Box 7066 Austin, TX 78713-7066)

Mr. T Experience-Love is Dead, CD

This is great. My favorite stuff by them yet. Really tight, catchy pop-punk. Silly as ever these boys continue to win me over. If you don't sing-a-long you should be shot. Good, solid, outstanding pop-punk. What more can be said? (WD)

(Lookout...)

Mulligan Stu-Trailer Park Kings, 7"

If you like the Queers, Zoinks! and every other band on earth in that aesthetic but this record. The next "big" thing? Perhaps. (MD)

(Rhetoric Records POB 82 Madisonui 53701)

The Mysterians-Need A Drummer, 7"

They need a drummer. Inquire within. Hypnotic three chord beats. My copy skipped most of the time. From what I could hear it was pretty basic, generic "punk rock." (MD)

(Audio Dogs Records 144 Woodlawn Ave. Saratoga Springs, NY 12866)

Nails of Hawaiian-Jazz CD

Wow, this is definitely the surprise of the bi-month for me. This is really great pop-punk ala J-Church from Japan of all places! Fantastic kids, keep it up! (DS)

(4-24-4302 Daizawa Setagaya-Ku Tokyo 155 Japan)

Neglect - 7"

A 5 song 7" that consists of the demo from 1991 of this NY hate-core band. Lots of lyrics about how worthless life is. "Life is just the time you wait to die." - that's from the liner notes, and should give you some idea of what this is all about. (DL)

(Motherbox Records 60 Denton Ave E. Rockaway, NY 11578)

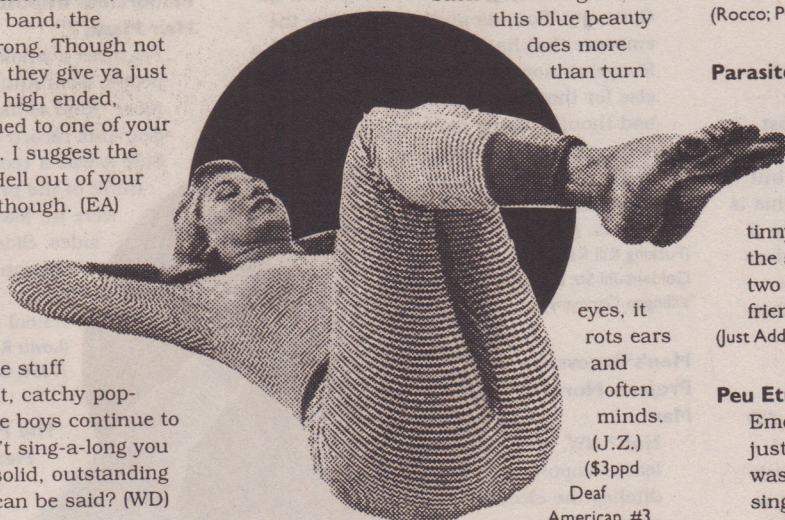
Nigel Six-Sauce and Tools, cassette

I'd take pleasure in smashing their bull-shit down their smitten brows. Your care-free life is coming to its melodic end. I'll color your green day blood red. (J.Z.)

(24 Magnolia Hill, W.Hartford, CT 06116)

Ninefinger-s/t, 7"

Hmmm, it's corrosive, that's what it is (but you knew that already). Salvaged and back from the grave this blue beauty does more than turn



eyes, it
rots ears
and
often
minds.
(J.Z.)
(\$3ppd
Deaf

American, #3
Bethel Church Road,
Dillsburg, PA 17019)

NOFX-Heavy Petting Zoo, CD

You know what to expect by now, eh? That doesn't mean it's bad, in fact it's quite good. The humour content is up from their last one, but the musical talent is down. I don't think I'll listen to it often, actually, but if you haven't heard 'em (yeah right...) check this out. (WD)

(Epitaph)

Not Rebecca, 7" picture disc

Mid-tempo pop with distorted guitars. The vocals are buried in the mix (on one song) and aren't very catchy, but musically this is worthwhile. Thick Records has been putting out a host of picture discs, all of

which look really cool. (BC)

(Thick Records, 1013 W.Webster #7, Chicago, IL 60614)

Only Living Witness-Freaklaw, 7"

I'll try to be fair and say what's good about this. The music by itself does have a sort of groove to it that I could get into, if it wasn't covered over by the sound of really bad metal vocals. The thing is, I'll bet a lot of people would really love this, and it will probably do very well. Not my thing at all. (DL)

(Chainsaw Safety Records 85-16 88th Ave Woodhaven, NY 11421)

OPERATION: Cliff Clavin-Top Secret, 7"

I'll just quote what the liner says..."7 fast poppy punk songs. No songs about girls or love..." Pretty much sums it up. (JMD)

(\$3 Plan-it-X Records. POB 3165 Bloomington In, 47402)

Parasites-Our Love is Top Secret, 7"

Our love is-whoah-OH-top secret baby. You know it you love it. The Steamroller is still going. Get your girl, go driving, turn it up real loud, roll down the windows and hold hands. Sappy pop is here to stay. Like everything they do. Classic. (WD)

(Rocco; POB 14781; Chicago, IL 60614-0281)

Parasites-Burnt Toast, 7"

Read the review above, but know this: this record doesn't sound as good as that one (or any Parasites actually). The guitar isn't as nice and crunchy and everything just feels a bit tinny. Sad, sad, indeed, but the songs, ah the songs (actually there is one original and two covers...). You know the story my friends, you KNOW the story. (WD)

(Just Add Water; POB 453; Clemson, SC 29633)

Peu Etre-s/t 7"

Emocore from France! At first I thought I just couldn't understand what the singer was saying, but then it hit me... he's singing in French!! More foreign bands need to sing in their own language instead of English, it's a nice chage. Anyway, enough about that, as a band this is really good. Nice tempo & volume changes, interesting music. Overall good good! (DS)

(Gerome Desmaison 50 rue Edmond Proust 79000 Niort France)

Pinstripe - 7"

It's too bad that the recording isn't any better on this 4 song 7", because Pinstripe sound like a band that could really rock under the right circumstances. For one thing, the vocals sound almost completely devoid of any passion, which they need badly. It sounds like the singer could hear himself too loudly during the recording and held back. The music is mid-tempo, melodic Hardcore done well despite being



poorly recorded. If this band sticks it out they could be a force to be reckoned with in the future. (DL)
(Just In Case Records P.O. Box 944 Canton, CT 06019-0944)

Pipe/Rubbermaid-split 7"

The Pipe side of this split is energetic punk, but the singers (there are at least two of them) give me a serious headache. Rubbermaid is an intersting band, with a woman vocalist, and some interesting tempo changes. Definitely the better side of this split, but still nothing exceptional. (DS)
(Amish Records PO box 5664 Newark DE 19714)

Plow United, 7"

Rad. Something against the "norm" yet refreshingly the same. Check this out. (MD)
(\$3 Coolidge Records 157 Coolidge Terrace Wyckoff, NY 07481)

Product-s/t 7"

Double vocals, screaming in each speaker. Driving beat, crunchy guitars. Good drum solo. It makes you move your body without thinking about it. (DS)
(1861 Monroe St. NW Washington DC 20010)

Psychodrama-Vivid, 7"

Think The Muffs. The recording and presentation could use some work, but the songs are basic, three-chord pop with strained vocals, a combination that works in this band's favor. Good. (BC)
(\$3 ppd. to Psychodrama, PO Box 81922, Albuquerque, NM 87198)

Puggle - Who Needs You?, 7"

Total pop with some early punk influences. Actually, this sounds a lot like Sicko. Nice buzz guitar sound and strong bass and drum work. Quality stuff for the genre. Don't pass this one up, if you're into the extremely poppy punk sound. (MH)
(Less-off Records; 57 Baldwin St.; Bloomfield NJ 07003)

Pumpnickel, CD

They have a "Stella" guitar so they have to be somewhat cool. I can't imagine there being much of an audience for this. Whether that is good or not is a decision one must come up with on his or her own. Good music to fall asleep to. (MD)
(Radiant Faze c/o Rockin' Rex 27 Woodland PL White Plains, NY 10606)

Push on Junior-Want, CD

Fairly straightforward, unimaginative college rock. Not bad (in fact, they're pretty tight), it's just nothing particularly memorable. Sounds like Alternative Nation to me — maybe if Hootie and The Blowfish listened to something harder. They have the skills, it sounds like, to put something half-way decent together (nice bass work,

particularly), they just haven't done it here. (DC)
(Earmark Records, P.O. Box 236020, Minneapolis, MN 55423-9995)

Quasigo-go-s/t, cassette

Whiney whiney. Good intentions but the whole thing reeks of pop. This rock and roll must be purged and eradicated; no remains. (J.Z.)
(511 E.80th St.12C, New York, NY 10021)

Quincy Punx-(Me), 7"

These guys are fuckin' crazy! This 7 sounds a lot like you're at one of their shows. With shit like "Not produced by Joan Jett" and "Eat a big bowl of fuck!" written on their 7 inch sleeve, this band keeps you laughing AND stomping the whole way though. Hell, their BMI name is "Satanic Warchicken Music." (JM)

(Restless Records, POB 1112, Torrance, CA 90505)

Quiver-Miss Betty, 7"

Boring mid-tempo girl rock, L.A. style. (BC)
(Know Records, PO Box 4830, Long Beach, CA 90804)

Rhythm Collision-Clobberer, CD

Better than ever for these guys. Super power-punk. Dr. Strange's best right here. I'm not too sure how else to describe it. You're head will nod up and down while listening though that's for sure. Rockin'!
(Dr. Strange)

Right Turn Clyde/The Krayons, double 7" (that means TWO slabs, nimrod)

Dumb punk. the Krayons sound like Propagandhi. Right Turn Clyde is somewhat it that realm as well. Not terrible, if you have an extra six bucks around you might as well pick it up. (MD)
(\$6 Roger Guerro 6237 Hanley, Corpus Christi TX, 78412)

Rocketship Arnold, 7"

Bastard children of The Mighty Mighty Bosstones. The problem with incorporating ska (horns) into punk/HC is that

unless you seriously come up with a new and inventive way to play this brand of power-ska, you're going to end up sounding like a clone band. These guys do a decent job at what they do, however. (BC)
(Watching Records c/o Alan Tarkowski, 3009 Huntington Dr., Arlington Heights, IL 60004-1638)

Safehouse-They Say You'll Grow 7"

First off, this gets an automatic good review for their use of a Letterpress in their packaging. Good going guys. Musically, they are fast, catchy pop-punk ala Dillinger Four. Really talented, good song writers, good music, good lyrics. Catchy, dancy. And all that. (DS)
(Li'l Deputy PO box 7066 Austin TX 78713-7066)

Sanity Assassins-7"

This band is well named I think... you gotta be insane to like this record. Way too many effects, especially on the guitar. That phase thingy has got to go... bad, bad, bad. I found myself playing with the little ball in my computer's mouse while listening to this, not a good sign, huh? This one bored me. (MM)
(no address given)

Sanity Assassins 7"

A two song 7" of mid-tempo surf rock, complete with a keyboard. Not a bad recording for a basement deal. The vocals were very spoken on the first song, which kinda ruined it. The second song is a short instrumental which was really cool. The cover is unbelievably awful — a naked woman on top of an extremely pointy mountain surrounded by wolves. Ug. Maybe if you're really into surf rock, but I'll pass on this one. (SM)
(Dagger Records / PO Box 380152 / East Hartford, CT 06138-0152)

Serpico-Feel Good Rainbow, CD

Equal vision has got to be the most consistent label on the planet. With every single release you always know what to expect- pure shit. Serpico is bad, bad MTV crap a step short of glam. This is just plain lame, uninspired "post NYHC" nonsense by a bunch of jokers from Staten Island. Ugh. (GG)
(Equal Vision Records 111 w. 24th St. St. 6th Floor New York, NY 10011)

Sexton Ming And His Diamond Gussets "Danny Edwards", 7"

Ouch, I am not fucking fully convinced Will hates me with a passion. This 7" has



worse sound quality than a 1970's Fisher-Price Sesame Street tape recorder. I couldn't listen to this all the way through it sucked so bad. It just sucked. (JB)
(Damaged Goods . POB 671 / London / E17 6NF)

Shift-spacesuit, CD

Melodic hardcore that is pop that's executed beautifully. It's very singalong, with almost a slick indie feel at times. It's well produced and almost lamenting at times. The singer sounds to me like the pop version of Ozzy Osbourne at times and at others, he seems to fit in with the genre perfectly. While there's peculiar epiphany in the CD, it serves well and is definitely good stuff. (MB)
(evr; 111 w. 24th st. 6th floor; NYC, NY 10011)

sidekick kato-1st class chump, CD

This leaves me with a strange feeling in that I have no idea how exactly I would define it. Sure, it's hardcore (it's even got a singalong song...), but it's also got pop and it's also got a lot of rock. Throughout the whole thing, though, you are most definitely bouncing your leg, and that's good. It sort of draws you in and you want to sing along, but he's hardcore enough so that you have no idea what he's saying so you just mumble and bounce. (MB)
(johann's face; POB 479-164; Chicago, IL 60647)

Sixpence- abreact 7"

Burly-ass hardcore from Denmark with all the fight cliches in all the right places. Totally testicular riffage with equally testosterone vocals make this a package to search the four corners of the earth for- I suspect they may be sXe because of the enhanced "X" on the cover. Creepy two-tone packaging. Oh yeah. (AG)
(Ostergavensgade 2, sr. 9000 Aalborg, Denmark)

Sky Falls Down-s/t, cassette

Mmmm. Why should I lie. Why should I feel like an ass for saying this is shit (what I mean to say is, sorry, I hate your music) But.... I know you (the pimply faced reader) won't hate this, so go ahead, ask your mom for three bucks so you can buy this pop rock jellyroll you whiney little adolescent. (J.Z.)
(Casey Boland, 721 Corlies Ave, W. Allenhurst, N.J. 07711)

Slap of Reality-Drowned Out, 7"

These guys have been around for a long time. For some strange reason I have an

old album of theirs from, like, '89 or something. At that time they were on Headhunter/Cargo. Now they're on Skene and plan on releasing an album soon. I actually pulled out their old LP and had every intention of listening to it to compare and contrast the possible musical differences between them now and then. But then I listened to the record and realized what crap it was and decided they weren't worth the effort. This is bullshit guitar grunge just waiting to be on MTV. Pretty bad. (GG)

(Skene Records PO Box 4522 St Paul MN 55104)

Sleepers-The Less an Object, CD

This band was an early mainstay of the same early San Francisco punk scene that spawned the Dead Kennedys and Flipper. This CD documents almost their entire production. Not at all a traditional punk sound, they combined what sounds like early Wire (check out "No Time") and the New York Dolls ("She's Fun") into a heady stew. By the end, they could have passed for "Forest" era Cure ("Los

Gatos"). Sort of a proto-new wave band at points, kind of dissonant at others, they're certainly not boring — a sizable accomplishment these days. Of course, they did this stuff in 1980, so

draw your own conclusions. (DC)
(Tim Kerr Records Inc., P.O. Box 42423, Portland, Oregon, 97242)

Slot- the rule of :45

This is really laid back indie that I would hate if it didn't possess this magical quality that makes it downright pleasant listening. The first song is aptly titled "Tryptophans," after a natural sedative found in turkey. The songs are sedate, there's something sexy about the bass that

pushes the songs along. The active rhythm section serves as a nice contrast

to the depressant effect of the string instruments. There's a nice ominous tone to the songs, but somehow they're really catchy. However, something here feels so defiant that I doubt slot could ever make it as a mainstream alterna-craze-of-the-month-band. Rad. (AG)

(Third Gear P.O. box 1 886 royal oak, Nfl 48068)

The Smoothies-Reasonably Happy, 7"

Sort of chunky pop punk that's not wonderful, but certainly not horrible. Sometimes it's more poppy, but it leans over to the melodic punk edge, as well. Actually, the singer reminds me of Good Grief and I loved Good Grief. Right. It's also got a tad of a Red Aunts influence, or maybe that's just my crappy record player. (MB)
(Southern; POB 59; London N22 1AR; ENGLAND)

The Smoothies-Overdose Me, 7"

These people play melodic punk with a female singer. I mean, it's okay, but my mind was clouded by the fact that I was eagerly awaiting the K band stuff. But in general, it's not bad, easily listenable, in fact, I think I'd enjoy this if I heard it in the background somewhere. (MB)
(johann's face; POB 479-164; Chicago, IL 60647)

Sparkmarker/ Mystery Machine-split 7"

Mystery Machine wins this one by a mile. Their side is steady & sticks with you. They play an interesting mix of genres—both soft & hard, loud & quiet. They also have some crazy flanger stuff going on that is making my head explode! Sparkmarker, on the flipside, is... well.. Sparkmarker. Always encouraging, never surprising. Fairly bland. (DS)
(Landspeed Records Box 386 1027 Davis St. Vancouver BC Canada V6E 4L2)

Speed Queens-s/t Cassette

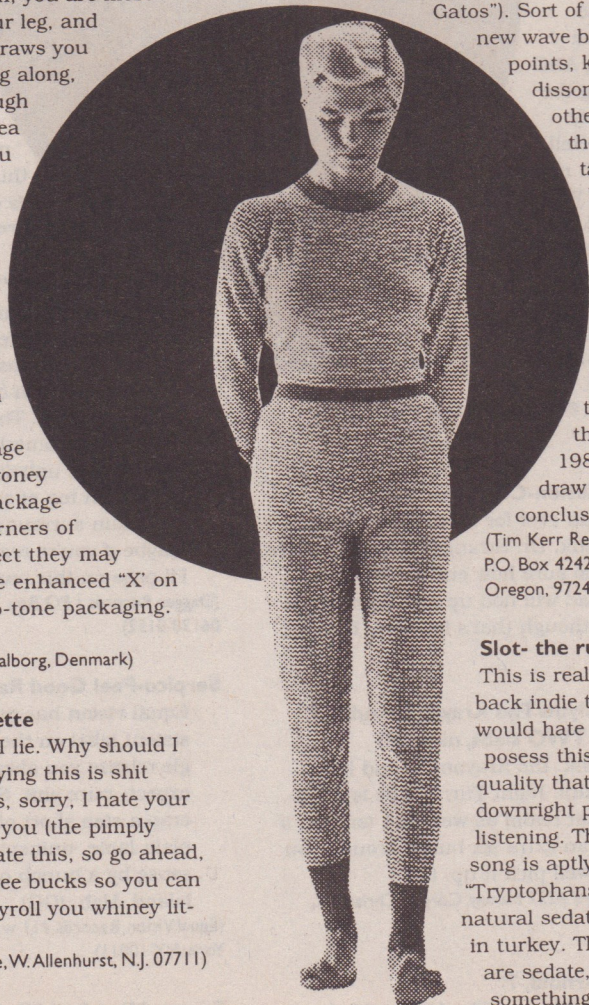
Spunky girl punk. This shows a lot of promise. Think of this as a less poppy Muffs. Or a poppier L7. I don't know if they know which they are. (DS)
(PO Box 4242 Austin TX 78765)

Sprucehill, CS

Warming emo music, a veritable definition of good emo. Like the slow melodic parts of rodan mixed with evergreen. I am extraordinarily surprised that they haven't got a record. The layout is great... lots of time taken personally. The mixing is a bit off, and his voice isn't always on tune, but the vast majority of this cassette is godly. I almost never heartily recommend buying cassettes that are reviewed herein, but this is wonderful. (MB)
(170 Pineland Ave.; Burlington, Ontario L7L 4A7; CANADA)

Squirtgun-Blue Christmas 7"

Wow! Squirtgun doing a rocking version of





the Elvis classic. Nice and quick too. The singer does his best to get that Elvis drawl which makes it even better. To add to the blue-ness, mine came on blue vinyl. Only 1000 pressed, never to be repressed so you collector nerds should run right out and get this. The only thing wrong is there is only one song on this record.

Otherwise, a mighty fine release. (MM)
(Squirtgun PO Box 4035 Lafayette, IN 47903)

State Route 522-s/t 7"

First it's quiet then it's loud, it's hooky, and catchy, and then noisy. A band of contradictions. They work it well. (DS)
(12 Step 16128 NE 145th St Woodinville WA 98072)

Steadfast-Misguided, 7"

Thin production mars what otherwise would be a really good record. Government Issue style punk rock with insightful lyrics and a cool booklet with a nice little rant about school in it. Turn it way up and forget about the recording quality, because these tunes are good. (MH)
(Youth Power; PO Box 3923; Manchester CT, 06045)

Steel Wool- Here to Serve you When you Need Them, 7"

A band I never paid a lot of attention to Steel Wool surprised me. Chaotic, Dischord sounding record. Reminds me a lot of Jawbox, which is a great thing. They definitely have their own sound though. Side B was a slow song though, rather disappointing after a great rocker on the A side. Never understood that strategy for 7" records. It was always traditional to have a throw away track or cover on the B side. Unfortunately this is a Steel Wool original. Get it for the A side. (EA)
(Reservation Records, PO BOX 7374 Athens, GA 30604)

Strife-Grey, 7"

This is the kind of record that reminds me of why I love Hardcore. I've always thought that Strife, while quite capable of putting on a kick ass live show, came up short when comes to transferring that sound and feeling to a recording. That is no longer the case. These two songs are going to be on an upcoming full length called "In This Defiance", which should prove to be one of the best Hardcore releases of 1996. For a point of reference on the sound - remember Judge? If not, Strife may very well remind you. (DL)
(Victory Records (Address elsewhere))

Submachine- Live 7"

Wait! This isn't a bootleg. It's like, extremely well recorded, distro-ed by Lookout, and authorized by the band. Whatever this V.M.Live label is, they should keep up the good work. Sounds great! And oh, if you've never heard

Submachine before, uh, hardcore in a Murder Junkies vein. (JM)
(V.M.Live, POB 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131)

Super Soldergun 700-s/t, 12"

Your life will never be the same. (J.Z.)
(P.O.Box 8535, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067)

The Surf Maggots- Are you there God? It's me Maggot., CD

Not very surf sounding. What ever happened to Surf music that sounded like surf music. It is rare these days. Imagine the Dead milkmen doing their impersonation of punk surf with silly lyrics. Got the image, well then you don't need this CD. (EA)
(Candy Ass PO Box 42382, Portland, OR 97242)

Swank-The Tango, EP

This is really varied- it's punk with a lot of ska and hardcore influence, which makes this sound a bit out of the ordinary. They seem to be pulling off of a lot of different styles to come up with their own, and there is a lot to be said for that. I like it. They even cover "Angel is a Centerfold", which I suppose is the Punk Cover song of the month. (JP)

\$3pp- Pivot Man/ 2054 Windsor Lane Daleville, Va 24083-2642

Tearwater-7"

2 songs here that are not all that easy to classify. They are definitely Hardcore, but they are something more as well - progressed, almost experimental. Some experiments work and others don't. When the singer screams this one gets great results, especially on the B-side. Beautiful cover, too. (DL)

(Chapter Records (Address elsewhere))

Texas is the Reason "if it's here when we get back..." CD EP

When we were going over stuff to see which reviewer gets what, I heard this and exclaimed, "Fuck, this is so GOOD! The best thing I've heard all day!" we waded through piles of shit and every once in a while you get something that it's hard to turn off. Perhaps luckily, definitely unfortunately, this CD EP is only 10 minutes long. It's melodic heart-wrenching hardcore emo poppy stuff that makes you wistful and dreamy and angry and happy. I don't even know what it is, but it seems to work so well. In fact, I was sitting at a snack bar the other day with my friend Dave who mentioned, "have you heard the new Texas is the reason EP? it's so great." I've gushed enough. Emotionally wonderful. (MB)
(revelation; POB 5232; huntington beach, CA 92615-5232)

Third Eye Butterfly-7"

The A-Side, entitled "Something Happened" is like, this gothic grunge song that would either be good for depressing yourself or scaring small children. The B-Side "All the Way to Riyadh" is a poppy, happy song! (?) Medium-paced, light, "slightly seattle" pop. All in all, this isn't a bad little disc. (JM)
(Psycho-Pop 61-36 160th Street, Flushing, NY 11365)

Thirsty-Getting Along Together, 7"

This was a pleasant change of pace from what I've been getting from the pop-punk genre of late- they actually play fast. Way too many bands slow it down these days, but Thirsty is not afraid to play the typical style melodipunk, complete with dopey lyrics about relationships and stuff, and still move at a brisk pace. A nice release that suffers from production- the guitars seem to get lost in the mix but over all nice stuff, and a band to watch out for. (GG)
(Liquid Meat Records PO Box 460692 Escondido CA 92046)

Time's Up, 7"

Another mediocre Hardcore 7" to add to the glut. 5 songs, it won't change your life, it's not particularly bad either. They might be trying to sound like Deadguy. (DL)
(Happy Days Records P.O. Box 4315 Highland Park, NJ 08904)

Torches to Rome, CS

Chaotic hardcore emo that is slightly underproduced but most definitely entertaining nonetheless. It makes you bouncy and angry and want to be... no, wait, I've got it. It's very Born Against. (note: BA is one of my fave bands ever.) But, no, it's emo, but no it's hXc, but no, it's chaos. You get the idea, don't you? I'll stop now so you can buy yet another cassette as per my reviews this month. (Cassettes were particularly good this month... this included.) Very emo layout, too, I like it. (MB)
(POB 12641; Berkeley, CA 94712)

Travis Cut-Not to Blame, 7"

More good catchy pop-punk from these guys. All though I think I'm a bigger fan of their previous stuff. You know the tune though. You put it on and you dance. (WD)
(Damaged Goods)

Tribe 8-Roadkill Cafe, CDEP

Well, this band was entertaining. Funky, bluesy, bouncy new wave groove one minute, punk rock the next. With a riot grrrl attitude to top it off. Personally, I could only get into one of those three

things when it came to this band. And it wasn't the riot grrrl attitude. (JM)
(Alternative Tentacles, POB 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141)

True High Fidelity-s/t 7"

An interesting noisecore band. Pretty crazy stop-start music, with a singer that actually sounds like Dave Hake! (DS)
(Energy Network 206 Montgomery Ave. Orelan PA 19075)

Underhand-Under A Glass, 7"

Relatively fast alt rock with muffled vocals, they call it power pop-punk. They have pretty good song writing, there is a lot going on musically in the songs. The one drawback is muffled vocal sound, it is annoying, and makes it sound nasally. (JB)
(\$3 ppd to Mutant Pop Records / 5010 NW Shasta / Corvallis, OR 97330)

Underhand-Desire 7"

I love this 7"—totally inspirational pop-punk, the kinda stuff that got me into the music in the first place. Just imagine Crimpshrine and old Jawbreaker with CLEAN vocals. It rocks! And what's that? Only three bucks? It's a steal! (BVH)
(\$3 PPD to Mutant Pop: 5010 NW Shasta Corvallis, OR 97330)

The Unknown-On Our Own, 7"

Okay, imagine Green Day with Slash on guitar and a surfer dude on vocals, and Wala. Catchy pep-metal-pop-punk. Descendants-esque. Ramones-ish. With lyrics that go: "Anything you put your mind to, anything that you wanna do, just find it in yourself". You get the idea. (JM)
(\$3 ppd. Jiffi Pop Records. 4080 Woodside Dr., North Royalton, OH 44133)

U.S. Maple-7"

Twangy, noisy, discordant wacko stuff. Sounds like people who really know how to play their instruments who are purposely trying to sound like the can't play shit. Intentionally weird—and even possibly—intentionally annoying. (BVH)
(Skin Graft Records: P.O. Box 257546 Chicago, IL 60625)

U.S. Maple- Long Hair in three Stages, cd

This is one of those awful cd's that Will gives me because he thinks it's total shit, but he wants to know what I'll think of it just because I liked the new Antioch Arrow and Wesley Willis. I would like this if it were an instrumental band, but I don't think that very many other people would. Plus, it's not an instrumental band, and the singer isn't quite as good at matching tones as Wesley Willis or singing in falsetto like the guy from Antioch Arrow, so it sucks. The end. (AG)
(Skin Graft)

Volebeats-Bittersweet, CDEP

I think this CD (which has 6 songs) got sent to Punk Planet either as a joke or by mistake. The first song is this Barry White cover. I thought "wow, they play country very convincingly." I saw the next track was written by them, and guess what? MORE COUNTRY! Mellow Open-Mic-Night-In-A-Lounge-In-Tennessee-sounding country at that! Get it away from me! (JM)
(Third Gear Records, POB 1886, Royal oak, MI 48068)

Von Lmo-Cosmic Interception 7"

If this is a joke, then it could very-well almost be funny. But the mere fact that this guy could even be remotely serious is scary enough in it self. Maybe it's just me, but the idea of some guy who thinks he's a "visionary space traveler," playing badly synthesized heavy metal is so funny, I forgot to laugh. (BVH)
(Variant Records: P.O. Box 3852 Redwood City, CA 94064-3852)

War Called Peace-Yuppie Ghetto, CD

In the pop punk vein, in the style of the Bouncing Souls, but not as good. It is decent though, the energy is there, it is fast, and there is at least some variety to the songs. Enough variety that I could listen to the whole CD without getting the feeling that I heard "that" song before, if you know what I mean. That makes this a standout in its genre, and I would recommend this to fans of Bouncing Souls type pop. (JB)
(Theologian records / 200 Pier Ave, Suite #2/ Hermosa Beach, CA 90254)

Wardance-Put Up or Shut Up, CDEP

This CD is a 5 song EP. This band is another "epitaphy" sounding band. With everything from the palm muting, to the un-poppy guitars, to the melodic back up vocals. This one's more catchy, but less poppy. If you get my drift. (JM)
(Kollision, POB 2717, Harlow Essex CM18 6SQ, U.K.)

Warzone/Cause For Alarm-split CD

Does anyone out there actually see Warzone as anything more than just a bad joke? It stopped being funny a long time ago. Well, actually, that whole "Warzone Frontier Family" thing still makes me laugh, but it's more like I'm laughing at them than with them. As for Cause For Alarm, they are much easier to swallow than their counterparts. They seem to have some sort of Shelter-type thing happening. A little too rock, but not that bad really. Four songs from each band. (DL)
(Victory Records (address elsewhere))

Weston-Splitsville CD

I saw this band last summer and they rocked live, I mean REALLY rocked. They

kept me smiling the whole time they played. The CD has ten songs on it, some re-released from 7"s and some new—even a Bon Jovi cover! Unfortunately, this CD lacks the oomph and presence of their live show. The songs are catchy and well-written and all, but it's still missing something. (BVH)
(\$10 PPD to: P.O. Box 89512 Sioux Falls, SD 57105)

Weston-Teenage Love Affair

The best stuff yet from Weston. They've honed their sound to become slightly less original, but they've also found their niche, I believe. The songs are what you'd probably expect... you know, poppy, bounce-your-head-and-your-knee-and-sing-along pop music. The more I listen to it, the more I like it. (MB)
(Gern Blandsten: POB 356; River Edge, NJ 07661)

Wider-s/t 7"

Thick, layered tracks of well played emo-core. The songs are complex, and lengthy which is a nice change. However, without a lyric sheet, I can't give it a full seal of approval. What I can understand sounds a bit on the corny side ("I know how it feels to be alone"). (DS)
(Third Gear Records PO box 1886 Royal Oak MI 48068)

Wives-Ask Me How, LP

Quite a good melodic punk rock album here, folks, with the emphasis definitely on rock. The songs are catchy; not the kind of catchy that sticks in your head when you're done listening, but the kind of catchy that makes you want to put on the album again after it's over. I can't think of anything to compare this to; one song sounds a little bit like Tsunami, another song sounds a little like The Rezillos... it's just good. (SM)
(Reservoir / PO Box 790366 / Middle Village, NY 11379-0366)

The Woggles- Hang Loose, 7"

You know the Woggles, and if not they are hard to describe. They sound like they are from the 50s or even 60s and are very instrumental. On side A they do their version of "Hang Loose" and side B they do two more that aren't anything new. I doubt that the Woggles are trying to invent anything new. When something isn't broke why would you fix it. Suggested for the Estrus, Sympathy kinda crowd. (EA)
(Reservation Records, PO Box 7374 Athens, GA 30604)

Worm Hole-s/t, 7"

Hair styled and permed to perfection these boys and girls go digging in the back yard. But being ordinary (and nothing new) just not super interested. But man look at that hair. (J.Z.)
(Turkey Baster, 1739 East Carson St.#250, Pittsburgh, PA 15203)



The Wretched Ones-Live on a Five, 5"

Another five inch, another waste. This one, two already released live songs. The recording is good, but could use a lot of work too. Gosh, what's the point? I mean sure, it looks cute, but this is lame. (WD) (Headache, POB 204; Midland Park, NJ 07432)

Yona-Kit s/t, cd

This is great. Bizarre Touch and Go sort of material. Weird odd-meter, scratchy, choppy, and boring to the extent that it's almost sexually arousing. This is crazy. It was recorded in Chicago by everyone's favorite indie engineer, Steve Albini. The packaging is great and sort of accentuates the puppet/whale nightmare fetish that the music implies. (AG)

(Skin Graft P.O. box 257546 Chicago IL, 60625)

Young Pioneers-We March!, 7"

Punky-garagey folk songs. An abrasive chaos-type singer fronting a band that's sort of an electrified folk band gone awry. They're very good, and provide hours of entertainment to the whole family. (MB) (Vermiform, no address)

Your Mother-One Big Inside Joke, CD

Oh my god! 74 minutes of utter stupidity, the way that only Your Mother can serve it up. Great music, dumb lyrics, right on covers of the Surf Punks, Descendents, and others, plus parodies of Bad Religion and Danzig. This CD is really too long to listen to in one sitting, but who cares. 48 tracks, and lots of stupid things to read on the CD and booklet. Let's just hope that they survive the rumored lawsuit that the parents of the kids on the front cover might bring. Oh well, Your Mother knows best. Get it. (MH)

(Probe Records; PO Box 5068; Pleasanton CA 94566)

Zao/Outcast-The Tie That Binds, Split 7"

OK, my first impression of this was a bad one, because this seems to be a Christian hardcore release and I just don't enjoy religion with my rebellion, frustration, and anger. But, I guess that's just me. To their credit, neither band comes off as preachy at all, and the songs are pretty good. In fact, the Zao song is especially good. I guess a scene that has no problem listening to Krishna bands should have no trouble with this. (DL)

(Steadfast Records 1129 middle Ave Elyria, OH 44035)

Zoinks!/No Empathy-split CD ep

Zoinks! is my favorite band to whoa-oh-oh along with. They are the essence of pop punk. There is no more that can be said about them. Brilliancy. No Empathy on the other hand leaves me a bit wanting. The vocals bother me and the hooks just aren't as damned catchy as the wonderful

zoinks!. I like half... (WD) (Johanns Face; PO Box 479-164; Chicago, IL 60674)

V/A-{note: leaves on front, no title}

Great songs from a cross-section of some of my favorite bands. There's stuff on here from CURRENT, WALLSIDE, CAR VS. DRIVER, and AMBER INN. Very emo, very emotional for some, very chaotic and harsh for the others. CURRENT is more soft emo stuff, CVD is more poppy than usual, racy emo, WALLSIDE is very Heroin and sort of punkish, too, very quick, and AMBER INN is emo/chaos more than anything, slow/fast stuff... If you're into this kind of stuff, definitely get it. The layout is hell of nice, too. (MB)

(Capsule; POB 970922; Ypsilanti, MI 48197)

v/a-Blue/Yellow 7"

Whoa!! In the midst of all this noise that I've been reviewing comes a really beautiful, compilation of bands. These are all Florida based bands, mostly from the Gainesville area. Mookraker is a fantastic band, combining soft openings with fast follow throughs and a really talented vocalist that sounds like he's tearing a hole in his throat with every whisper. Hope Springs Eternal is another incredibly talented band, they are more melodic and toned down than Moonraker is—but just as good. Finally, Don Martin 3, with a side to its own, produces the best song on this comp. It's a beautiful, moving number that's both quiet and loud and meditative. This comp is a breath of fresh air! Keep it up kids, keep it up!! (DS)

(PO box 14223 Gainesville FL 32604)

V/A- Bollocks To Christmas, CD

How Seasonal! How Festive! Well, I've heard Of X-mas in July. So why not February? Unfortunately, I don't find these "gimmick" albums very amusing or interesting, but it is a bunch of punk, ska and oi type bands doing traditional Christmas songs. Give me the Dickies "Silent Night" anytime, but a full album is

a bit much for me. It features Bad Manners, UK Subs, Alien Sex Fiend, The Yops, Stiff Little Fingers and more. (JP) (Dojo/ PO Box 281 Canterbury, Kent, CT1, 2BB, England)

V/A-Embryo #2

The packaging on this comp is truly amazing, a wallpaper pouch with a nice color printed thing stuck to it. The inserts are well done too, nice thick paper with well done color printing. Too bad some of that effort was not used by the bands when they recorded for this.

Ingenious device is very noisy and just too strange for me. Hiroshima 22 play noisy thrash (very quickly at that) with distortion on every instrument it seems... you can't tell what's going on. Taste of Fear spew forth some bad death metal (shades of Assuck but not near as good) complete with growly vocals and all. (MM)

(\$3 ppd. from Embryo 15 Bay 17th St. Brooklyn NY 11214)

V/A-I Can't Do Anything With 50 Cents, 7"

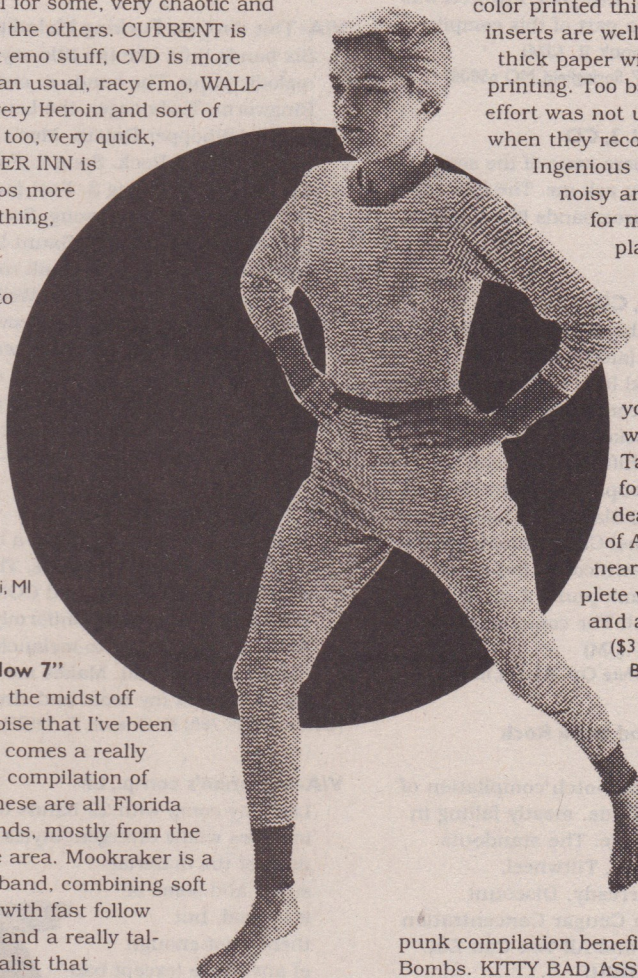
What we have here is a Connecticut

punk compilation benefiting Food Not Bombs. KITTY BAD ASS start the affair off with sort of a female vocal pop band heavy on guitars. Somewhat blah. The other two bands on the A side were also less than inspiring. The B side starts off with a bang though, in the form of the FUDGE DADDY-O's doing a nice sung/yell vocal combo attack. The UGLY TRUTH finishes things on a downer unfortunately with their RUSH inspired cheese punk. An inconsistent release most definitely. The only recommendation I can make is that the PIST are still by far the best punk band in Connecticut. (GG)

v/a-Love in 5-D CD

A compilation of Tucson AZ bands. The sounds are pretty different: garage (The Fells), fast & loud punk (Helldriver), DCish hardcore (Fuzz & Teeth), and lo-fi hardcore (Beyond 7). All the bands are competent, none stand out. (DS)

(Third World PO box 43342, Tucson AZ 85733)



**V/A-Obey, We Have Guns! 7"**

This compilation features the following bands: THE CHEERLEADERS: Funny, Crazy Punkabilly-ish rock n' roll. DISARM: Sloppy, lo-fi Bitchcore. BORING DOG CHEESE GUARD: Lo-fi noise rock. BRINE: Angst-ridden, introspective, dark metal death punk. DEVOLVE: Groovy Electro-noise metal. Note: Everyone involved was very proud to be a part of this compilation, so I can't knock it. (JM)

(Gabe Harper, POB 10227, Springfield, MO 65808)

V/A- Oi! Rarities Vol. 3, CD

A 22 song CD where none of the songs fail; good odds, if you ask me. The title says it all, and it features bands like Crowbar, Skin Deep, (JP)

V/A-Planet Minivan, CD

Featuring: Apocalypse Hoboken (throat punk) Jerkwater (alternarock) Offsides (rappin' butt rock) International Hoodwink (enjoyable but inconsistent indie-rock) Sidekick Kato (rockcore in a Jane's Addiction vein) Shift (alternametal with lots of FX) Tiny (oops) Tommyrot (Rollins Band-the sequel!) Slapstick (Happy-nutty ska-punk w/horns) Gaffle (simple catchy punk) Poonjab (weirdcore) Limpspork (spastic slappy funk punk) 2 songs by nearly every artist! The comp meant a lot to a lot of people. (JM)

(Dyslexic Records, 528 White Oak, Roselle, IL 60172)

V/A-Punk? A 27 Band Punk Rock Compilation

A jam-packed, top notch compilation of 27 great punk bands, mostly falling in the pop-punk range. The standouts include: Skif Dank, Tiltwheel, Underhand, Everready, Discount, Safehouse, John Cougar Concentration Camp, Nimrods and All You Can Eat. Heck of a deal! (BVH)

(Backspin Records: 12800 Vonn Rd. #8702 Largo, FL 34644)

V/A- Sleazefest, CD

This is a big ol' bag of mixed sounds. Mostly lo-fi less garage sounding garage, rockabilly, and a fair mix of country. I expected something better but it wasn't a bad effort by any means. Bands include: The Strychnines, Chrome Daddy Disco, The Woggles, Hasil Adkins, Hillbilly Frankenstein, Subsonics, The Bassholes, Southern Culture on the Skids, and more. Highlights include Hasil (of course), The Bassholes and Southern Culture. Some of the disc dwelled a little far into country for me. Recorded live at Sleazefest 94' this disc captures the wild, fun time they must have had. A great package with a well written piece about the festival. Made me wish I was there. If you are a fan of this

sorta thing, get it. (EA)

(Address, couldn't find but this CD is all around)

V/A-Superstars Forever, cassette

We got the beat, duh, we got the beat we got the beat w got the beat...wooh! (J.Z.)

(\$3ppd Gretchen Records, 308 E.Hall St., Calhoun, IL 62419)

V/A- This ain't no Fucking Melodic Punk, 7"

Six bands, just like the title says no melodic punk. The bands in order are Ringworm, Turboneger, the Loudmouths, Hickey, Whopper Breath, Men's Club. Song 1. Death Rock. Song 2. Fast, fast, fast punk rock. Song 3. Fast punk rock with girl vocals, great song. Song 4. Sloppy P-Rock. Song 5. Gaunt like on amphetamines, 4 track punk rock. Song 6. Cheap Makers imitation. Well worth the price, just be prepared for a cover of a girl wearing a bra a GIANT chain wallet thing and pants that are too big and show her boxers. Ahhh, the sex that will sell records. No but it for the music. (EA)

(Probe Records, PO Box 5068 Pleasanton, CA 94566)

V/A-ThreePieceSuit

Some great poppy stuff from a collection of relatively unknown bands. The bands, DISCOUNT, POHGOH, and COMBINATION GREY are pretty uniformly great. Ranging from happy to melancholy pop. Some very cool shit. Makes me want to dance around my room and sing. (MB)

(Outback; POB 780132; Orlando, FL 32828)

V/A-workman's comp., LP

Like any comp with 22 bands that includes wildly divergent styles, most of the material sucks and some of it is good, but there's not enough of any genre (except bad post-Screeching-Weasel Ramones rip offs) to satisfy any one listener. No fun. (AG)

(Big Money Incorporated Box 2483) Loop Station MNPLS, MN 55402)



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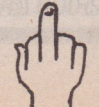
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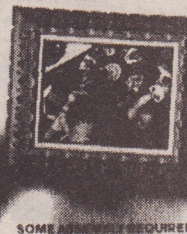
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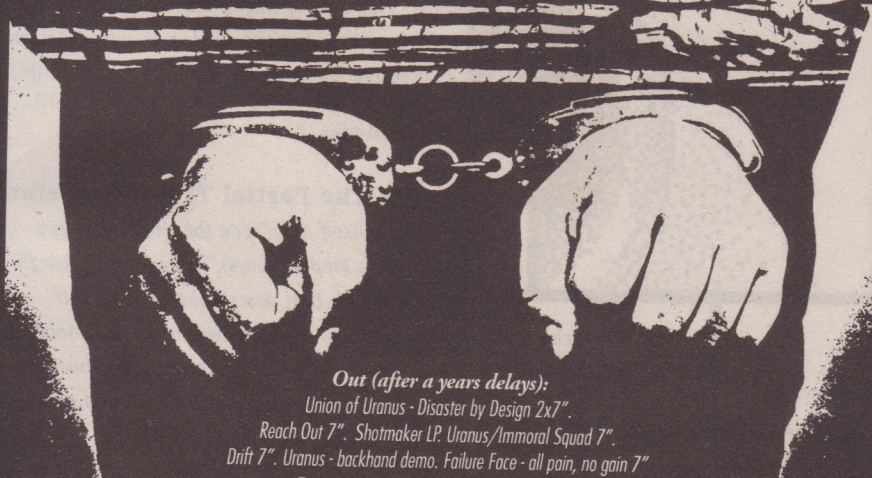


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**Not many reviews this****issue. So it goes, I****guess. This issue's****reviewers were:****Aaron Gemmill (AG)****Brian Czarnik (BC)****Bret Van Horn (BVH)****Jim Connell (JC)****Kim Bae (KB)****Matt Berland (MB)****Scott Macdonald (SM)****Dan Sinker (DS)**

me of Profane Existence because of the sarcastic, anti-bourgeois, anti-cop, pro-flot attitude. Unfortunately, it lacks the punk rock zest and beersoaked sense of humor that makes P.E. such an excellent read. Definitely worthwhile. (AG)

(P.O. Box 1021 Edinburgh, EH8 9PW
Scotland)

Contrascience Zine #5

Wow! Great essays on the Smithsonian exhibition on the atomic bombing of Hiroshima; why thanksgiving sucks; congress' attempts to eliminate our constitutionally protected rights; the Studio of the Stars collective venue in MNPLS; and American textbooks. Interviews with the author of *The Philosophy of Punk* which discusses his "book tour", and Piotr Szyhalski which discusses art vs. ideology and propaganda. This is excellent! (AG)

(\$2 P.O. Box 8344 M^{LS}, MN 55408-0344)

Cynical Pricks Digest #6

Crammed into these ten pages is absolutely no substantive content and nothing that is the least bit worthwhile. There's a kinda funny page on shoplifting, obligatory reviews and ads, a mention of mountain biking, and the editor even tells us how he hates everybody. Well pal, that's cool, everybody hates your zine. (SM)

(Mike / 71 Harris Ave. / Albany, NY 12208-3018 / 1 stamp)

D.I.Y. (an A-Z guide in doing -it-yourself.)

This is the bible for those of you with questions about the D.I.Y. world. It's the size of a book. Lots of info on auto repair, book binding, and more!!! These people took a lot of time to put this together. Now you order this

Chumpire #59-60-61

I mean, come on, everyone's heard of Chumpire, the most prolific one page zine around. All three are one page zines with various and sometimes completely random rants and reviews on them, but the guy's an interesting writer and they are extraordinarily enjoyable to read on the toilet or whatever. (MB)
(Stamps; POB 680; Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

Class War #69

This is the official newspaper of the Class War Federation, which is active in proletarian struggle in Great Britain. The magazine sort of reminds

right now or you ain't punk! (BC)

(\$3.00 ppd John and Angela P.O. Box 720716 San Jose, CA. 95172)

Dream Whip #7

Fan-damn-tastic!! This is—hands down—the best fanzine I've seen in a while. Formally, it is doing something I have never seen before (or at least never seen executed so well) instead of having separate features one after another, they run in parallel to each other, creating a complex and very interesting relationship between the stories. There are only two voices in this issue. One is a comic about travelling, the other is a written piece about a road trip. Both are exceptionally good. The comic is entertaining, but the written piece really stands out in a crowd. The strength of the language used, and the beautiful imagery it creates makes this a cut above the rest. (DS)
(\$1 (?) PO Box 53832 Lubbock TX 79453)

Driftwood/Look the Other Way split zine

A split between two perzines. One features more poetry than the other. Neither one stands out as being particularly well written, but as the case is with most perzines, you can't really say it's bad because you are insulting the author as well. (DS)
(2290 Bradford Ave. Sidney BC, V8L2E1 Canada)

Dwgsht #5

A lot of care and thought goes into this. There are a bunch of columns, an interview with Cause For Alarm, reviews, and a no-bullshit article about getting forced into rehab at 16 and ending up staying sober. Not a lot of laughs here but a lot to consider. I'm making it sound dull but it's not — I found it interesting and worth reading, front to back (JC)
(PO Box 2819, Champaign, IL 61825-2819, 32pp full-size, \$1 + 2 stamps)

Easy/ The Partial Truth split zine

Easy bills itself as a "zine for all kinds of girls (and some kinds of boys)." They are surprisingly accurate with that description. This is a girl

power fanzine that expresses thoughts that haven't been said many times before. It's refreshing. The Partial Truth is a comic zine, this issue dealing with the death of a loved one. It's powerfully done and skillfully laid out. A good split. (DS)

(\$1; PO box 185 Northampton PA 18067-9998)

Exhibit A #5

Lots of chat with Frank Voodoo, Bouncing Souls, and the Goblins. Lots of pictures of girls and reviews of records etc.. A full page about Rancid's latest record, and other opinions. Why there is even a crossword puzzle in here! (BC)

(\$2.00 ppd Exhibit A P.O. Box 46 Decatur, GA. 30031-0046)





Felony x2

Wow. Lyrical writing coupled with interesting collages. This is image-word relation the way I like it! The writing is almost stream of consciousness and the collages are nice & minimal. A nice approach, a nice followthrough. (DS) (Box 376 RSF CA 92067)

Five-Knuckle Shuffle #1

Starts out with a shoe review that turns into a long disgusting gruesome toe review. Bathroom cleaner bombs, Kung Fu movie reviews, and a huge long column/rant that is sometimes boring and sometimes interesting. They're looking for submissions. Favorite quote: "Don't listen to these fuckers who call people 'posers' because they want to belong to something." (JC) (c/o Greg Johnston, PO Box 1235, Greenwood, MS 38935-1235, 16pp half-size, 2 stamps)

Food That Makes You Fan

Not as awful as its title would have us believe, but not so hot either. I think this is done by the girl who does a woe-is-me-I'm-so-unloved comic zine called [something or other] and the assassin. Section one lets you know what kinds of food make you fart. The mid-section has a minicomic/recipe for vegan burritos, which are apparently primo gaseous cuisine. The next part is about songs for seduction. (AG) (Free/ Box 481051 L.A. CA 90048)

Fourball #2

A pretty straightforward but well-done zine. Not cheesy or cliché in the least. It's got a tour diary and some interviews with bands that Brian likes or whatever. I also got a kick out of it because I'm a recent Providence immigrant and I could say "I've been there, I know that," or whatever. Not necessary, but definitely a fun, good read and some great stuff. (MB) (\$2; 69 Governor Box 214; Providence, RI 02906)

Fuzzy Heads are Better #3

This is fast becoming one of my favorite fanzines, and I'm not even sure why! This has typical fanzine fare: interviews, personal writing, favorite things lists, art, etc.. But for some reason in this fanzine it all seems fresh & new again. Perhaps it's because the author (a Korean-Canadian) has a voice not normally heard in the white-US-male-dominated punk world. Whatever the reason, FHAB is a wonderful fanzine. (DS) (\$1; 243 Clinton St. Toronto ON, M6G 2Y7, Canada)

A Good Day for Johnny #2

A zine consisting from a few folks from my hometown. The zine is pretty good, with columns by such notables as Will Dandy (an editor here) and Dave Grenier. There are also interviews with Code 13, Hiatus, and the RedAunts which are all pretty humorous and/or interesting. There's also fic-

tion, which I think is wonderful. I think this zine is worth it alone for Felix Havoc's sarcastic banter. One of the better newsprint zines. (MB) (\$1; 1025 42nd St. S; Birmingham, AL 35222)

Green With Envy #1

This is nothing if not prolific. This is stuffed full of some pretty good writing. However, the overall presentation of it is so sloppy that it almost takes away from the passion & feeling within. Some of the opinions are pretty problematic ("I guess treating every man as the enemy is better than thinking that only a handful of the men are the enemy"). But they are stated strongly & with conviction. (DS) (\$1 5834 West Lane. Lakeview NY 14082)

Heightskid #2

A neatly typed out zine that features interviews with John Cougar Concentration Camp and Still Life. Punk rockers share their dreams. It has yummy recipes. And instead of having a normal looking record review section, Paul just tells us what records he has in his collection and how he feels about them. (BC) (\$1.00 ppd. Paul 4017 Glen Canyon ct. Albuquerque, N.M. 87111)

HellBender #7

Short but sweet full size zine. Features Into Another. Has other zine stuff like reviews and opinions. Decent. (BC) (\$1.00ppd Hellbender p.o. Box 547 Vails Gate, NY. 12584)

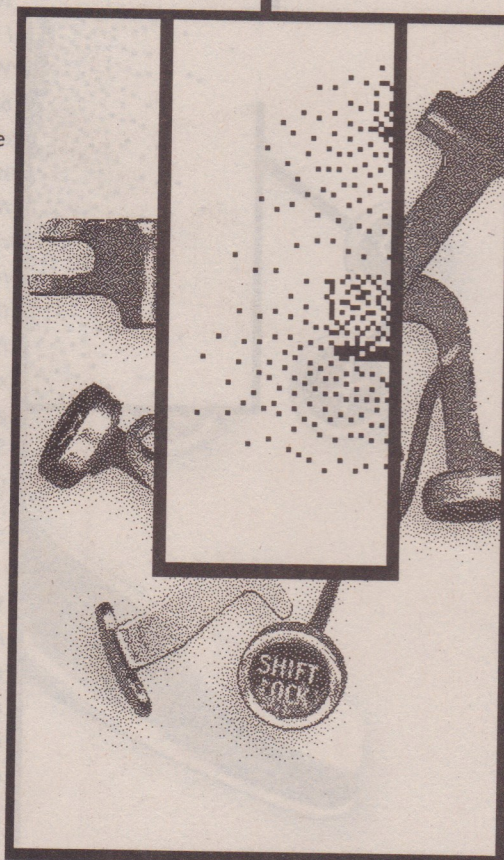
Heshen Aggression #1

All the things that punkers make fun of heavy metal about are in here, and the author is serious. Tons of worship of KISS, a hilarious interview with Bobby Steele of The Undead, an eight page interview with the editor's band Vomitose (plus two pages of merchandise), GG Allin worship, interviews with Stage Fright and Hotter than Hell (a KISS tribute band!), some reviews,

and other buttrock stuff. This guy even sells Wheelchair Motherfuckers guitar picks for a dollar each! Totally hilarious, but I certainly wouldn't recommend buying it. (SM) (Skeeter / PO Box 9561 / Wyoming, MI 49509-0561 \$1.50)

Holy Titclamps #15

Holy titclamps batman! This half page queer zine is packed with cartoons, zine reviews, and loads of personal stories etc.. There are some views that are a tad odd, but all the points are well explained. It is interesting and worth a look at. Lots of Queer information such as venues etc... (BC) (\$3.00ppd Larry-bob Box 590488 S.F. CA. 94159-0488)



Hum Drum

This is why the zine revolution isn't always a good thing. Incoherent Weasel worship in heinously scrawled script. I like Ben Weasel and if you don't, then you're an un-punk dick-weed. This sorry attitude is espoused throughout this waste of paper. How many trees will be martyred in the war against awful zines? (AG)
(2 stamps 19271 N. 89th St. Pl. Scottsdale, AZ 85255)

I Think I Canzine #1

Great title. This is a great mix of passionate writing about political matters mixed with entertaining writing about personal matters. Plus it's funny! (DS)
(\$1 PO box 20859 B-181 Fountain Valley CA 92728)

Idioblast #1

A mostly handwritten zine with an interview with Face to Face, poetry, lots of reprinted lyrics, reviews, and several essays in which the editor shares her views on race, drinking milk, and the nighttime. A fairly short and sloppy zine that I didn't get much out of. (SM)
(633 Peacock Plc. / Victoria, BC V9E 1B9 postage?)

Kreme Koolers, #1

Yet another zine made for the sole purpose of utilizing those oh-so-idle copy machines found in every corner store these days. Aside from an interesting story about growing up in a New Age environment, the writing is either generic or pure filler. (KB)
(\$1+2 stamps * Keyan * 110 Legion Way SE #403 * Olympia, WA 98501)

Loudmouth #2

Well, it starts off with a picture of a hockey fight on the cover. Inside you will find a rant piece about defending Epitaph and Caroline records as not being called majors. He states "Caroline is an indie owned by a major, so I don't think they are (a major)." Duh! And he discusses how he doesn't see the musical declining of the Ramones. Duh! He has some reviews and other stuff. Maybe this kid took one too many hockey punches to the head. (BC)
(1 stamp: Derek Robertson 102 Lombardi Rd. Pearl River, N.Y. 10965)

Mamma Figg (#1); Poppa Figg (#2)

This is put out by the staff of a high-school radio station. More than anything else it reminded me of how awful high school was — somebody went through it and blacked out all the curse words, including "pissed". The production and copying is sloppy and in places unreadable. I get the feeling that most of the people writing for it are doing it because they were told to, not because they want to or have anything they really want to say. At least in issue #2 they have an inter-

view with Pansy Division. Favorite quote: none. (JC)
(WARG 88.9FM, 7329 West 63rd St., Summit, IL 60501, 20pp/26pp full-size, no price given)

My World #'s 1.5 - 3

This zine is done by Jeff Ott, the singer for the classic eastbay band, Fifteen. All three issues are filled with well reasoned and fairly well articulated articles about homelessness, money, god, smoking, the Black Panther Party... you name it. Jeff has some difficulty with verb conjugation, but his sincerity is so overwhelming that grammatical problems are almost cute. Good stuff, really. (AG)
(\$1 each/ 10519 Gascoigne Dr. Cupertino, CA 95014)

Negative Ink #3

I like this one. A lot. It has interviews with Weston and Quicksand and a couple of other bands, record and zine reviews, the usual stuff done the usual way. But it also has tons of strange and wonderful comics, including "How to Make Punk Rock Clothes." There are a few columns — more like little personal stories, rather than the usual boring rants. The production is professional in the best sense of the word. My favorite quote: (from a Three Steps Up interview) "We're getting a lot of letters that we're not getting. I mean, we're getting them but we're not. So, if people want to send us anything, tell them to mail it to a different address." (JC)
(PO Box 20302, Staten Island, NY 10302, 36pp full-size, \$2 ppd)

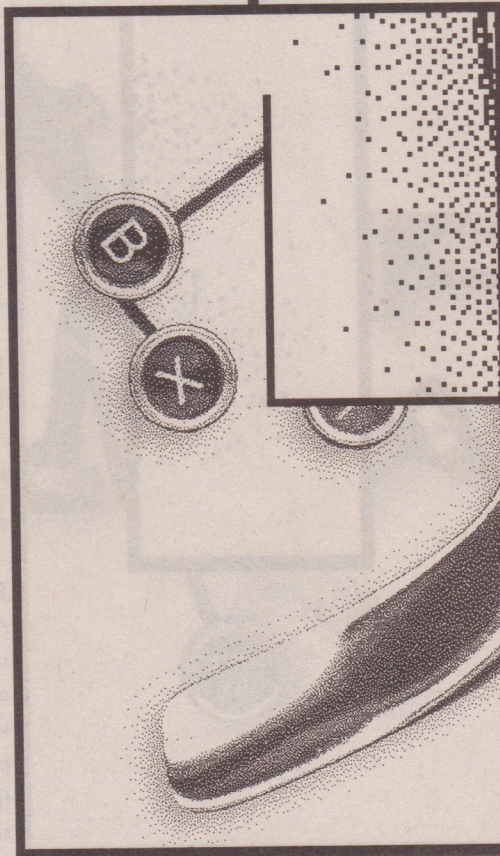
Oculus Magazine-#4-5

Although Oculus doesn't exactly fall under the category of being a punk zine, it does do a rather good job at covering the "alternative" music world. Of course when I say "alternative," I mean not the currently popular "alternative" but perhaps the alternative to that. They cover a wide variety of music, not limiting themselves to one genre. Issues 4-5 have interviews with Chris

Mars (of Replacements fame), Footstone, Mother Jugs and Speed, Bodeco and much more. (BVH)
(P.O. Box 148 Hoboken, NJ 07030)

Off My Jammy #5

A neat concept here. The editor asks a lot of different people what they think of a particular thing; for example, she asks a lot of people from New York who they think is the best band to see live, and she asks a bunch of people advice for living along the US/Mexican border. All the people she asks are people who do a zine or play in a band or are otherwise recognizable as someone who does something scene-oriented, for lack of a better phrase. She also interviews the band Lizzy and this guy who does a zine dedicated to worshipping Kate Moss. There's also an open letter to





an MTV vj and some reviews by Japanese students and a story about leeches. Enjoyable. (SM)
(PO Box 3803 / Albany, NY 12203 2 stamps)

Pants That Don't Fit-#8

This is a great little zine. Lots of interesting layouts, ideas and thoughts are presented in an entertaining manner. This issue has an interview with a postal worker, reviews of books and zines, tenant's rights, some personal stuff, cool information and even a Portland insert page! Also included is a comp. tape of all four-track recordings of such bands as Three Mile Pilot, Kid Dynamo, Boilermaker, Kitty Cat Spy Club, Gus and more. Get this! (BVH)
(\$2 PPD to: John Gerken, P.O. Box 720716)

Paranoy-#8

Amanda does a cool little mostly-personal zine here. Lots of intimate writings asking questions and pondering general things about life. Also included are some reviews and movie recommendations. Nicely done and very worthwhile. (BVH)
(\$1 PPD to: Paranoy: 1477 Leonard St. Peter, MN 56082)

The Partial Truth #7

Sorta creepy comic book story about lost love that's regained but flees again on a Greyhound, or something. I didn't like it. It wasn't drawn terribly well, and the story was dumb. Besides, I think you have to have the other 6 issues for it to make any sense. (AG)
(1007 Callowhill St. Perkasi, PA 18944)

The Politically Incorrect Journal

The tone of The Politically Incorrect Journal is one of paranoid naively. Who's still foolish enough to believe that, "The voice of the underground is the voice of the people." Who still believes and advertises every half-baked conspiracy theory that rolls through pseudorevolutionary gossip circles. Get a clue. (AG)
(\$1.50 P.O. Box 771 Grand Haven, MI 49417)

Presently out of Product #2

A pretty typical zine talking about a lot of pretty typical issues: sexism, corporate bastards, etc. There were a couple of interesting items such as an interview with Dan O'Mahony and historical trivia involving shit but otherwise fairly dull. (KB)
(\$1 or trade * Ronni Tartlet * 3917A Castleman * St. Louis, MO 63110)

Psycho. Moto. Zine #?

This lil' mini zine is packed full of reviews, personal stories (one about pooing at Graceland), funny tales, and other zine stuff. It even has comix

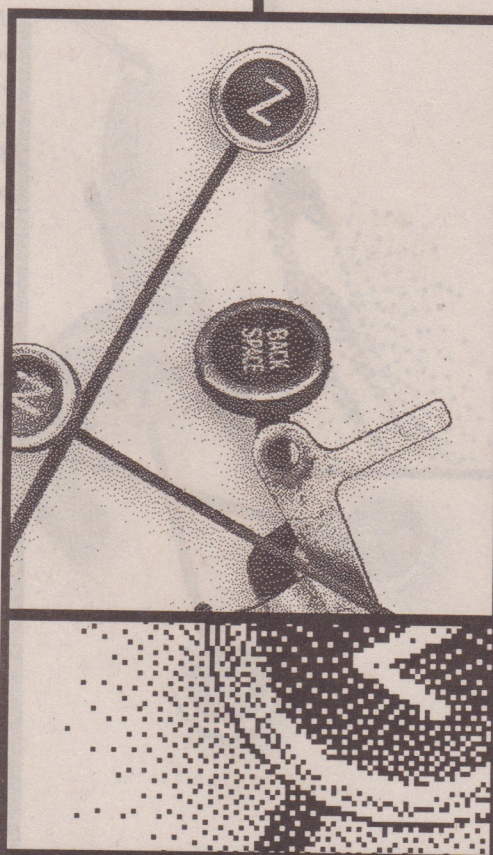
packed into it. What a cute little thing. (BC)
(1 stamp: Ethan M. 45 Ave. B #2, New York, N.Y. 10009)

Punkopoly #1

Columns about the "issue" of punk, an interview with Larry Livermore, reviews, and a screwed up layout. That's all folks. (KB)
(\$1, 2 stamps, or trade * POB 36 * Saratoga Springs, NY 12866)

Radio Free Suburbia #2

Lots of poetry, interviews with Tilt and Good Riddance, cartoons, and reviews. Basic looking zine, but the writing is pretty good. The interviews are interesting, and the cartoons are thought provoking. (BC)
(1 stamp 715 Clyde Circle, Bryn Mawr, P.A. 19010)



Radio Free TX Heartland #1

Well here we have good interviews with Kim from Jawbox and the band Brick. The writer tells his tale of putting on a show, and inside are some computer addresses. It's a good zine, but the cover price is a tad high. Maybe I am just cheap. (BC)
(\$2.00 ppd. 23 Wrangler Morgan's Pt, Belton, TX. 76513)

Rapid Fire Magazine-#13

A mostly punk oriented zine, Rapid Fire has interviews with the likes of New Bomb Turks, Showcase Showdown, Reviews and comics. Unfortunately, they try to eat up 7 pages worth of the magazine by printing various bands' (Beastie Boys, Red Aunts, Jello Biafra, Fugazi, SNFU and more) press kit photos for no apparent reason. (BVH)
(\$3 PPD to: RFM RD #1 Box 3370, Starksboro, VT 05487-9701)

Rational Inquirer-#5

The Anniversary Issue has interviews with the Bouncing Souls, Seaweed, Battalion of Saints, Lunachicks, Sloppy Seconds and much more. Also included is an article on the Plasmatics, an article on the Internet, reviews and much more. (BVH)
(\$2 PPD to: 2050 W 56 St. STE 32-221 Hialeah, FL 33016)

Rational Minority-#4

Rational Minority is a pretty cool home made punk zine that's a lot better than most bigger ones. This issue has interviews with the Riverdales, Tilt, the Smears, Teen Idols and Rice. Also has a column from the singer of Moral Crux and the usual reviews, etc. A true Fanzine. (BVH)
(\$2 PPD to: P.O. Box 274 Ooltewah, TN 37363)

Raw Pogo on the Scaffold #13

Some very good writing going on in here. Eric has the unique ability to put into words how music makes you feel, what it's like to be somewhere, and how things like the weather can affect the mood of a day. He writes



reviews that are actually interesting to read, even if you've never heard of the thing being reviewed, because sometimes he doesn't mention whatever he's reviewing in the review, he just tells a story. There's a reprinted interview with The Rain Parade and a very old interview with Guy Picciotto done right after Rites of Spring broke up. The whole zine is filled with microscopic type and nicely reproduced pictures, making for a good punk rock layout style. Recommended. (SM)

(Easy / PO Box 15951 / Philadelphia, PA 19103 \$1)

Riot for a new America #3

Nothing too exciting here. Straight edge rants. Reviews. A letter to Snapple and a response from the company. (DS)

(2 stamps PO Box 723 Colorado Springs CO 80901)

Riot Nrrrd #[e^(2*pi*i)] {#1 for the non-nerds}

Great, great, my new bible, in fact. This is a zine for and about nrrrds of the punk persuasion. It's thick and juicy with wonderful writing contained therein (including a great story and then some by our very own resident workhorse, Dan Sinker). It's about whatever nerds do. I mean, have you ever taken a nerdity test and failed? Are you interested in the way things work? Model rockets, computers, electronics, etc? YOU NEED THIS. I hope this goes monthly and all us nrrrds join together and finally form the large robot known as Voltron. Anyway... get it. (MB)

(a buck or two or stamps...: Jose Aumentado: Northwestern University; Dept. of Physics and Astronomy; 2145 Sheridan Rd.; Evanston, IL 60208; nrrrd@nwu.edu)

Rude #3

The long awaited issue number 3 is here. The cover again features a beautiful naked body on it. This time around the zine features more sexual related stories (mostly about the four editors.) The "Confessions of a Catholic Schoolgirl" article had me excited and the piece on "Perfect head" was fun to read. Also inside Dirk tells us he wants us to like him more for his personality and not for his big dick. Sounds fine by me Dirk. And those funny sexy cartoons are back. This is a stimulating zine! (BC)

(\$3.00 ppd Rude Box R 9604 S.E. 5th St. Vancouver, WA. 98664)

Satan Rules #1

Ug. Somebody got a big fat marker and made a mess and called it a zine and now I have to review it. Bad comics, bad writing, bad layout, bad photocopying, bad poetry, and best of all it comes with a bad 12-page mini-comic. One bad zine. (SM)

(PO Box 68 / Round Rock, TX 78680-0068 \$3)

Social Blast #1 (11/95)

Ok, I got put off right away when they referred to Green Day as "Green Gay". Next page was a piece on Christian Punk. I hate to be too critical — these guys haven't got much of a scene to work with, and they got off their asses and are doing something, which is more than 99% of the people out there do. I'll bet if they keep it up things will look a lot different in a couple of years. Quote: "Where I live they're about seven punks." (JC) (308 Old Wire Road E., London, AR 72847, 10pp full-size, no price)

Space Monkey Vertigo #3.5

For reasons I can't comprehend, the authors of SMV have decided to remove all political writing from their full issues of their fanzine, and instead stick it all in a single "sub-issue." It's a shame because by making that decision they have chosen to ghettoize some very well-written and well thought out political writing that breaks the normal pigeonholes and party-lines that you see in most punk political writing. That said, this mini issue (I'd go so far as to call it a leaflet) is really intereting, and the views are wholly their own. Good job. Now put it back in the main issues! (DS)
(Free (sub-issue only) 31 Seattle St. Allston MA 02134)

Space Monkey Vertigo #5

Not as good as #3.5 mainly because this is too unfocused. Random writing & thoughts laid out fairly randomly. This could be a fantastic fanzine though. Some of the writing is really strong and original. Now if it could just be edited down a little... (DS)
(\$1. Same address as above)

Spank #13

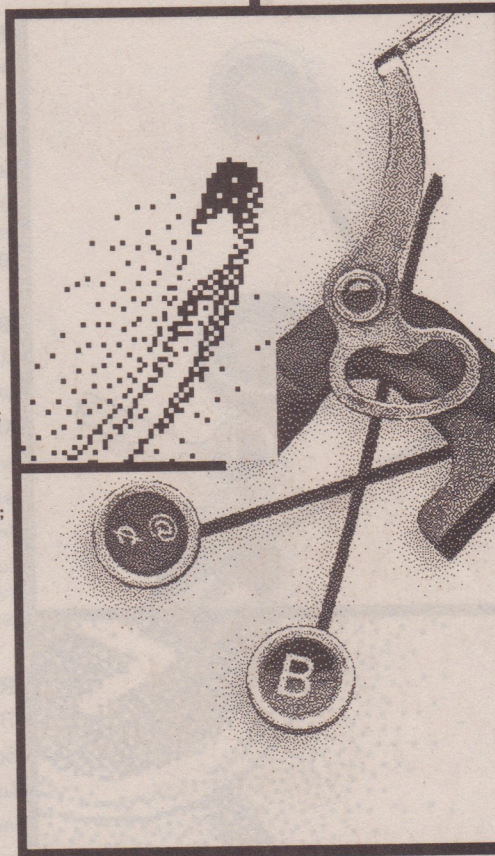
Wow a number 13 in the zine world, pretty cool eh? Spank is a nice typed out full size zine. Seaweed and Skiploder are featured. Lots of reviews etc...etc... Good columns too. It has a John Crawford cartoon in it also. (BC)
(price? Doug & Michelle Daugherty 1004 Rose ave. Des Moines, IA. 50315-3000)

Spinsterswitch/Alien split zine

A cool approach to a split—don't make it obvious! There is no distinction made between the two zines (at least that I could find) and I really like that. Instead of reading like two seperate zines, it reads like one super-thick super-pissed off zine. You go! Most of the writing focuses on feminist consciousness. It's good. (DS)
(4 stamps 17337 Tramonto #306 Pacific Palisades CA 90272)

Spongey Monkey #2

The cover has a cute picture of Curious George on it. Inside there are reviews, and interviews with Man or Astroman and Chokebore. A rant about rock and roll and other little tid-bits make this interesting. Can't





beat the price! (BC)

(Free (send a stamp or two) Spongey Monkey 416 jeff Davis st. Waveland, MS. 39576)

Spontaneous Combustion-#17

Spontaneous Combustion is an MRR/Punk Planet-style zine—newsprint and punk- oriented. They seem to do a pretty good job at their coverage but without the scene politics. This issue has interviews with JFA, Pigface, 7 Seconds, Tim Kerr of Big Boys fame, Bollweevils and New Bomb Turks. It also has the columns, reviews, mail and even a JFA 7"! A definite bargain. (BVH) (4\$ PPD to: 3943 Cumnor Rd, Downers Grove, IL 60515))

Standard Deviation #2

Man, I wish this guy had written more than (mostly) reviews. He seems to have an easy, familiar handling of language but sort of leaves you hanging by only writing two articles/stories (excluding his short prose pieces which I did not like). The cover is a rad collage and the rest of the zine is done in a graphically pleasing cut and paste style. (KB)

(\$? * Eric * 295 Wyant Rd. * Akron, OH 44313)

Streamline #3

An emo zine, you know? He discusses interesting personal things like letting out his feelings, his loves, having happy days, sad days... It's really genuine and empathic and he's not hiding as much as most of these types of zines. I mean, I like it because it's good and because it's personal. (MB)

(ian; 3312 16th Ave.S.; mpls., MN 55407)

Stylus #6

This is pretty thin in content, comprised of reviews, ads, and two interviews. The ints with Satan's Pilgrims and the Grifters are decent though both are of the I-ask-a-question-you-answer straight information type and both end very abruptly. Even after 6 issues, the editing is still very poor but if you're an indiscriminating garage fan, this is for you. (KB)

(\$1 * 10711 Ne 198th St. * Bothell, WA 98011)

Suburban Junkies #3 (Dec/Jan 96)

This one has class. A column about aerobic instructors on TV ("Shove yer tango up yer ass, fucker!..."), more cool columns, reviews, ads, Half-Lings interview, Hagfish interview, and lots of other strange stuff. I just wish the pictures weren't all muddy. More out-of-context quotes: "...as a kid, I loved Darth Vader more than my own dad." "And man, if stupidity was snot, I had a sinus infection." "I'm off to see BON MOTHER FUCKING JOVI!" "if I were a vegetable I'd be a carrot, cos its long and pointy and orange." Amen. (JC) (PO Box 1009, Belvedere, CA 94920, sbrbnjunkie@aol.com)

Tao Stew #1-2

A pretty good short zine about a guy and his fiance's trip to Romania and some other parts of Europe. Although the writing isn't particularly titillating, the stories on the whole are interesting and I'm glad I read it. Also book and record reviews and a rant on behalf of what would be a green party. The rant is actually pretty good and logical, which is rare in a zine. Good stuff. Oh yeah, he's a Taoist. (MB)

(Stamps; 621 Bassett Rd.; Bay Village, OH 44140)

Tenth Story Shit #1

A very goofy and funny zine done by a couple girls who have a whole lot of in-jokes that they don't mind putting in their zine. Most of the in-jokes revolve around sheep and asses (no, not donkeys) and glam rock but

they're kinda funny even if you aren't in on the joke. The best part of this zine is the funny little stories from the editor's past, especially the one about learning to say "fuck you." Good cut and paste layout, some hilarious "interviews," and a funny advice column. I liked this a lot. (SM) (107c Leete Hall / State College, PA 16802 2 stamps)

Test Press-#3

More crazy entertainment from Test Press here. This issue reads equally from both ends, literally. Interviews with the Melvins and Monster Magnet. Also includes reviews and a cassette compilation with the Concubines, Whorgasm, John Mack, Skunkweed, Budda-Bang! and Nano Frog. (BVH) (\$4 PPD to: C/O Propulsion, 176 Madison Ave 4th Fl. NYC, NY 10016)

Thicker-#4

With great layouts, well-written stories and interviews, Thicker seems to be doing pretty well for issue #4. This issue has interviews with Tortoise (by Steve Albini), Little My, Silkworm, Today is the Day and Foetus. Over all, a very well-done package. (BVH) (\$2.95 to: P.O. Box 882283 San Francisco, CA 94188-2283)

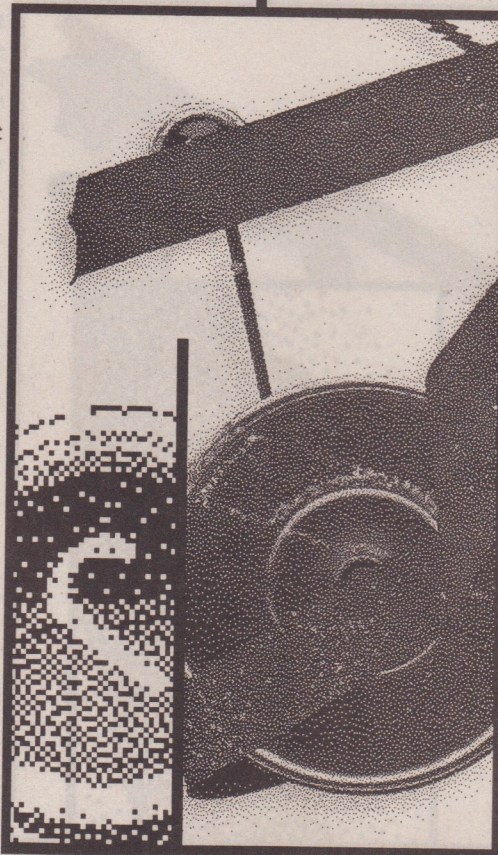
Things Fall Apart #4

Well this is the first "emo" looking zine I've seen for a while. It has this peaceful look to it. Inside you will find interviews with Mule, Fugazi, and Hellbender. Lots of rants and zine reviews. Next issue they will have Los Crudos, so maybe it's not a "Emo" thing after all. nice birds on the cover. (BC)

(\$2.50 ppd. or trades: Richard Allen 2609 John Milton dr. Herndon, VA. 22071)

This Zine Sucks #1

Well, the name says it all. Interviews with Pansy Division and Supernova, reviews, ads, bad layout and an awful article on what punk is. The inter-





view with Pansy Division was all right because although they were asked the same trite and tired questions that every bad zine asks bands, they came up with some good answers. But overall, a poorly done version of the zine that's been done a million times. (SM)

(Ben Goetting / 1402 1/2 W. Oceanfront / Newport Beach, CA 92661)

Tierra Bajo #6

This looks like a slick zine done with lots of work. It's all in espanol. Learn to speak the language by getting this zine. Perfect for show and tell in Spanish class. Muy interesante. (BC)

(Write for the price... Apartado Postal no. 79,000 El Marques 1070 Caracas-Venezuela)

Trailer Trash #4

A great looking cover and good usage of type fonts make this zine appealing to the eye. Serpico is the featured band in this issue. Inside is loads of record reviews, zine reviews, and tales about the post office. Also included is "how to tell if your child worships Satan." Michelle is a good writer and she makes this zine interesting. check it out. (BC)

(\$2.00 ppd. T.T. c/o Michelle Shute P.O. Box 753086 Memphis, TN. 38175-3086)

Ultrasonic Scapel #2

Well, Doug shows you youngsters how it's done! What a great zine from my home state. Inside is a fantastic piece on reviewing old pinball games circa 1979-80'ish. Nothing beats old school pinball! Also tales of the midwestern god, Bozo, is inside. The writer gives us his account after taking natural ecstasy. And the norm zine stuff like reviews etc.. A great zine! (BC)

(\$1.00 ppd Ultrasonic Scalpel P.O. Box 209, Clarendon Hills, IL. 60514-0209)

Underground Zine Scene #4

Like a miniature Five, right down to the zine categories. Tons and tons of zine reviews, and since this is the international issue, a lot of them are from overseas. It's hard to review a zine of reviews, so I guess if you want to order a bunch of zines, this is a lot cheaper than Factsheet Five, and well done to boot. (SM)

John Ridge / 6611 Milligan Rd. / Cass City, MI 48726 \$2

Unwin #4 & #4.5

#4 is very generic as far as subject matter is concerned but is written pretty well (though it's skimpy). It's the rant issue (imagine that in a fanzine) and covers stuff like chain letters and punk elitism. The appropriated material is actually pretty funny and/or of interest such as advice on how to buy a record player, newspaper and classified clippings, etc. #4.5 is an free insert with #4 that contains only ads and reviews. (KB)

(2 stamps, #4.5 only - 1 stamp/Anna Key/POB 15/Laurel, MD 20725)

Violation Fez #4

No this isn't getting a good review because Leah writes for Punk Planet. It's getting a good review because it's good. It has plenty of cat-based humor, a piece entitled "The Best, The Worst, The Weird", a wonderful long fiction piece about a nightmare trip to a Dead show, and a scary/funny interview with a black person about her going to a Lynyrd Skynyrd concert in Houston, in the early '80s, when she was 16 or 17. Plus other stuff. Favorite quote: "Hmm. They're drunk. They're pissed because Southern Rock is dying, you know. They're going to want a sacrifice at this point..." (JC)

(c/o Leah Ryan, 5 Warfield Place, Northampton, MA 01060, viofez@aol.com, 24pp half-size, \$1ppd)

Visogog #1

Personal writing. Perhaps a little too personal. (DS)

(1 stamp 1600 N. Sterling St. Mapelwood MN 55119)

You Could Do Worse-#5

This issue has interviews with Mary Lou Lord, Guided by Voices, Goo Goo Dolls, Pond, Steelpole Bathtub and more. Plus there's the basic reviews, a couple columns and such. It's not too punk, but it's still okay—it won't bite. Check it out. (BVH)

(\$3 PPD to: P.O. Box 74647 Cedar Rapids, IA 52407)

Y-UP #4

I got this for review last time and didn't really like it at all but this issue for some reason appealed to me more. It's pretty thin but there are a few well done prose/fiction pieces in here (The Golden Years and Cries For Help) that I really enjoyed. This is comprised of stories, opinions and reviews and though it took all of 10 minutes to read, it's only a stamp. (KB)

(1 stamp * SH3 Hutchison, Kelly (S-3 Division) * U.S.S. Jarrett (FFG-33) * FPO AP 96669-1489)

Zapatistas in Their Own Words

I do believe that the title says it all. If you don't know who the Zapatistas are, they are a group of rebels in the southern part of Mexico. They rebelled due to the horrible living conditioned and the fact that their province was being taken of it's riches. The inspirational Subcommandante Marcos gives his side to things and isn't afraid to talk back. Very intelligent, informative reading for anyone. And I'm not even a Marxist/anarchist. (MB)

(Love and Rage; POB 853, Stuyvesant Station; NYC, NY 10009)

That's it???? Yeah, that's it. I don't know what's up with that at all. Better get those zines in to us for review!!

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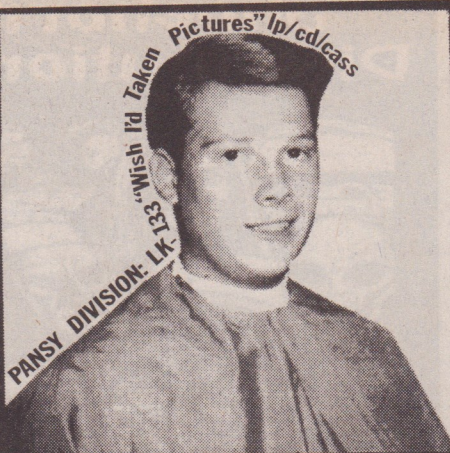
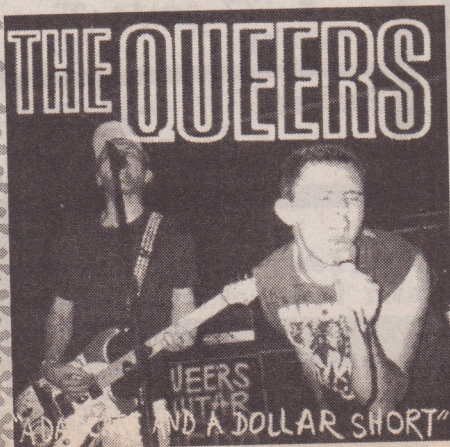
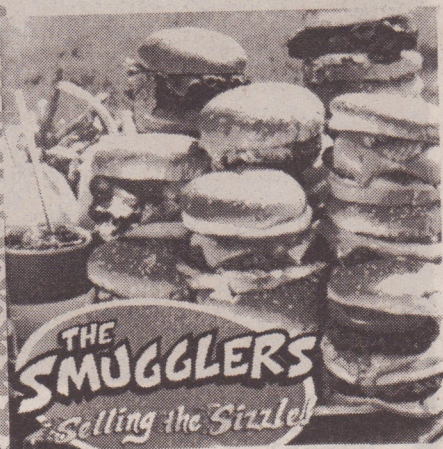
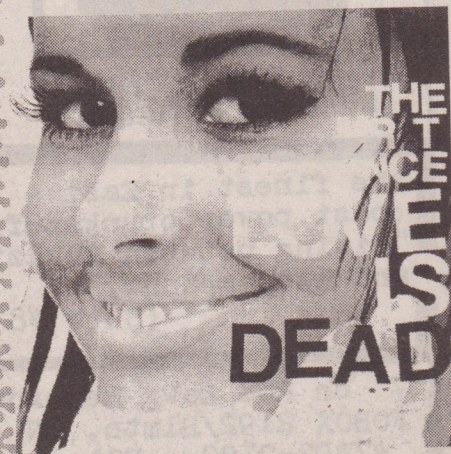
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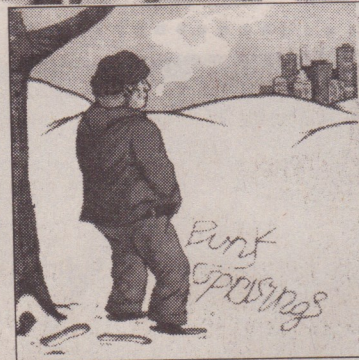
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A new PPProject!!

The 1996 **Zine Yearbook** is looking for submissions! Ever find something in a zine you wish more people had seen? Read something really inspiring that needed more exposure? Here's your chance! We're compiling a book to be published early next year of excerpts from zines published in 1996. Photocopy whatever you see and send it, along with the name and address of the zine it's from, to: Yearbook c/o **Jen Angel, POB 3593 Columbus OH 43210** or contact us at angel@osu.edu or badomnic@lbbs.org - write for more details!

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